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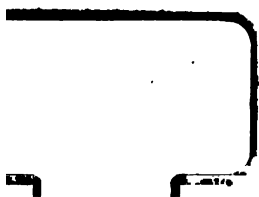
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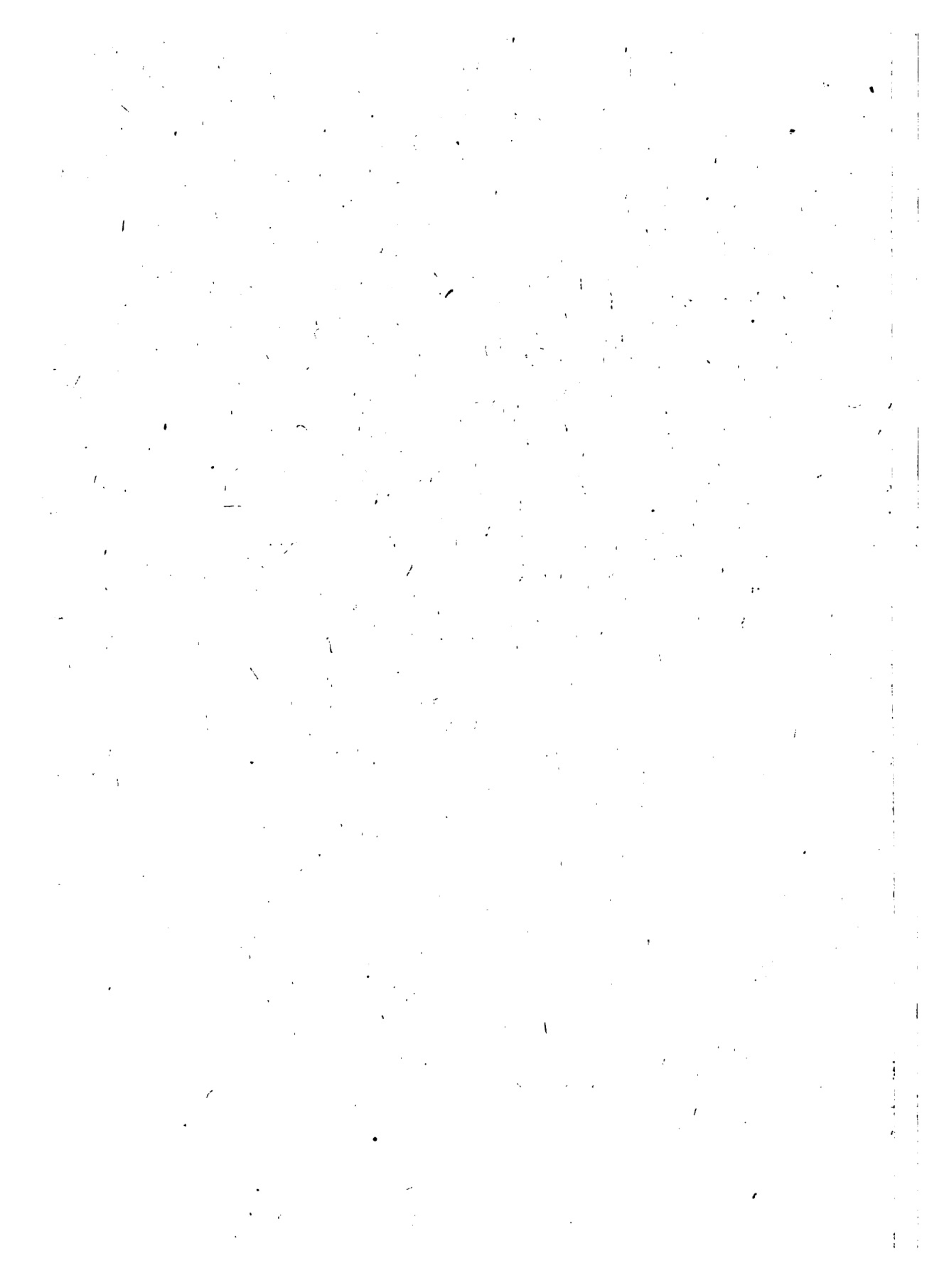
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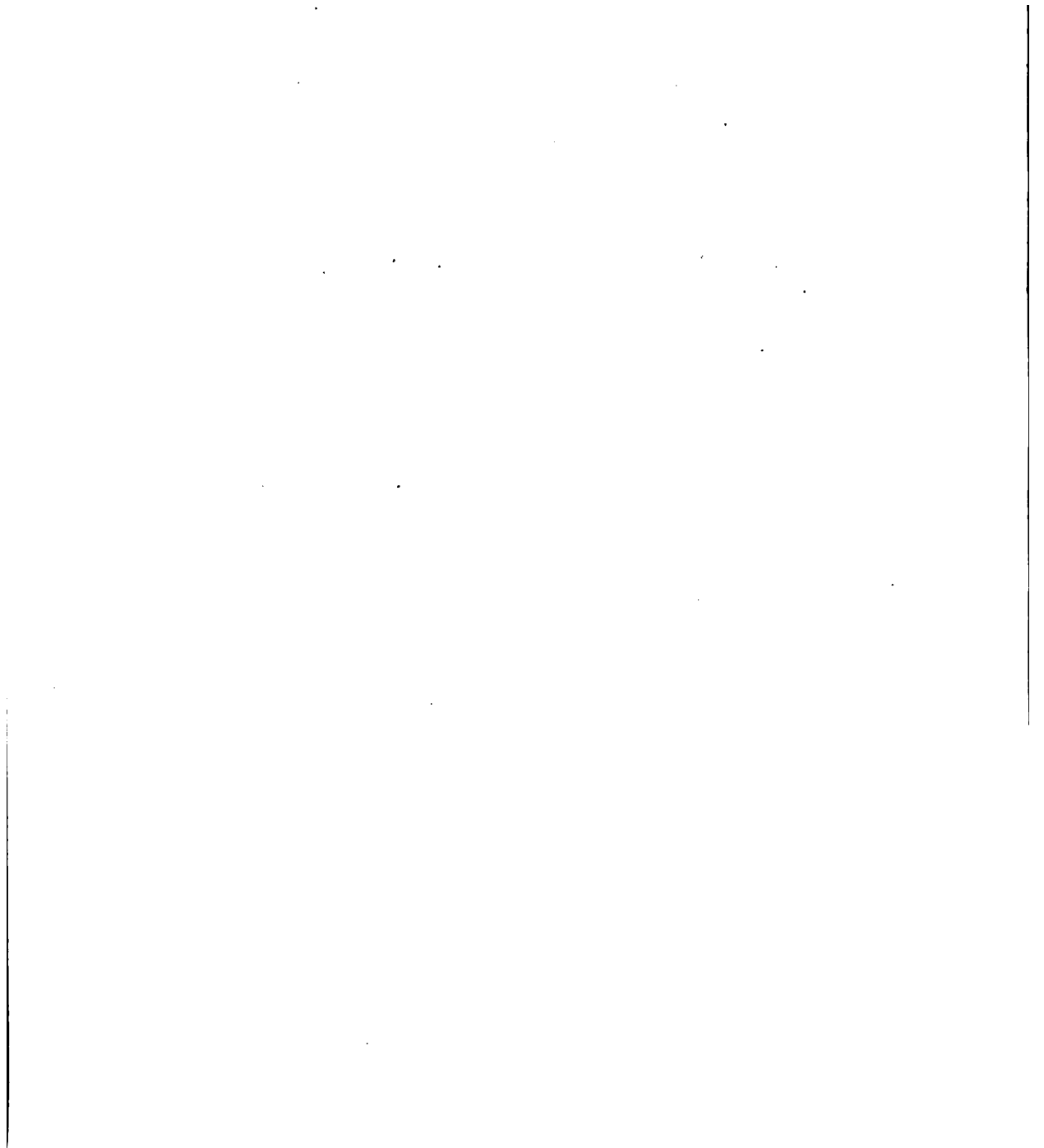


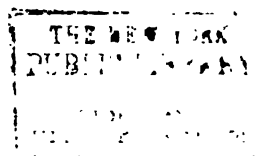
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ANNE OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN OF FRANCE





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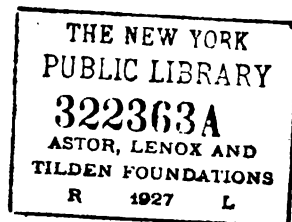
LITERATURE AND ART.

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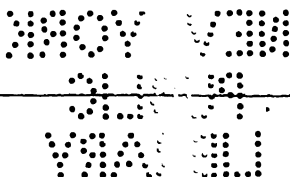
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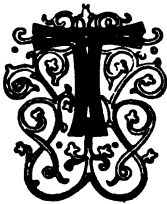
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## P R E F A C E .

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THE sixteenth century, throughout the world, was probably the most pregnant of great events of any other similar period before or since. The Reformation in religion which shook thrones to their foundation, and has proved the most potent power the world has ever seen, was developed in this century. The invention of gunpowder first showed its power in the revolution of the modes of warfare. The discovery of a new world, the cradle and home of liberty, first made its influence felt, and poured its wealth into the lap of the old world. The invention of printing, too, in this century received that development which made books cheap and plenty, comparatively, and truth and light stronger and more resplendent. And the names of the actors of their parts in this century! Their name is legion, and the events conspicuous in the historic roll. Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V., Francis I., Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, Wolsey, Columbus, and a long list of others, claim special attention.

Thus in the political and religious world! But in the world of literature what a brilliant galaxy presents itself, when we think of Spenser, Shakspeare, Bacon, More, Wyatt, Foxe, Sackville, Raleigh, Hooker, Sidney, Chapman, and others.

In England's history, the sixteenth century is crowded with important events, and brilliant and prominent characters. It was particularly

the CENTURY OF QUEENS, as one after the other of Henry VIII.'s six queens make their appearance upon the public stage, followed by Queen Mary, Lady Jane Grey, Elizabeth, and Mary of Scots. Of course the social history of the people receives more attention, more importance, and more development and improvement.

In the present volume all these points have been noticed in the course of our narrative of queenly actions, drawn from such sources as Miss Strickland, Henry Wm. Herbert, Mary Howitt, Lucy Aikin, Mrs. Balmano, and others, sufficient authority for the authenticity of the facts stated.

We have concluded the volume with some sketches of a few of the princes of Literature and of Art of the current century.

We can only hope the present volume may be found to be an agreeable mélange of History, Literature, and Art, culled from the best and most authentic sources.

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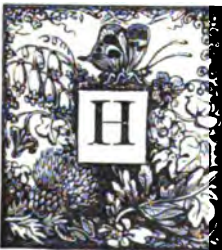
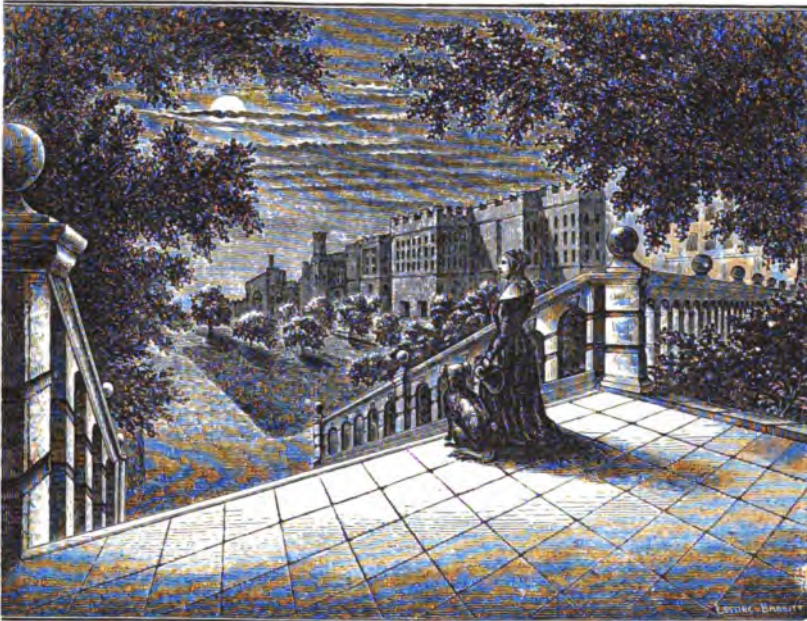
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## HADDON HALL.



**H**ADDON Hall in Derbyshire is one of the finest specimens in England of an ancient baronial residence. A memento of her early ages and feudal times. Castellated and embattled, with dark woods for its back-ground, it is grandly placed on a rocky eminence over-hanging the river Wye, amidst one of the loveliest vales in Derbyshire. It comprises within its walls architectural remains of the Saxons, Romans, Plantagenets, and Tudors.

The present structure, erected on the site of an old Saxon Castle, dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century; and after receiving successive alterations and additions from the reign of Stephen to that of Elizabeth, at the hands of its various owners, the Avenels, Peverels, Vernons, Bassets, and Manners, in which last noble family it still remains (being the property of the Duke of Rutland), it affords at the present time one of the best means now extant, whereby to form a correct idea of the style of living practised by the Old English Nobility, whose rude magnificence and bounteous hospitality are strikingly evidenced in all the interior arrangements.

Here, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, dwelt the powerful and magnificent old knight, Sir George Vernon, "King of the Peak," who with fourscore servants in his halls, and hundreds of vassals and retainers, kept open house twelve days after Christmas, and at all other times held his state right royally, exercising within his own domain all the power and privileges of a king, even to the award of the death penalty on those of his tenants found guilty of crimes deserving condign punishment; the ominous name of Gallows-acre still stigmatizing a haunted glade in the vicinity, which, as a matter of right, has still several "sperrits" of departed free-booters lurking about its precincts. With this exception all the traditions of Haddon are of a peaceful and pleasing character, tinged with love and romance, but never with strife and bloodshed; they do not, however, go farther back than the days of Queen Elizabeth, otherwise, the Eagle's Tower, the most ancient part of the building, inhabited during the reign of Stephen by one of the descendants of William Peverel, would doubtless furnish many a startling incident of that stormy period, when the whole kingdom was convulsed with civil war, and every nobleman's house a fortress.

The general plan of Haddon is that of two immense quadrangular courts, each surrounded by ancient battlemented buildings of dark grey stone, interspersed with open balconies, flights of steps, and jutting oriels; together with an infinity of towers and turrets, springing from unknown heights and depths in picturesque confusion,



all venerable with age, mossy and ivied, but perfect, no part having so far yielded to time as to present the appearance of a ruin.

The main entrance to Haddon is a gloomy archway beneath a tower. The enormous gates ribbed and wedged with iron, of strength sufficient to resist a battering-ram. These are only opened on state occasions, the usual mode of ingress being through a small wicket-door cut at the side of one of them. A cavity in the pavement immediately beneath it, bearing resemblance to a stone shoe, has been worn by the pressure of the feet of those who have for ages stepped over this ancient threshold, whose lofty arch is surmounted with the shields of Basset, Vernon, and others, finely carved in the stone.

Through this archway the lower court is ascended by a flight of very broad and shallow stone steps, moss-grown, and dinted, to the wide area of the court, the sight of whose surrounding buildings carries the mind hundreds of years back to the days of the Edwards and Henrys. The court slopes greatly, so that standing at the lowest side the eye looks, as it were, up hill, towards the large church-looking windows of the great hall, which, with their stained glass, and diamond shaped panes, occupy a considerable portion of the upper range of the buildings, on that side. Beneath these windows are formal beds of flowers bordered with box, clipped so squarely as to form solid walls of verdure a foot or more in breadth on the top, and smoothly shorn at the sides. These old parterres harmonize wonderfully with all around, and in June and July, are full of lilies, roses, and flower-de-luce, while great bushes of lavender and rosemary grow at the corners.

These fine ornaments of the old court-yard of Haddon derive additional interest from being the lineal descendants of those which grew in the same place hundreds of years ago: where Queen Elizabeth herself may have plucked a rose, or Mary of Scotland perchance have gazed in one of those holiday excursions sometimes permitted to her when at Chatsworth. The great charm of Haddon, is, that everything is venerable—even the old-fashioned flowers. No new-fangled ones being allowed to root out the ancient Floras of the soil, in the still trimly kept and beautiful parterres of Dorothy Vernon.

Although it is now verging towards a century and a half since Haddon was last inhabited, the whole is kept in the most perfect order and repair. His Grace the Duke of Rutland, the noble proprietor, with a liberality beyond all praise, securing this stately abode of his ancestors not only from the havoc of time and decay, but from the desecrating hand of modern "improvement."

One side of this court is full of irregularly shaped windows, turrets and archways; some closed, others open, here and there strong primitive doors swinging ajar; while over the whole range they occupy, clamber some beautiful old pear and apricot trees which have grown and flourished year after year till they have become part of the building itself, making their way up slender towers, peeping into windows, and scrambling along grotesque water-spouts in a manner wonderful to behold, and most beautiful inspring, when the whole side of the court is hung with their pure and delicate blossoms. A curious old tower with steps outside it, and open work windows of carved stone, leads by a spiral staircase to some of the principal rooms. It has little chambers on different landings where the earl's pages slept; the Earl of Rutland in the olden time. At the lowest part of the court, in one of its extreme angles, a low, pointed archway, with a descent of many huge steps of stone, forms the entrance to the chapel, which consists of a body and two aisles, divided from each other by pillars and pointed arches; one of the pillars, a relic from the most ancient part of the erection, being massive Saxon. There is also a font of the same workmanship and period, probably belonging to the Avenels. Close by the altar stands, in a niche, a bénitier for holy water. The windows are of the time of Henry VI., and although much of the stained glass has been removed, sufficient remains to attest their former beauty. The east window bears a Latin inscription in old English letters: "Pray for the souls of Richard Vernon and Benedicta his wife, who made this in the year of our Lord 1427;" another window bears one of similar purport with the name of Richard Trussel, 1427. These windows are very thickly curtained with ivy, giving to the interior of this ancient chapel that solemn gloom which in a religious place, so much con-

duces to devotion, doubly impressive here, where the inevitable finger of desolation and decay, though gently laid, is yet visible. The lordly pew though cushioned and gilded, is time-stained and tarnished; its high railing and faded curtains, no longer needed to screen its proud occupants from the prying gaze of the vulgar, rather attracts its observation, contrasting forcibly in all its appointments with the long bare benches of oak destined for the servants. These are narrow and most uninviting, rudely carved in knobby projections at the back, and highly polished as if by constant use.

Beneath one of the windows stands an enormous black coffer of solid oak, covered with bands of iron, and fastened by means of rusty hasps and staples; it is filled with old family prayer books, chiefly of the time of Elizabeth, many of them much thumbed and worn, others fresh and in good condition. Near the pulpit, and completely overlooking the family pew to which it is almost opposite, is a wooden balcony, and at the back a small massive door, which opens into a tower whose stone staircase ascends to the chapel *leads*, whence a descent is easily obtained by means of outside steps to the garden terraces, at whose foot, a rustic bridge crosses a narrow bend of the river Wye in the open meadows below.

Here, tradition says, Sir John Manners used to lie concealed, and when all were devoutly occupied in the chapel, he, by the means above indicated, having gained entrance to the tower aforesaid, would most irreligiously apply one of his bright black eyes to a small aperture in the wall, and thus command a view of his lady-love, the beautiful Dorothy Vernon, while at her devotions, crowning the sacrilegious act by afterwards eloping with, and marrying the Lady Dorothy; a circumstance made memorable by this token, that brilliant black eyes are still the distinguishing mark of their descendants to this very day. In ascending from the chill and gloomy chapel into the open court, the free air is most cheering and reviving, but after the first few moments, the silence and utter lifelessness that prevails is felt more impressively than before. Towers, gateways, strange-looking buildings in all directions; interior glimpses, too, present themselves of melancholy rooms, and dusky corridors, with

level rays of sunshine, that seem to pierce them through without lighting up their contents—the faded tapestry and antique furniture which was used by their former inhabitants, centuries ago.

One side of the court is devoted to various offices and apartments: guard-room, chaplain's room, those of the huntsman, porter, warder, grooms, and pages, many of their garments and weapons, with much of their rude furniture still remaining.

Hanging on the walls or standing upon the floors, apparently just as their owners left them, are several pairs of prodigious jack-boots, perfectly square at the toes, and having long sharp spurs fastened upon the heels; buff-coats of thickest leather, some of them pierced with bullets, steel skull-caps with many a dint, and firelocks, holster pistols, and other warlike implements in great profusion, some of them very curious in construction, and all of ancient date.

A great quantity of armour formerly occupied a large room in the inner quadrangle, but it has been removed to Belvoir Castle, together with many other reliques of Haddon's former splendour. In one of the offices is an immense pile of pewter platters, or rather gigantic soup plates; a chicken on the very smallest of them, would appear a morsel. Directly opposite these inferior apartments, stands an open porch with stone seats, and leaning against its wall a Roman altar dug up in the vicinity some centuries ago, the inscription according to Camden is

DEO  
MARTI  
BRACIACÆ  
OSITIVS  
CÆCILIAN  
PREFECT  
TRO  
VS

Over the ample entrance arch of this noble porch are two shields of arms beautifully cut in stone, the one being the coat of Vernon, the other of Fulco de Pembruge, Lord of Tonge, in Shropshire. This is the entrance to the grand hall, which, paved with large slabs of sandstone, and having overhead a massive and intricate tracery

composed of the joists, beams, rafters, and other supports of the roof, all blackened with smoke and age, at once gives the spectator the impression that he stands within the banquet hall of Saxon Thane, or Norman Baron, nor, probably, would the idea be erroneous, for this portion of Haddon is, with the exception of the chapel and Eagle Tower, more ancient than any other part of the edifice. At the upper end of the hall is a raised floor, or *daïs*, which extends entirely across its whole breadth, and is occupied by a table of its own length, composed of thick beams of oak riddled with worm-holes, supported on strong trestles, and surrounded by benches of the same rude workmanship and solid material. Around this rugged table in former days sat the lord of the castle and his principal guests, whilst at other tables below the *daïs*, and running lengthwise from it down the hall, those of lower rank were accommodated with less sumptuous fare, and beverage of a more homely kind.

Round two sides of the hall, at the height of what in modern houses would be called the first story, runs a wide wainscotted gallery for musicians and spectators, often, during the days of Sir George Vernon, crowded with lords and knights, noble ladies and demoiselles, to behold the masquerings, interludes, and revels carried on in the hall below. That Haddon was frequently enlivened by such scenes may readily be imagined, when it is remembered that Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry the Seventh, spent much time here with Sir Henry Vernon, who was his governor. The portraits of Henry VII. and his queen Elizabeth of York, of Henry VIII., and his jester Will Somers, and many other distinguished personages carved in the panels of the drawing-room, dining-room, and many of the chambers, give the reasonable belief that they were familiarly known at Haddon. The ample accommodation afforded in its long suites of apartments and numerous nests of rooms of all sorts and sizes, serves to confirm this, and it seems certain that during the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth, those personages, their families, and many of their courtiers trod a measure in the grand ball-room or feasted merrily in the old hall with its huge black

rafters overhead, and its stone pavement covered with rushes or rich carpets beneath their feet.

This ancient hall has two doorways : close to one of them stands an old beaufet, curiously carved, while on the wainscot above it are two enormous antlers, and beside them, about seven or eight feet from the ground, some iron bracelets of peculiar construction, formerly used for the purpose of suspending any one by the wrist, and pouring down his sleeve a cup of cold water, who had been guilty of refusing to drink his allowance of strong ale. Tradition also attributes sterner uses to this fixture in cases of more serious offence. A great oaken screen which extends entirely across the hall detracts much from the general effect of that noble apartment, though it must be confessed that it has its important uses, amongst which may be reckoned that, of excluding from view several long dark alleys, which, directly opening from one end of it, and unprovided with doors, run down a steep descent into the fiery regions of the kitchen. This is always a grand focus of attraction to all married ladies and good housewives. Down the old black passages they wend their way delightedly ; as with assured steps and pleasant countenances they thread the windings of this culinary labyrinth, consisting of many dens and crooked holes surrounding the principal kitchen, which resembles a large brown vault, with iron-barred windows all around the upper part of its walls, and having in the centre of its floor as a huge chopping-block, the solid trunk of a large tree, on which an ox might lie at its ease, the grates, two in number, being each ample enough to roast the same. Stoves in great number, and double rows of dressers, are all that now remain in the kitchen. These dressers have great hollows in them like bowls. This effect is always pointed out as having been produced by chopping the mincemeat. Could the said bowls or hollows reflect the brightness of all the ladies' eyes which have looked pleasantly into them at that announcement, what a sight were there ! The traditions of these regions of good cheer are very hospitable and agreeable, all tending to confirm the idea that most noble house-keeping was one of the golden rules observed at Haddon. Adjoining the kitchen is a complete suite of larders ; salting-rooms, drying-

rooms and other nondescript retreats, furnished with great troughs formed of the trunks of trees. There are also many apartments of various sizes suitable for every rank. In returning from this once densely populated part of the mansion, along the steep dark passage, it may now be perceived that it has a half door, or "hatch," with a broad shelf on the top, which door when closed forms a barrier across the passage; it is directly opposite one of the doors in the hall screen, serving as a landing-place for the various dishes of the feast, whence they were transferred to the great hall by the sewer and his attendants, preceded on grand occasions with the sound of trumpets.

In recrossing the old hall, the mind which loves to contemplate antiquity takes in more and more of satisfaction and pleasure; scenes pourtrayed by the historian, the poet, and the novelist pass vividly before it, and are more fully understood and appreciated; the whole air and aspect of the place belonging to the earliest times, and being in itself a history. From one corner of the hall, opens a short passage, paved with huge blocks of sand-stone; it leads to the garden terrace, and also to a grand dining-room wainscotted with dark oak, enriched by a broad border of carved shields, bearing the arms of Vernon, Avenel, Pierrepont, and others; with the boar's head (the Vernon crest) carved; portraits of Henry VII. and his queen, besides an infinite number of devices and decorations. Over the fire-place, which has most curious open worked andirons and fender, is finely carved in the oak panel in large Old English letters, "Drede God, and Honor the King." It is surmounted by the royal arms, and is accompanied by the names of Sir George Vernon and his lady, with the date 1545. The portrait of Will Somers is also carved on the wainscot of this room, which is worthy of particular notice on account of the multiplicity of its ornaments, all bearing the regal and feudal stamp. A bronze wine-cooler of great size, some curious old coronation chairs, whose cushions seem filled with the very softest down; and last though not least, a most capacious family cradle—are amongst the numerous objects of interest contained in this apartment.

The windows, once filled with richly stained glass, only retain a

few specimens of it, the rest being plain. Adjoining this room are several others, designated "The Earl's chambers." All of them hung with ancient arras representing Scriptural subjects and field sports, in which the dogs are clothed in armour, with projecting spikes, implying that they had been engaged in boar hunting.

The doors are everywhere concealed by tapestry hangings which had to be drawn aside by the person entering, and either fell down again over the doorway, or were fastened back on great hooks in the wall. A stranger, on entering such an apartment, unless he narrowly scrutinized the pattern of the tapestry which fell over the door as it closed behind him, would experience no little difficulty in finding his way out again, a circumstance often treacherously taken advantage of during the Middle Ages. This little suite of "Earl's chambers" is very pretty, each room being smaller than the other, till the last comprises only the space within a slender tower, whose spiral stone steps descend outside of it into the first court, and inside, conduct to a great elevation, with very small rooms on every landing, till at last egress is found on the leads. Emerging on them, an assemblage of towers of all sizes, with long lines of leaden roofs, astonish not less by their number and extent than by the picturesque effect they produce amidst the surrounding scenery of richly wooded hills and valleys, the bright and winding river Wye gliding with a continual murmur in the midst, in a perfectly serpentine course, whilst immediately beneath lie the stately gardens, terrace after terrace, balustraded and embanked, having noble flights of white stone steps to each of them, leading from the river low down in the valley, close up to the walls of the ancient mansion. There is an inconceivable charm in the gardens of Haddon, its long broad avenues and spaces of green sward crossing each other at wide intervals; its excess of dark and solemn foliage permitting a thousand beautiful effects under varying skies and seasons, and above all, the magic stillness—broken only in summer by the warbling of birds, and the murmuring of the river, and in winter by the sigh of the wind howling through the snow-covered courts and pleached alleys. The following lines were written after a stroll through this most delightful old domain.



H A D D O N H A L L.



HADDON, within thy silent halls,  
Deserted courts, and turrets high,  
How mournfully on memory falls  
The light of antique pageantry.

A holy spell pervades thy gloom,  
A silent charm breathes all around ;  
And the dread stillness of the tomb  
Reigns o'er thy hallowed haunted ground.

Where be the high and stately dames,  
Of princely Vernon's bannered hall ?  
And where the Knights, and what their names,  
Who led them forth to Festival ?

Arise ! ye mighty Dead ! arise !  
Can Vernon, Rutland, Stanley sleep,  
Whose gallant hearts and eagle eyes,  
Disdained alike to crouch or weep ?

They slumber lowly in the dust ;  
Prostrate and fallen the mighty lie ;  
The warrior's sword is dim with rust ;  
Quenched is the light of beauty's eye.

Those arms which once blazed thro' the field,  
Their brightness never shall resume ;  
O'er spear and helm, and broken shield,  
Low droops the faded sullied plume.

King of the Peak ! thy hearth is lone,  
No sword-girt vassals gather there :  
No minstrel's harp pours forth its tone,  
In praise of Maude, or Margaret fair—

No hunter's horn is heard to sound,  
No dame with swan-like mien glides by,  
Accompanied with hawk and hound,  
On her fair palfrey joyously.

Fair Haddon's sun has set in night :—  
Yet gentler, holier, more subdued  
Than garish day's more dazzling light  
Its moonlit garden's solitude.

From the enchanting prospect on the leads it is necessary to retrace the lonely and dimly-lighted chambers previously described, in order to gain access to the grand staircase, opening on which is the drawing-room, decorated much like the dining-room, but in addition exhibiting the Prince of Wales' plume, motto, and initials—E. P. ; adjoining this room are many others extending far into the building, while directly opposite the door, are six very large and broad semicircular steps of solid oak, which ascend to the long gallery, a noble apartment one hundred and nine and a half feet long, eighteen feet wide and fifteen feet high. The flooring is of solid oak, which, as well as the steps, is affirmed to have been cut from a single tree which grew in the park. The wainscotting is likewise of oak, decorated with Corinthian pilasters, over which are arches, and between the arches are the shields of the arms of Mannors impaling those of Vernon. The frieze is ornamented with rich carvings of the boar's head crest of Vernon, the peacock crest of Mannors, thistles, roses, portcullises, and other royal and noble heraldic emblems and devices belonging to the family. Along one side of this immense apartment are spacious bay-windows, each affording a deep semicircular recess, the centre one being larger than the others. They all overlook the garden terraces, as represented in the engraving which accompanies this article: they are beautifully ornamented with stained glass depicting the arms of Rutland, Vernon, Shrewsbury, and the royal arms of England, and are garlanded with climbing roses, honeysuckles, and ivy, in great profusion. Many other large

windows on the opposite side of the gallery and at the upper end are similarly adorned.

Queen Elizabeth is said to have been a guest of the King of the Peak, at Haddon, when this room was first used, and to have trode a measure with him, "high and disposedly," on that festive occasion. A scene more suitable for such a display can hardly be imagined. The portrait of her Majesty in a great scarlet hoop, farthingale, and ruff, is over one of the doors. One very singular ornament finds place in this regal apartment—a cast of the head of the celebrated Lady Dorothy Vernon before named, the daughter of Sir George; one of the greatest beauties of her time, but who, in life, valued her charms so little as never to have consented to sit to sculptor or painter. The cast was taken after death with the swathing drapery bandaged around it—and presents a truly cadaverous object. This is the more to be regretted, as she is the heroine of Haddon whose marriage with Sir John Manners brought it into the Rutland family, the present duke being their lineal descendant.

Sir John is invested by tradition with all that is most captivating to maiden's eye and maiden's heart; and few are they, amongst those of Derbyshire, who think the Lady Dorothy did anything but what was "wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best," in eloping with so gallant a knight. It is said, that for the love he bore her, he lurked in the woods around Haddon for months previous to the night of the grand masqued ball; when, after mingling unknown amongst the company, he met the Lady Dorothy at the door of her chamber, which opened on the garden, "and bore her away for his bride." The door through which she made her escape is still shown, and the avenue of lime-trees along which the lovers flew towards the open fields is honored with the title of "The Lady Dorothy's Walk."

It contains but few pictures; one, however, shines conspicuous; it is a fine portrait of Thomas, the first Earl of Rutland; he is strikingly handsome. At the upper end of the gallery is the entrance to the ante-room of the state bed-chamber; both are adorned with friezes and cornices of boars' heads and peacocks alternately—and also with several good pictures of Queen Elizabeth,

Charles I., Prince Rupert, and Prince Maurice, by Van Dyck. In the bed-room is a large bas-relievo of Orpheus charming the animals with his lyre: while opposite to it, in a spacious oriel which is raised a few steps from the level of the floor, is a large antique mirror in a very curious frame, and several old-fashioned chairs. In the centre of the room, on a floor of hard plaster partially covered by a carpet, stands the state bed of green velvet lined with white satin, golden hued with age. The velvet curtains hang in heavy folds, surmounted at the top by large white plumes. The white satin coverlet, elaborately ornamented with needlework of silk and gold, has the letters K. R. embroidered in the centre; the whole is said to have been the work of Eleanor, co-heiress of Lord Roos, who became the wife of Sir Robert Manners in the reign of Henry VI., and brought the princely domain of Belvoir as her marriage portion. This room is hung with Gobelin tapestry of brilliant colours—the subjects from *Æsop's Fables*. Close to the side of the bed is a door concealed by the tapestry. When opened, it swings heavily back upon the stone steps of a tower of great height, with small rooms on every landing-place. A corresponding door in its wall, directly opposite the one near the bed, opens on the terraced side of the hill, which is covered with trees.

Nearly all the rooms of Haddon are hung with tapestry, some of it very fine. The doors concealed beneath it are often only bare boards fastened together with great nails, and having for fastenings iron bars, wooden bolts, hasps, or staples. The walls which it covers are of the roughest masonry, seldom plastered, and resembling the outside wall of some common barn.

The Eagle Tower is loftier than all the rest, and is supposed to have been the keep of some more ancient edifice. In one of its small rooms on the leads is a frame formerly used for stringing the bows. This tower is circular, and contains a spiral staircase, with numerous chambers at different elevations, which are supposed to have been occupied at some remote period by the family and its retainers.

Nearly all the rooms in Haddon are very gloomy, the greater number having seldom more than one window with small leaded

panes deeply set in the thickness of the enormous wall, and placed very high. Though extremely comfortless, according to the luxurious ideas of modern times, yet this place was for ages renowned for its hospitality and magnificence.

The boar's head was served up every Christmas with great pomp, garnished with sprigs of rosemary, and ushered in with a song, the sound of trumpets, and minstrelsy; it was received with high honour and reverence as the chief dish, but instead of being devoured like the other substantial viands which accompanied it to the festive board, it was reserved to grace the sideboard during the twelve days after Christmas.

Until within the last few years one of the chief attractions of Haddon Hall was Mistress Dorothy Hage, its hereditary and most honoured housekeeper, whose fine antique appearance corresponded so completely with the old feudal pile of which she was the tutelary guardian and cicerone, that she seemed to those whom she attended in that capacity, more like one of the old family pictures reanimated, than a personage of flesh and blood. Tall and gaunt, with aquiline features, clear brown complexion, and eyes like a mountain eagle, Mistress Dorothy, who in her youth had been very handsome, still retained at a very advanced age many of the tricks of beauty: bridling her long neck, and casting down her eyes with a meek purring look, when pleased, or flashing awful glances of scorn and displeasure at those who dared to undervalue anything that had belonged to the Ver-nons, which name pronounced by her in two prolonged syllables in a sonorous tone was truly imposing, the ear vibrated beneath its weight, as with solemn cadence, it perpetually recurred in the slow and measured description which, in raven tones, she was wont to give of the former glories of Haddon. Quaintly habited in long wasp-waisted gown with stiff skirt of great amplitude, having on her head a small Phrygian-shaped bonnet or cowl of black silk, and holding in her hand a bunch of strange-looking keys, she walked with erect figure before the stranger through the old halls and courts of Haddon, like one of its former inhabitants. A few pithy words oracularly delivered, with an occasional lifting of the long, lean arm

to point out some object under description, included all her display of oratory. Woe to the thoughtless maiden who should be observed snipping a morsel of fringe or tapestry to carry home as a relic; woe to the reckless youth who should presume to *race* through the Long Gallery. These were offences which bore down her philosophy, and invariably resulted in the summary and ignominious ejection of the culprit. Her phraseology was peculiar. The late beautiful and highly-gifted Duchess of Rutland, with whom she was a great favourite, was always styled by her "Our *Dame* the Duchess," and the duke, "Our *Master* the Duke." This fine old specimen of feudal attachment and honest worth, died at a very advanced age at Haddon, —having never been more than a few miles from it in the whole course of her life.





#### A DREAM OF HOME.



H Mother! sacred! dear! in dreams of thee,  
I sate, again a child beside thy knee;  
Nestling amid thy robe delightedly.  
And all was silent in the sunny room  
Save bees that hummed o'er honeysuckle bloom.

I gazed upon thy face, so mild—so fair—  
I heard thy holy voice arise in prayer;  
Oh Mother! Mother! thou thyself wert there!

Thou, by the placid brow, the thoughtful eye,  
The clasping hand, the voice of melody.

I clung around thy neck, the tears fell fast—  
Like rain in summer, yet, the sorrow passed—  
And smiles more beautiful than e'en the last  
Played on thy lip, dear Mother! such it wore  
To bless our happy home in days of yore.

Then, wild and grand arose my native hills:  
I heard the rush of torrents, and the trills  
Of birds that hymn the sun; the charm that fills  
Old Haddon's vales, and haunts its river side  
What time the fays pluck king-cups by its tide.

Methought 'twas hawthorn time—the blooming May—  
For o'er far plains bright figures seemed to stray  
Gathering the buds, and calling me away.  
I waked—but ah! to weep, no eye of thine,  
Sweet Mother! shed its gentle light on mine.

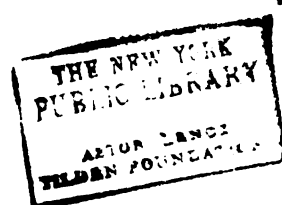












## HENRY THE EIGHTH AND HIS SIX QUEENS.



ON the 22d day of April, 1509, King Henry VII., who had ascended the throne of England twenty-four years before, amid the acclamations of a whole people, almost unanimously hailing him as the man of a new era, and the founder of a new epoch, died in the midst of joy far more general, sincere, and better founded than that which had greeted his accession.

For the oppressions, bad as they were, of the seventh Henry, there are palliations, if not excuses, to be found in the circumstances, both antecedent and subsequent to his seizure of the throne. Even for his seizure of it there was some shadow of apology.

England, at the period of his invasion, was groaning under the usurped rule

“Of an untitled tyrant, bloody scepter’d;”

the true heiress to the crown, Elizabeth of York, was a weak girl, who, even if it had been possible for her to attain her rights, could by no conceivable chance have governed the turbulent spirits of the two rival factions which, for well-nigh a century, had torn the intestines of their native land; and he himself, if not the legitimate heir, had in some degree been led to regard himself as such, and was, it must be admitted, the only living person who could hope to unite such a force under his banners as to rescue England, and when rescued, to give her peace, repose, and the blessings of a permanent and just government.

That he did not, scarcely made a show even of doing, this latter is his crime and his disgrace. He died the wealthiest, probably the most powerful, assuredly the most detested, prince in Europe.

His son, aged 17, King Henry VIII., ascended the same puissant seat, among the same joy, the same acclamations that greeted his father, under far brighter auspices, far loftier promise, in his turn to die, after a reign of thirty-seven years, on the 28th day of January, 1547, amid the undissembled rejoicings of the most loyal people in the world, alienated from the true affections, which they bore him, by tyranny, cruelty, crime, happily unexampled in Europe, unless we return to the days of Tiberius, Nero, and Domitian.

Henry VIII. ascended the throne with the gayest and most glorious auguries that ever lighted a young heir to royalty. There was not one cloud to cast a shadow upon the sunshine of his promise.

His title was undisputed, his crown his by right, as in fact, and as by the universal consent of the people, over whom God in his wonderful wisdom permitted him to reign. He had no hatreds, public or domestic, to gratify, no injuries to avenge, no feuds to cherish, no onerous benefits to repay, no clamorous adherents to conciliate or satisfy. He was in the flower of youth, just entering his eighteenth year; overflowing with health and animal spirits; handsome, of royal port and manly stature of the largest mould; expert in all graceful and athletic exercises; blessed with an education, most rare for princes or nobles in those days, and entitled to be held learned, even among men of uncommon learning.

He possessed a bold, frank, open address, which ever wins favor from the people; he had a ready wit; was not without that sort of bluff and burly good-humor arising, in truth, only from a sense of well-being and self-gratification, which so often passes in the great for goodness of heart; and was abundantly liberal, even to lavish profusion, which, of all qualities in princes, most challenges the admiration and purchases the affection of the masses.

In view of his occasions, his personal capacities, his acquired qualifications, the real grandeur of his position, which had no single drawback, and his general popularity with all classes and estates of the realm, it may be safely said, that no monarch ever climbed the steps of state with such opportunities of real utility, greatness, and goodness,

of living rich in a people's love, and dying with an immortal name, as Henry VIII. of England.

There was not much to be admired in the character of Henry VIII. He had an original proclivity to evil, increasing gradually, through self-indulgence, through entire absence of all governance or restraint by himself or others, through almost absolute power of self-gratification, and through the basest adulation of those around him, until everything that there had existed in him of relatively good was merged in a slough of sensuality, selfishness, self-sufficiency, and disregard to all but his own pleasures; and he became a mere slave to his lust and unbridled passions.

He ascended the throne of England, at the commencement of a great epoch in the world's history, and in an era distinguished by more great names of greatest men contemporaneous, and greatest events crowding each one the other out of notice, than any that had occurred before, since the fall of the Roman Empire, or has occurred since, until the end of the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth centuries. Less than forty years before his birth, in 1455, the first Bible had been printed at Mentz; when he was but one year old, America was rediscovered by Christopher Columbus, who, as the phrase went in those days, gave a new world to Castile and Leon; ten years after he ascended the throne, Luther began to preach against the sale of indulgences and the supremacy of the Pope; five years later, when he had ruled England only fifteen years of the thirty-seven during which he oppressed the throne with the weight of his bloody tyranny, chivalry fought its last fight, and found its grave at Marignano and Pavia; and gunpowder decided that the steel-clad cavalry of the feudal aristocracies should no longer override the people, and decide the fate of nations, by the shock of their lances, and the clang of their iron horse-hoofs.

Four new powers in the world, in the space in which one man creeps from his cradle to his grave! And what four powers!—each mightier in itself and in its consequences, than all which the intellect of man had developed, in all the antecedent centuries—each one in itself sufficient to have revolutionized the world, and recreated a new

society ; and when all four united, incapable of what ? A new power of intellect ; a new world, destined from its very origin to invent, to imagine, to aim at, to compass all things new ; a new power of religion, shaking the world of ancient error to its foundations ; a new power in war, equalling the weak with the strong, the peaceful with the warlike.

Four powers, all tending to one end, the perfect establishment of perfect liberty and truth ; and yet, by what unhallowed means, by what unholy instruments, through what vicissitudes, by what men ! In Germany, Charles V. In France, Francis I. In Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella. In the papal chair, Leo X. In the Sublime Porte, Solyman the Magnificent. And, as the inferior persons, yet real princes of the states, and motors of the masses, Columbus, Luther, Wolsey, Calvin, Cranmer—when will the world again behold such men combined, and such a crisis ?

Eight years before the accession of the present monarch to his place, there had been a day in England, glorious for a grand celebration ; that day hailed the nuptials of his elder brother, Arthur, prince of Wales, and heir-apparent of England, then in his sixteenth year, with Katharine of Arragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, ten months her bridegroom's senior, a lady of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments ; and the rejoicings of all parties appear to have been as sincere and hearty as the pageantry was gay and glorious.

Born of such parents, sprung from such a land, exhibiting from an early age the talents which she inherited from her mother, with all that mother's dignity, and piety, and prudence, but without her coldness, her austerity, her fanaticism, or her fierce zeal leading her even to the length of persecution, gloriously endowed with the dark-glowing, stately, superb beauty of her native land, who should predict for any one of earthly mould a happier or grander future than for young Catalina—for so she was christened, although the history of the land, in which it was hers to live and die, has Anglicized her into Katharine—the beautiful 'nfanta of her paternal Arragon ? Nor was the marriage of this highly favored princess less promising of happiness than was her birth august, and the circumstances of her early youth auspicious.



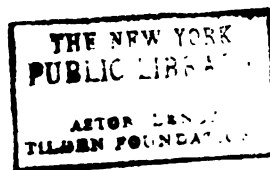






Engraved by J. Smith

*Portrait of a Lady*  
 from the collection of the  
 British Museum



But the happiness of the young pair, if happiness there were, was as transitory as the show that inaugurated it; for on the second day of April, 1502, "Prince Arthur died of the plague, being in the principality of Wales, in a place they call Ludlow. In this house was Donna Catalina left a widow when she had been married scarcely six months."

After the death of her young husband, Katharine still continued in England; until, as it appears, much against her will, Henry VII. and her father, Ferdinand, a cold-blooded, crafty politician, not widely differing in manner from the English usurper, hatched up a marriage between her and Henry, duke of York, her brother-in-law, and obtained a dispensation from the then ruling pope, Julius II.

Katharine objected to this second marriage, and yielded only to the policy of her father. Her mother, Isabella of Castile, in some sort shared in her daughter's repugnance; for she would not consent until she had obtained a breve, or authenticated copy of the bill of dispensation, which she afterward contrived to transmit to her daughter, who had it in her possession twenty-six years afterward, when the validity of her marriage was so basely and brutally called in question. Her marriage took place on the day of St. Bernabo, June 11th, 1509, and she was crowned afterward on the day of St. John.

Warham; archbishop of Canterbury, and chancellor of England, did object in council to the celebration of this marriage, in consequence of undue affinity of the parties, but Fox, bishop of Winchester, urging it strongly on the grounds of expediency, and the king pressing it with all the wilful headstrongness of his passionate nature, all opposition was withdrawn, and the nuptials were performed with great pomp and splendor.

Katharine was at this time very beautiful, in the Spanish style, tall and of stately person, with a profusion of magnificent black hair. She had been married but a few days, and was attired as a bride, in white embroidered satin; her hair, which was black and very beautiful, hung at length down her back, almost to her feet; she wore on her head a coronal set with many orient stones. The queen, thus attired as a royal bride, was seated in a litter of white cloth of gold, borne by

two white horses. She was followed by the female nobility of England, drawn in whirlcotes, a species of car that preceded the use of coaches. Thus she proceeded to the palace of Westminster, where diligent preparation was making for the coronation next day. Cavendish asserts that all the orders for the king's coronation and the funeral of King Henry VII. was given by Katharine; the illness of the king's grandmother and the youth of the king were, perhaps, the reasons that she had thus to exert herself.

For two years the court of England was brilliant with one continuous display of masques, banquets, balls by night, tournaments, jousting, and fighting at the barriers with sword or battle-axe by day, in the presence of the queen and her ladies, who dispensed the rewards of valor to the victors.

Vanity was as distinct and as active an ingredient as either sensuality or selfishness, in the character of Henry VIII. It was, moreover, as is not unusual, the first to develop and display itself in broad colors, for both sensuality and selfishness require indulgence and nutriment, whereby to grow great, and are rarely strongly marked in the young. Henry's noble stature, immense power, and vigorous activity, in his earlier years, before his limbs grew heavy and his frame obese, gave him surpassing advantage in all military and athletic exercises; and it cannot be doubted that, in all that pertained to the use of weapons, the management of horses, the personal skill of the knight, he was a consummate man-at-arms. Proud, young, and strong, he was brave by concurrence of natural endowments, as by the necessities of blood and birth.

In 1511, Queen Katharine was delivered, on the first day of the year, of a son, to the great joy of the father, and among the general rejoicings of the nation. The happiness, however, of both king and people proved to be premature; for the child died before the month closed, and his fate seemed to be in some sort prophetic; since out of several births no heir male was spared to Henry, who earnestly desired one, nor did any other child survive of this marriage, except the Princess Mary, afterward queen, who was born on February 18, 1516.

It was about this time that Thomas Wolsey, a man of inferior

birth, but of parts, energy, capacity, and ambition equal only to the elevation to which he afterward arose, and to the depth of his downfall and disgrace, began to acquire the great ascendancy over the king which he so long enjoyed.

He was a liberal and munificent protector of letters, a powerful patron of the arts; he had a noble taste in architecture, which he bounteously promoted, having built at his own cost, and it is said from his own designs, the chaste and splendid palace of Hampton Court, which he afterward presented to the king, his master, fully furnished in a style of princely munificence—the most noble gift ever bestowed by a subject on a crowned head. If he were grasping of wealth, it was to spend it in lordly lavishness, promoting all the arts of industry and civilization, not to hoard it in avaricious coffers, or bestow it on unworthy favorites.

He has been accused of encouraging Henry to extravagance, and discouraging him from business, in order to have the greater hold on him, as being the more necessary both to his pleasures and his councils.

His establishment consisted of eight hundred individuals, earls, knights, and gentlemen of high lineage; his splendor and pomp were scarce surpassed by those of royalty itself. From this time forth, “on solemn fast-days he would say mass after the manner of the pope himself; not only bishops and abbots serving him therein, but even dukes and earls giving him water and the towel. Besides, not contented with the cross of York to be carried before him, he added another of his legacy, which two of the tallest priests that could be found carried on great horses before him. Insomuch that it grew to a jest, as if one cross might not suffice for the expiation of his sins.” Never, perhaps, before or since, had any subject risen in so short a time to such preferment, wealth, preëminence, and power; never in after-days did one fall more lamentably. We have seen the splendor of his ascension; the next act in the drama of the master’s life is the superb servant’s downfall and disgrace.

Up to this period, 1518, Henry, aged 26, was a rash, vain, luxurious, headstrong, and self-willed prince; but little had yet shown itself in his disposition which indicated the obstinate and brutal

tyranny, or the merciless love of blood, which hereafter grew upon him, till they became his most distinctive attributes. But now the influences had begun to affect him, which soon converted him into a savage and brutal tyrant, void equally of justice, gratitude, or mercy. From this point the declension of his character commences, and the decline is lamentably rapid.

Though she had been beautiful and majestic when she was first wedded to him, Katharine was eight years Henry's senior; her health seems to have been delicate from the beginning, none of her children surviving many months, with the exception of the Princess Mary, who was subject from her childhood to violent attacks of constitutional and probably neuralgic headaches; her beauty soon faded, and, though she retained to the last so much of respect and esteem as Henry was capable of feeling toward any woman, she had already lost all hold on his passions, which seem to have been his nearest sentiment to love or affection.

In June, 1520, the celebrated conference between the two kings of England and France, Henry and Francis, was held within the confines of the then English district of Calais, so far-renowned in legend and romance, as well as in the sober page of history, as the Field of Cloth of Gold. The queens, with all their trains and retinues all the beauty and brilliancy, all the valor and glory of the two great rival realms, were present. All the leaders of England's feudal aristocracy were summoned by name to attend, which they did in such extravagant style and at so great expense, as to entail even to this day its effects on many of their estates.

At this interview, Anne Boleyn was present, as well, probably, as Jane Seymour, another embryo queen of England, both officiating as maids-of-honor to Queen Claude, surnamed the Good, and therefore brought into the closest contact with the royalty of England. The presence of Anne Boleyn was, as yet, of no moment to the royal Katharine, although her mind had been already somewhat troubled by the "coquetries" of the other sister, Mary Boleyn, with King Henry. It is not, however, improbable that the royal eye had been attracted by both these fair English maids-of-honor of the French Queen;



since, when the war broke out, a year or two later, they were both summoned to vacate their situations in the French court, and on their return, Anne was appointed to the same place in the household of Katharine which she had previously held in that of Claude ; and, on her advancement to the crown, Jane Seymour occupied that very position, and with similar results, which she had herself misused toward her right-royal predecessor.

Queen Katharine and Cardinal Wolsey had lived in the greatest harmony till this time, when his increasing personal pride urged him to conduct which wholly deprived him of her esteem. One day, the Duke of Buckingham was holding the basin for the king to wash, when it pleased the cardinal to put in his hands. The royal blood of the duke rose in indignation, and he flung the water in Wolsey's shoes, who, with a revengeful scowl, promised Buckingham "that he would sit on his skirts." The duke treated this as a joke, for he came to court in a jerkin, and being asked by the king the reason of this odd costume, he replied that "it was to prevent the cardinal from executing his threat, for if he wore no skirts they could not be sat upon."

Buckingham had been guilty of such imprudences, to call them by no lighter name, and had committed himself so strangely in speeches, showing that he looked forward to the king's death without issue, as a desirable contingency which might have the effect of raising himself to the vacant throne, as might well have excited the suspicions and even the fears of a king less jealous, suspicious, and vindictive than he whom he had unfortunately aroused.

And there can be no manner of doubt, that without any instigation on the cardinal's part, though probably his instigation was not wanting, Henry would himself have pursued Buckingham to the block, on less ground of suspicion than the unhappy nobleman had actually given.

There is no pretence brought forward that he was not tried fairly ; indeed, unusual impartiality would seem to have been used in this case, which was tried by a duke, a marquis, seven earls, and twelve barons.

In answer to his sentence, he professed that he never had been a

traitor, declared that he had nothing against his judges, prayed God to pardon them his death, even as he did, and declining to beg his life, left himself to the king's disposal, and died as he had lived, a gentleman. He was accordingly beheaded, the other revolting particulars of a traitor's doom being remitted to him.

Queen Katharine made strenuous intercession for the duke, and after useless pleading for him with the king, did not conceal her opinion of Wolsey's conduct in the business.

The point of succession was an extremely sore subject with Henry. Heirs male were ever his grand desiderata; and it is more than possible that, had the sons of Queen Katharine lived and promised hearty health, Anne Boleyn never had succeeded to her honors, while she was yet alive; and that, if Anne's child, Elizabeth, had been as masculine in sex as she proved afterward to be in soul, her mother would never have made way for Jane Seymour, by the brief and bloody passage from the tower to the grave.

Henry had, at this time, no heir male, no hope of having any. Buckingham had announced his intention of claiming the crown, should Henry die childless; and, when we consider the fact, that since the Conquest, but one woman, Matilda, had ever succeeded to the throne, and she only to have it disputed through twenty years of civil war at the sword's point, we cannot wonder, or much blame the king, if he merely enforced the law, without granting mercy.

At this period, Katharine disappears almost entirely from the page of history. Her ill-health probably incapacitated her from taking, any longer, a part in Henry's absurd pageants and revelries; as her gentle and domestic habits held her aloof from his hunting matches, in which she never took any delight. Her studious tastes increased on her, at the same time her religious observances degenerated into something like asceticism, and, at the very moment when her declining beauty, her increasing years, and her failure to give him a son, had begun to operate on Henry to her disadvantage, she furnished her rival with weapons against herself, by withdrawing herself from participation in the king's boisterous amusements.

It is significant of Henry's infatuation, and of his probable deter-

mination, already formed, that at the conferences held between Francis, king of France, and Henry, for the marriage of the Princess Mary, Katharine's daughter, to the Dauphin, according to his own and Wolsey's statement, that Mary's legitimacy was called in question by the Bishop of Tarbez, the envoy of the French king, through which, as they allege, the king's conscience was awakened to the illegality and incestuous nature of his connection with his late brother's widow. From this time he began to move, secretly however, and carefully concealing his proceedings from the injured queen, for a divorce, in order to gratify at once his licentious passion for the charms of the coy and coquettish maid-of-honor, Anne Boleyn, who would be approached on no terms save those of matrimony, and his scarcely inferior desire for heirs male.

That the Bishop of Tarbez should have raised doubts as to the legitimacy of the princess, whom Henry had ever represented as his heiress, presumptive, at the least; the legality of whose mother's marriage had never been called in question; and whom he was himself, then and there, soliciting as a wife for the king, his master, who vehemently urged an immediate performance of the ceremony, despite the immature years of the bride, is so unlikely, and as it were ridiculous, that, were proof wanting, we might doubt the whole story.

Evidently, it was a device of the king and Wolsey, to account for the origination of such a scruple in the eighteenth year of an acknowledged, undisputed, fertile, and apparently happy marriage, and for the demand of a divorce, literally speaking, after the twelfth hour.

From this time forth, until the whole of that iniquity was accomplished, England had no continental policy, other than this of "the king's secret matter," as it was henceforth styled by himself and the counsellors in whom he trusted. For this, he risked a rupture with one or both of the two puissant princes between whom he affected to hold the balance; for this he attempted to throw dust in the eyes of both, making and breaking contracts in a manner which can only be explained by considering how impossible it was that he could do aught consistently, or even promise aught with a prospect of its fulfilment, so long as he had at his heart this unworthy project determined, but

unrevealed ; and for this, in the end, he broke with the Holy See, and, at the imminent hazard of a religious rebellion, enforced a total change of church policy, if not of faith, on his country, certainly before it was prepared in general for such a change.

It must have been a cruel aggravation to Katharine's anxieties, to have Anne always about her person, present at all her progresses and entertainments, attracting, doubtless, all the king's eyes by the coquetries which she so well knew how to practice, and monopolizing the attentions which had once been her own, and which she was not content to resign.

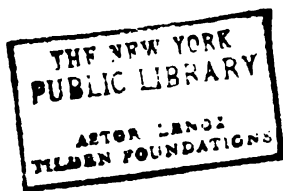
During all this trying time, the conduct of Katharine was more than irreproachable ; it combined all that consummate wisdom, perfect temper, feminine dignity, and conjugal duty could effect or suggest. Thus far, all decorum had been preserved between Henry and his new dulcinea, however he might solicit her in private, ply her with love-letters, decorate her with jewels, distinguish her above all other ladies. Thus far, it is probable, save in the resolve to rise unlawfully, Anne was an innocent woman. So far, therefore, since Katharine sacrificed nothing of self-respect, dignity, or decorum, resolute to do nothing which should provoke, or in any way justify, a separation from her on Henry's part, and determined to maintain her own rights and those of her daughter, at all hazards, she would see nothing, hear nothing, though of course seeing and hearing all things, but treated her rival with unvarying gentleness and propriety, accommodated herself to every wish of her husband, mingled more generally in the sports and amusements of the court, took part in the balls and masques, inclined her ear to minstrelsy, and made every effort to reconcile the affections of her capricious and licentious despot.

To the accomplishing the divorce from Queen Katharine, Wolsey had now, though reluctantly, brought himself to agree, though not with a view to the king's marriage with Anne ; for, reckoning on his master's wonted fickleness of humor, and probably underrating the lady's powers of resistance to her royal lover's passion, he calculated fully on his being soon weaned from this short-lived folly, and went so far as to speculate on his marriage with Renée, the younger sister



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of Claude, queen of France, and even to assure Louise, the queen-mother, and probably Francis also, that such a connection, between the two crowns, would certainly and speedily ensue. On his return to England, he learned Henry's determination, and the inutility of attempting to oppose it. He went so far, indeed, as to implore the king on his knees to abandon the project ; but on finding him resolute, and knowing the perduracy and violence of his resolution, he yielded his own judgment and conscience, and served his master to the last, more truly, as he himself confessed too late, than he served his God, until his bad ends were accomplished. But not so truly as to save himself innocent from the beautiful favorite's displeasure ; for Anne learned, from her lover, the opposition of the cardinal, and never forgave it, as it seems she never forgave any one whom she thought an enemy. From this day, therefore, although it was by his means, solely, that the divorce was accomplished, and Anne's marriage rendered possible, Wolsey's downfall was dated. From this day, likewise, may be dated the death-sentence of the venerable Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and of the excellent Sir Thomas More ; for they had both given opinions adverse to the divorce, and, although they continued to hold office, and even apparently to enjoy the royal favor, they were both inscribed on the black-list of the revengeful mistress, who never rested from her ill-offices toward them until their heads had fallen.

The pope signed two instruments, but requested that, for the present, they might be kept secret ; and afterward, at Henry's request, appointed a cardinal, to be chosen by Henry himself, out of six of that rank, who should try the cause in conjunction with Wolsey. It is worthy of remark here, in connection with what followed in regard to Henry's rupture with Rome, that Clement, who was favorably disposed and bound by gratitude to him from the beginning, warned him "That he was taking the most circuitous route."

In April, 1528, plenary powers were issued to Wolsey to try the cause, without judicial forms, to pronounce according to his own conscience, without regard to exception or appeal, the marriage valid or invalid, and the issue thereof legitimate or illegitimate, according to the desire of Henry.

The king and Anne were at first in ecstasies, imagining that the whole matter was decided, and all difficulty at an end ; but at this moment Wolsey took the alarm. If he granted the divorce, he was ruined with both France and Spain, and all for the sake of one, from whom he was well assured he had no kindness to expect ; for he well knew that Anne Boleyn hated him, with a perfect and sufficient hatred. If he refused the divorce, he lost Henry's favor, lost his position, his power, his fortunes, probably his head ; for, although the king had not yet shown himself the sanguinary executioner into which he, a few years later, degenerated, Wolsey unquestionably knew his nature, and had discovered the latent instincts of the royal tiger, which needed only to be thwarted, that they should display themselves in all their brutal force and fury.

Wolsey now temporized ; he required that Cardinal Campeggio should be sent from Rome to join him in the commission, and as being more acquainted with the laws of the Romish Church.

On the eighteenth of June, the court met to try the case in the parliament chamber at Black Friars. The king and queen were both cited to appear. The latter, on doing so, protested against the judges, denied the jurisdiction of the court, and appealed to Rome. On the following day, she cast herself at the king's feet, uttered a pathetic appeal to his sympathies, and then with a low obeisance retired, whispering to an attendant, when an officer was sent to recall her, "I never before disputed the will of my husband, and shall take the first opportunity to ask pardon for this disobedience."

On her refusal to appear, either in person or by attorney, she was pronounced contumacious ; and the trial proceeded in her absence, Henry's counsellors demanding the abrogation of the marriage on these three grounds : 1. That her marriage with Arthur having been consummated, her subsequent marriage with Henry was contrary to divine law, and therefore null and void from the beginning ; 2. That the bull of Pope Julius II. had been obtained under false pretences ; and, 3. That the breve of dispensation, produced by Katharine, which was not liable to the defects of the bull, was a forgery. As Katharine had declined the jurisdiction of the court, no reply was made by her

to these allegations; but Campeggio did not choose to pronounce judgment, and solicited the pope to call the cause before himself. In the meantime the term expired, and the matter was adjourned until the following October.

Henry and Anne were furious. The lady extorted from her lover a promise never again to see Wolsey, and the tyrant kept his word. When the Michaelmas term arrived, Campeggio bade his brother cardinal farewell, and departed for Rome.

From this time, however, the fall of Wolsey must be dated. He had, it is true, strained every point, sacrificed conscience, duty, truth, used every solicitation, every exertion, left no stone unturned, to gratify the will of his exacting, unrelenting master. But he had failed. It was known that he had been originally, probably was still, opposed on principle, and in his own heart, to Henry's marriage with Anne. Therefore she hated him, and it would seem that, under her soft, seductive, gentle exterior, she concealed a nature almost as unforgiving as her royal lover's. Henry, probably at her suggestion, was led to mistrust the sincerity of the cardinal's endeavors, perhaps even to suspect him of double-dealing. His want of success was attributed to want of faith, and he was marked for destruction.

On the very day when he opened his court, as chancellor, two bills were filed against him by the attorney-general, Hales, under what was commonly called the statute *præmunire*, which he was accused of having transgressed in his legatine court. Nothing could have been more iniquitous than the whole transaction. It was doubtful whether that statute had any application to the court of the pope's legate. At all events, he had the royal license previously obtained, and the sanction of parliament; besides that immemorial usage was in his favor. He knew too well, however, the temper of the royal brute, fiercer and more unattainable than the animal which has obtained the title, and the pitch of frenzy to which opposition aroused him. He declined, therefore, to plead even the royal license, but owned his guilt, resigned his seals, submitted to every demand, divested himself of all his personal property, granted to the king by indenture the revenues of all his benefices and church preferments, and threw himself

wholly and unconditionally on Henry's mercy, professing his willingness to give up even the shirt from his back, and to live in a hermitage, if Henry would but cease from his displeasure. But that, it was not in the nature of the regal monster to do. Fluctuate he might, and in the variations of his fickle, cruel mood show glimpses of relenting. But to one who had, in truth, once incurred his resentment, or, what was the same thing, his suspicion, he relented never. The king himself took possession of his palace at York House, and the cardinal was banished to Esher, a large, unfurnished house, where he dwelt for above three months, with his large family, destitute of every comfort and convenience, neglected by his friends—if a fallen favorite have any friends—forgotten by the king, but unforgotten by his enemies, who never ceased to possess Henry's ear with all ill-runners against him.

Here he conducted himself with such a mixture of quiet dignity, liberal generosity, christian charity, and clerical propriety, that he gained all hearts. He became beloved, alike by the rich and the poor, and those who had the most hated him in his prosperity, the most inclined toward him in his adversity. Still Anne's word was ever against him. She was the "nightcrow," as he said, that ever whispered in the royal ear misrepresentations of his most loyal and most virtuous actions.

On the 7th of November he was arrested on a charge of high-treason. The closing scene of this great man—for, if he had his errors of ambition, vanity, and pride, as who hath not his errors? he was still both a great man and a great minister—is admirably and curtly told by Lingard.

"His health," says he (he suffered much from dropsy), "would not allow him to travel with expedition; and at Sheffield park, a seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, he was seized with a dysentery, which confined him a fortnight. As soon as he was able to mount his mule, he resumed his journey; but feeling his strength rapidly decline, he said to the Abbot of Leicester, as he entered the gate of the monastery, 'Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you.' He was immediately carried to his bed; and the second day seeing Kingston, the lieuten-

ant of the tower, in his chamber, he addressed him in these well-known words; 'Master Kingston, I pray you have me commended to his majesty; and beseech him on my behalf to call to mind all things that have passed between us, especially respecting good Queen Katharine and himself; and then shall his grace's conscience know whether I have offended him or not. He is a prince of most royal courage; rather than miss any part of his will, he will endanger one half of his kingdom; and I do assure you I have often kneeled before him, sometimes for three hours together, to persuade him from his appetite, and could not prevail. And Master Kingston, had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given over my gray hairs. But this is my just reward for my pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only my duty to my prince.' Having received the last consolations of religion, he expired the next morning, in the sixtieth year of his age. The best eulogy on his character is to be found in the contrast between the conduct of Henry, before and after the cardinal's fall. As long as Wolsey continued in favor; the royal passions were confined within certain bounds; the moment his influence was extinguished, they burst through every restraint, and by their caprice and violence alarmed his subjects, and astonished the other nations of Europe."

For one year longer, the unhappy queen continued to dwell as his loving wife with her reluctant husband, accompanying him in his progresses, eating at his board, and playing her part in the court pageants of which Anne was, in truth, the queen; but when, on the following Whitsuntide, she refused to submit her case to an English court, consisting of four prelates and four temporal nobles, and expressed her determination "to abide by no decision but that of Rome," she was ejected contumeliously from Windsor castle; all her jewels, all her wardrobe, except what she chanced to have on her person at the moment, and all the rich dowry she had brought to England, were confiscated; she was separated from her child, and infamously robbed of her dignity and title. Thenceforth she resided at her manor of More Park, and afterward at Ampthill.

On her expulsion from Windsor, Katharine replied only in these

touching words,—“Go where I may, I am his wife, and for him I will ever pray.” She never again saw her husband or her child. Until after the marriage of Anne, she was allowed the title of queen, and the empty honor to be served on the knee, and to be treated with the external deference due to the rank which had been so rudely wrested from her. Of silent sorrow, of domestic grief, of anguish beyond expression, patiently, nobly, uncomplainingly endured, history never preserves a record. We know only of Katharine’s life, during her seclusion, between her abandonment and her divorce, that her time was passed among her faithful ladies, in acts of charity, devotion, piety, varied only by the feminine arts and occupations of embroidery, to which she had always been addicted. Wherever she lived, the poor inhabitants of the neighborhood profited by her goodness, loved her, prayed for her, followed her with their sighs when she was removed from among them.

From this time forth, Henry held no intercourse with his queen; while on the contrary, Anne, who had ceased altogether from residing in her father’s house, lived constantly under the same roof with him, ate at the same table with him, assisted at his councils, was present with him on all his journeys, at all public ceremonies, at all his parties of pleasure. When this indecorous mode of life had continued three years, she was secretly married to the king, on the 25th of January, which marriage was not acknowledged until the first of June, and bore him the Princess Elizabeth, on the 7th day of September, 1533, all these events taking place previously to the annulling of his marriage with Katharine.

Three years elapsed, during which, so far from making any progress toward gaining his object, he was constantly losing ground. Clement issued a breve forbidding Henry to marry until his sentence should be published, and ordering him to treat Katharine as his lawful wife. In England, where his influence would have seemed the most certain to prevail, he only at length extorted a favorable answer from the universities by threats and even open violence.

For once Henry wavered. He fancied the difficulties insurmountable, and told his confidants that he had been deceived; that

he should never have sought for a divorce, had he not been led to believe that the pope's concurrence might easily be obtained, and that, finding that assurance false, he was minded to abandon the attempt forever. He had, in fact, carried his suit with Anne, had been disappointed by her not bearing him a son, or appearing likely to do so; and his ardor for the divorce, as his passion for Anne, were on the decline.

But at this moment Cromwell, who had risen, from being a servitor of Wolsey, on the ruin of his patron, instigated undoubtedly by Anne and her friends, suggested to Henry the wisdom of following the example of the German princes, shaking off the yoke of Rome, declaring himself the head of the church within his own realm, and taking into his own hands all the powers and privileges usurped by the pontiff. The avaricious and ambitious tyrant listened in astonishment and delight. It was not now his passion for Anne only—that was, perhaps, half satiated, and required some newer stimulus—it was his greed of gold, his burning thirst for authority and power, that were now awakened. Cromwell was sworn, at once, a member of the privy council, and instructed forthwith to take measures for carrying out his project.

In January, 1531, the inhibitory breve was published, forbidding the king to proceed in his divorce of Katharine, or in his marriage with Anne.

In the meantime, Henry, despairing of bringing Clement to terms by conciliation, refused to plead in person at Rome, or to send an excusator, endowed with full powers, to account for the cause of his absence, and convoked his parliament. They, assembling in the beginning of January, passed a series of bills, which were the commencement of that great revolution, which ended in the total abolition of popish power in the British empire. The first of these prohibited all payment of the annates, or first-fruits of the Episcopal sees, to the see of Rome, by the English bishops, on pain of forfeiture to the king by the delinquent of the profits of his church preferments. The second provided for the consecration of future English bishops, by the archbishop, or two other prelates, in default of the issue, or in

despite of the prohibition, of the necessary Romish bulls. A third measure, yet more hostile to the pretensions of Rome, was the compulsory assent of the clergy to a declaration, that they would never more enact, publish, or enforce their constitutions, without the royal authority and assent; and that they would submit those now in existence, to a committee of thirty-two, half laymen and half clergymen, with the king superintending in person, for rejection, confirmation, or alteration. And this, thenceforth, became the law of the land; and hereafter the bishop of Rome ceased, in fact, and by law, to hold any jurisdiction, spiritual or temporal, within the dominions of the English crown.

During the past year, Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, who had contended in vain with Wolsey, and been driven from the court on his ascendancy, died; and "to the surprise and sorrow" of many, Henry determined to raise Cranmer—whose zeal in favor of the divorce, his book in defence thereof, and his bold advocacy of the measure at Rome, had conciliated both the king's and the favorite's regard, though he had not long been in holy orders,—to that high dignity.

The first measure taken by this prelate was to write a letter to Henry, as if of his own free will and suggestion, beseeching him, for the better regulation of the succession of the crown, to allow him to take cognizance of the case in his archiepiscopal court, and hear the cause of the divorce, and put an end, as a duty to God and the king, to the doubts concerning the validity of the marriage. The next step was to procure the passing of an act of parliament, prohibiting, under the penalties of *præmunire*, any appeal from the spiritual judges of England to the courts of the pontiff. A convocation was then assembled, consisting of two courts, one of theologians, the other of canonists, who should give their decisions severally.

The theologians decided against the power of the pope's dispensation, to render such a marriage valid, by sixty-six dissenting voices to nineteen ayes.

The canonists declared on the sufficiency of proofs, by thirty-eight ayes to six negative votes.

Both courts thus deciding, directly, in Henry's favor, he granted



to Cranmer his royal permission to proceed in his court, though he judged it necessary, in the first place, to remind him that he was only, as primate of England, the principal minister of the indefeasible spiritual jurisdiction resident in the crown, and that "the sovereign had no superior on earth, and was not subject to the laws of any earthly creature."

Cranmer was ordered to proceed, and Katharine was cited to appear before him, at Dunstable, near Ampthill, where she resided.

The service of the citation was proved on the tenth day of May, and on her non-appearance she was pronounced "contumacious." On the twelfth, a second citation was proved, when she was pronounced "verily and manifestly contumacious," and the court proceeded to hear arguments and read depositions, in proof of the consummation of her marriage with Prince Arthur. On the seventeenth she was a third time cited to hear the judgment of the court; but to none of these citations did she pay any attention, having been advised that to do so would be to admit the archbishop's jurisdiction. Cranmer, therefore, on the Friday of Ascension-week, pronounced the marriage between her and Henry null and invalid, having been contracted and consummated in defiance of the divine prohibition, and, therefore, without force and effect from the very beginning.

Thus, at the expense of all honor, honesty, justice, and religion, by the present change of the whole ecclesiastical polity, and future alteration of the entire faith of a great nation, by a total subversion of all domestic laws, and disruption of foreign relations, was consummated, to gratify a bad king's insane caprice for an heir male, this great and flagrant wrong against a woman, justly admitted, in all times, to be of the most virtuous, the most womanly, the most queenly, the most loyal, and most royal of her sex.

But let none say that Katharine was unavenged. On that day, forever, Henry's good angels all abandoned him. From that day, no one of the manly virtues, no one of the kingly graces, any more abode with him. Up to this time he had been a man, though an obstinate, a selfish, and a willful man—a king, though a despotic, arrogant, self-sufficient, and ungovernable king. Henceforth he was deserted

by his better genius, given up, soul and body, "to the world, the flesh, and the devil."

Of Anne Boleyn's early life but little can be positively ascertained, owing to her long-continued absence from England, and to the want of correct memoranda concerning a person who was of little personal consequence, until her romantic rise and disastrous fall, after she had advanced, at least, toward maturity. The date even, about 1501, and the place of her birth, are doubtful; the records and anecdotes of her youth are few and far between; and it was found necessary to treat so fully of her conduct, in relation to her predecessor, Katharine, in making up the memoir of that sovereign lady, so closely were the threads of their fortunes and fates intermingled during the pendency of the proceedings for divorce, and of Anne's accession to her perilous, and, as it proved, disastrous dignity, that little remains to be given, beyond a brief recital of facts, up to the date of her royal rival's decease, and the commencement of her own decline.

She was of illustrious if not strictly noble blood; of a family which had long enjoyed a high degree of royal favor, and which was connected by intermarriage with many of the proudest and most ancient lines in the realm. Her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, who had distinguished himself in the late reign, fighting for the present king's father against the Cornish insurgents, was the son of Sir William Boleyn, of Blickling Hall, in Norfolk.

"No fairer spot than Blickling," says Miss Strickland, "is to be seen in the county of Norfolk.

"Those magnificent, arcaded avenues of stately oaks and giant chestnut-trees, whose majestic vistas stretch across the velvet verdure of the widely extended park, reminding us, as we walk beneath their solemn shades, of green cathedral aisles, were in their meridian glory three hundred and fifty years ago, when Anne Boleyn first saw the light in the adjacent mansion.

"The room where she was born was shown, till that portion of the venerable abode of the Boleyns was demolished to make way for modern improvements."

Anne Boleyn was in stature rather tall and slender, with an oval

face, black hair, and a complexion inclining to sallow; one of her upper teeth projected a little. She appeared, at times, to suffer from asthma. On her left hand a sixth finger might be perceived. On her throat there was a protuberance, which Chateaubriant describes as a disagreeably large mole, resembling a strawberry; this she carefully covered with an ornamental collar-band, a fashion which was blindly imitated by the rest of the maids-of-honor, though they had never before thought of wearing anything of the kind. Her face and figure were in other respects symmetrical; beauty and sprightliness sat on her lips; in readiness of repartee, skill in the dance, and in playing on the lute, she was unsurpassed. She was unrivalled in the gracefulness of her attire, and the fertility of her inventions in devising new patterns, which were imitated by all the court belles, by whom she was regarded as the glass of fashion.

The first procedure after the annulling of Henry's marriage with Katharine, was a declaration officially promulgated by Cranmer, in his court at Lambeth, that Henry and Anne were and had been joined in lawful matrimony, and that he himself confirmed it, of his own authority, as judge and prelate. This occurred on the 28th of May, 1533.

On the first of June, Anne was crowned queen, with great pomp and unusual magnificence, amid jousts and tourneys, gorgeous processions and triumphal arches, banquets and barriers, splintering of lances, bellowing of ordnance, flowing of conduits with wine and hypocras, smooth congratulations of the nobility, loud lip-loyalty of the mob, but amid the secret sorrow and contained wrath of the English people, and the openly expressed disgust and disdain of all Europe, Catholic and Protestant alike, without distinction of party, creed, or country.

On this day Anne gained the cherished wish of her ambitious heart, the crown for which she had played so long, so skillfully, and, it must be said, so foully—the crown, which was so soon to bring down the fair head that wore it, in sorrow, to a bloody grave. She was the queen of England; and the last queen, in that cruel reign, although four yet succeeded her, who was indued solemnly with the diadem of the English empire.

An unusual ostentation of magnificence appears to have attended the celebration of these august nuptials. The fondness of the king for pomp and pageantry was at all times excessive, and on this occasion his love and his pride equally conspired to prompt an extraordinary display. Anne, too, a vain, ambitious, and light-minded woman, was probably greedy of this homage from her princely lover; and the very consciousness of the dubious, inauspicious, or disgraceful circumstances attending their union, would secretly augment the anxiety of the royal pair to dazzle by the magnificence of their public appearance. Only once before, since the Norman conquest, had a king of England stooped from his dignity to elevate a private gentlewoman and a subject to a partnership of his bed and throne; and the bitter animosities between the queen's relations on one side, and the princes of the blood and great nobles on the other, which had agitated the reign of Edward IV., and contributed to bring destruction on the heads of his helpless orphans, stood as a strong warning against a repetition of the experiment.

On the seventh of September, Anne deceived his hopes by bearing him a girl, stronger to be in after days than any man-monarch who has preceded or succeeded her—a girl, Elizabeth, thereafter the woman-king of England. But this the blinded despot saw not; more than his light consort discerned the bloody winding-sheet, which had begun already to enfold her, still slowly creeping upward, until it should envelope, to the neck, that headless trunk, which was now so soft and fair to look upon. The first warp of that ensanguined shroud was struck, on the day and hour when the baffled despot cursed and raved over the birth of a female offspring.

With Katharine, no more than with Heaven, not profanely or irreverently be it spoken, could he prevail by any violence or fury of intimidation. It was in vain that he fulminated his orders against her, to forbear the style and avoid the title of queen, contenting herself with the rank of dowager-princess of Wales, and the income settled on her by her husband, Arthur. It was in vain that he dismissed such of her attendants, as should presume to style her queen, irrevocably from her service. To every injunction, every menace,

she had but one answer. She had lived, and would die, queen of England. And she did so.

If Katharine were no longer queen of England, she was, more than ever, queen of the English; and if he robbed her of all else, even her brute and most unworthy husband could never wholly rob her of his own esteem. For, when at last she exchanged a faded earthly crown for an incorruptible crown in heaven, he—even he, who garbed himself in white, and married another bride, on the very day when Anne died—who bade the physicians let beautiful Jane Seymour perish, if they might save her son, untimely born, “since wives were to be had for the getting, but sons only by the gift of God”—he, that bloated, bloody, remorseless, tearless monster, let fall one tear, almost his only one from childhood to the grave, at tidings of her decease, who certainly loved him—the only one of women.

Before the ultimate decision of Rome, confirming the marriage of Katharine, and excommunicating both the king and Anne Boleyn, unless he repudiated her and took back to him his lawful wife, had reached the ears of Henry, the acts had passed the supreme courts of the land, from which lay no appeal, subtracting England from the sway of Rome, and prohibiting, forever, the interference, spiritual or temporal, of foreign pontiff, as of foreign potentate, with the church, as with the state, of the earth-fast isle.

On the second of March, 1534, the blaze of bonfires, the roar of artillery, the shouts of *viva l'Espagna, viva l'imperio*, expressed the joy of the imperialists at the sentence, rendered by nineteen out of two-and-twenty cardinals, confirming the rights and titles of the noble Spanish princess, and deposing the adulterous concubine, her despised and hated rival, and made the Vatican resound their empty exultation. On the 30th of the same month, silently, solemnly, without noise, or congratulation, or shouting, two bills passed the parliament of England and received the royal sanction. The one erected the submission of the clergy, made the previous year, into a law of the land. The other set aside the marriage of the queen.

By this, all allegiance, all rendition of dues, all acknowledgment of powers or prerogatives, all appointment of prelates, all enactment of

bulls, canons, statutes, having force on English soil, were prohibited to Rome forever.

Thus was the power of the pontiff annihilated at a blow, and the king of England, *in esse*, erected forever, *de jure et de facto*, into the supreme head of the Anglican church, spiritually no less than temporally, not as an empty title, but as an abiding fact, for all future generations.

By the second act, Katharine's marriage was invalidated and made null and of no effect from the beginning—Anne's lawful and valid. The issue of Katharine was made illegitimate, and excluded from the succession—that of Anne's rightly born, and true heirs to the crown.

Everything was now accomplished which this king had desired—far more, indeed, than he had at the first hoped or even aspired to gain, since he originally sought only, by a divorce, granted at the hands of the pope, to rid himself of one wife, and take to himself a younger and a fairer bride; nor is it in the slightest degree probable that he would, then or thereafter, had he succeeded in his original object, have conceived an idea of limiting the pontifical authority in his dominions, much less of converting to himself the revenues of the church, or the right of the chief ruler. From opposition, however, he drew increased determination to resist; and from the prosecution of resistance came the necessity of agents, able, ambitious and unscrupulous. Able enough, doubtless, and more than ambitious enough, was Wolsey; but, though his conscience was by no means of the tenderest, it was not so completely seared against all sense of justice, patriotism, and religion, as to suit Henry's purpose. Therefore he fell; partly, that he had not fully satisfied the expectations of his master; more, that he had awakened the enmity of the mistress, who never, it seems, spared any whom she had the desire and the power to destroy.

This same year, while the process of spoliation was in operation, died in the castle of Kimbolton, where she had lived the last years of her life, almost in durance, that most royal woman, Katharine of Arragon. Nothing of persecution, of intimidation, of menace had ever induced her to abandon her style of queen of England, or tempted her to accept the asylum which Charles offered, and Henry dared not

have disallowed, in Spain or the Netherlands—not that she valued the empty title, but that she would not invalidate her daughter Mary's claim to the succession, which she ever believed would come to be hers in time.

She died on the 7th of January, 1536; and Henry, as I have said, wept, when he heard of her decease, and ordered his court into mourning for her loss. But his sympathy did not induce him to grant her last request, for an interview with her child, from whom he had savagely separated her; nor did it deter him from endeavoring to seize himself of the small effects she had left behind her; as he had previously done by her dowry, her jewels, and even her wardrobe, all of which, with the exception of what she actually wore, this foul disgrace, not of royalty, but of manhood, had detained, when he drove her out of her apartments at Windsor, to make way for her light rival.

Her last letter to the husband of her youth, the father of her child, the destroyer of her happiness, her life, her all, except her honor, might have wrung tears from stone. It is here:—

“My lord and dear husband, I commend me to you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and, my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries, and yourself into many cares. For my part, I do pardon you all, yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that he will also pardon you.

“For the rest, I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also in behalf of my maids, to give them marriage portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants, I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for.

“Lastly, do I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things.”

Were one to exhaust all history, all romance, to draw to the utmost on the dreams of unmixed imagination, in order to find something nobler in its origin, more blessed in its early promise, more prosperous

and full of all good augury in the first years of life's voyage, more consistent with that promise and augury in its undisturbed and gorgeous noontide, than the career of this illustrious princess and great queen, from her cradle to her fortieth year, or even something later, he would exhaust history, exhaust fiction, bankrupt imagination, to no purpose.

Were he to ransack all storehouses of sorrow, humiliation, and indignity, heaped on a virtuous and almost perfect woman's head, and borne with unswerving constancy and patience, with unruffled temper, with more than manly dignity, yet with the grace, the tenderness, the feminine affection of the most delicate and gentlest woman, he could find nothing to surpass, nothing to equal, the examples shown in the latter years of Katharine of Arragon.

As Katharine of Arragon, no woman, recorded in veritable history, or portrayed in romance, approaches so nearly to perfection. So far as it is permitted to us to see her character, without or within, there was no speck to mar the loveliness, no shadow to dim the perfection, of her faultless, Christian womanhood. If anything mortal could be perfect, that mortal thing, so far as man may judge, was Katharine of Arragon.

That rival now, when all the court wore mourning, and all England, but the court, mourned indeed, trapped herself in yellow robes, the color which best becomes a brunette, and professed herself "now indeed a queen." But her departed rival better knew Henry's heart than she; hearing one of her ladies cursing Anne, the sad queen cried, "Curse her not—curse her not, but rather pray for her, for even now is the time fast coming when you shall have reason to pity her and lament her case."

It was, indeed, fast coming; for while she was yet exulting over her rival's death, she found her maid-of-honor, Jane Seymour, who had supplanted her, as she had supplanted Katharine, sitting on Henry's knee. In an agony of jealous rage, she was delivered of a dead son—who, had he lived, would probably have prolonged, if not secured, her ascendancy—only twenty days after the decease of Katharine.

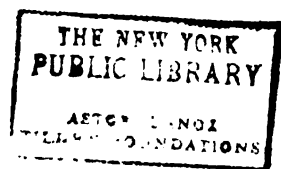
She recovered her health slowly, but she knew too well that her











influence was at an end. When she found that she had no power to obtain the dismissal of her rival from the royal household, she became very melancholy, and withdrew herself from all the gayeties of the court, passing her time in the most secluded spots of Greenwich park. It is also related that she would sit for hours in the quadrangle of Greenwich palace, in silence and abstraction, or seeking joyless pastime in playing with her little dogs, and setting them to fight with each other. What sadder scene can fancy conjure up than this? What thoughts, what memories, must have swept over that soul, once so gay and thoughtless, in those moments of agony? How little was her mind really there, with the sports or the quarrels of the spaniels, which she probably felt were the only things, now left alive, which loved her? That mis-delivery decided her fate. On the twenty-fifth day of the ensuing April, a court of commission was held to inquire into her conduct; a charge of unfaithfulness was brought forward. Of the circumstances of the case, and of the evidence, little is known. Anne was called into court, held up her hand, and pleaded not guilty, without the least emotion. She defended herself with so much courage, wit, and eloquence, that it was rumored, without the court, that she was sure of a triumphant acquittal; but it proved not to be so. She too, on what evidence we know not, was found guilty of what crime we know not, and was sentenced to be beheaded. An executioner from Calais, said to be a fellow of rare skill in his bloody trade, had been imported to deal the fatal blow. Anne, it is said, refused a bandage; and tradition records that the melting tenderness of her eyes disarmed the professional butcher, until, casting off his shoes, he stole behind his fair victim, and terminated her sorrows at a single blow. It has been recorded by Spelman, that, when the head, yet bleeding, was held aloft by the executioner, the eyes and lips were seen to quiver, and the former to regard, with mournful tenderness, the body from which they were so cruelly dissevered: this, however, savors of romance more than of sober truth. Her remains were thrust, with indecent haste, into an old oak-chest, which had formerly contained arrows, and are said to have been interred in the Tower, with no religious ceremonies.

Henry sat on horseback, under an oak, in Greenwich park, until the tower-gun announced that the lovely head had rolled in the dust; and then uncoupled the hounds, and away on the wings of the morning! to wed Jane Seymour, on the succeeding day, at Wolf's Hall, in Wiltshire, and to feast, with her, on a bridal banquet literally furnished forth, while her predecessor's life hung on the falchion's edge.

Jane Seymour was the eldest daughter of Sir John Seymour of Wolf Hall, Wiltshire; she was almost exactly of the same age as Anne Boleyn, which we have set down as dating from 1501. Anne was at least thirty-two, when she was married, if not in her thirty-third year, and thirty-six at the time of her decapitation. Jane is unanimously allowed to have been the eldest daughter of her father, who had eight children. Handsome she must undoubtedly have been, for Henry knew well what beauty was, both in man and woman; and this lady won him away from the all-admired Boleyn, who to beauty united wit, grace and every accomplishment; while this, her successful rival, with perhaps the single exception of Anne of Cleves, was the least highly educated and refined of all the king's wives.

Henry was desirous that, as both his former wives had enjoyed gorgeous coronations, though they had both been afterward discrowned, his present wife should not lack, at least, the former distinction; but, in the first place, the plague, which raged at Westminster, intervened; then the birth of Prince Edward opposed further delay; and, lastly, the greatest of mortal monarchs, King Death, took the matter into his own hand, and determined, by that decision from which there lies no appeal, that the fair Jane Seymour should be neither crowned nor discrowned by any fingers but his own.

There is hardly a fact worthy of commemoration, recorded of the brief reign of this Jane, who has been described as a paragon of human virtues; the only direct document of her queenship which has been preserved, is an order to the park-keeper at Havering at the Bower, to deliver "two bucks in high season" to certain gentlemen named; and this instrument, as authority to which she cites the king's warrant and seal, is signed, in a sprawling, awkward manuscript,

"Jane the Quene." The only act of kindness or charity which can be quoted in her favor, is her reception of the young Princess Mary, at Greenwich palace, during the Christmas rejoicings of 1537.

Shortly after the present marriage, Henry partially relented toward Mary, whom, on account of what he called her disobedience in upholding the marriage of her own mother, he had kept hitherto in penury and disgrace; and granted to her an establishment, in some degree befitted to her birth, though still denying her legitimacy. In this autumn broke out a dreadful insurrection, originating with the starving monks and famished populace of the north, but secretly patronized and fomented by the northern nobility of the old religion.

On Friday, October 12th, 1537, Jane Seymour, of whom Lingard most justly observes, that, with no evidence of any positive merit or virtue of her own, she has fared better with historians than any other of Henry's queens, was delivered of a prince, afterward Prince of Wales, and King Edward VI.

The immunity from censure which this princess enjoyed, possessing no kind of real merit, beyond grace, beauty, and a certain inoffensiveness, which was, after all is said, merely passive, he ascribes justly to the fact, that, whereas to each one of the other five queens either the Romish or the Protestant writers have been hostile on polemical grounds, both have upheld the character of Jane. The former, because she was uniformly kind and gracious to Mary, the child of Katharine, and afterward the Papistical queen—the latter, because she was the mother of the ultra Lutheran king, Edward VI.

On the 12th of October she was delivered, after a labor so dangerous that the physicians, apprehensive that to save both lives would be impossible, left it to the option of the king; he ordered the wife and mother to be sacrificed, if need be, with the pleasant and manly observation, that he could have as many wives as he pleased, but as many sons only as it happened. That she lived at all, was no thanks to her brutal lord; that she died a few days afterward, was owing wholly to his reckless and boisterous exultation at the birth of a boy, and to the din and uproar of the christening carousals, with which he deafened her sick-chamber, and literally drummed her into the grave.

How much he truly loved her, one may judge, knowing that before she had been cold in her grave a single month, he was moving heaven and earth to win the hand of the beautiful Marie de Longueville, precontracted to his own nephew, James of Scotland.

In the christening procession—never in any procession were such persons brought together. The sponsors were the Princess Mary, Cranmer, and the Duke of Norfolk. The infant Elizabeth, borne aloft in the arms of the arrogant and ambitious Seymour, the queen's brother, carried in her baby-hands the crimson, for the son of her, to make whom queen she was herself made motherless and bastardized; and the Earl of Wiltshire, the father of the murdered Boleyn, assisted at the rite, a weak, white-headed dotard. Of these persons, Mary, the first sponsor, succeeding her brother, the first Protestant defender of the faith, for whom she that evening responded, among the cruellest deeds of her cruel Romish reign consigned to the stake and fagot one of her associates, Cranmer, in that solemn Christian rite; the other, the Duke of Norfolk, who narrowly escaped his own bloody doom by Henry's timely death alone, being his prosecutor and deadliest enemy. Elizabeth, destined to be the most puissant of English queens, and to efface by the glories of her reign the dark and doleful memories of her mother, was led back in the returning procession by her sister Mary; her train borne by the Lady Herbert, sister of yet a future queen of England, Katharine Parr—both disinherited both illegitimated, both to wear the crown of England, the one under the bloodiest, the other under the bravest and brightest, auspices.

What a leaf was there to be read in the book of fate, turned at that christening, if any had been there endowed with lore to read it!

It is remarkable, that in his last will the king commanded that the bones of his "loving queen Jane," in her quality doubtless of mother to the future king, should be laid in his own tomb; and his orders were obeyed, for when George IV. caused the vaults of Windsor chapel to be searched for the corpse of Charles II., the coffin of Queen Jane lay, side by side, with the gigantic skeleton of Henry VIII., which some previous accident had exposed to view.

It appears that, when, immediately on Jane Seymour's death, this



truly "marvellous man" expressed his desire for a French wife, a step which, of course, Francis was bound, by his own interest, to promote, that prince made him some general answer, to the effect that there was no unmarried dame, or damsel, in his kingdom, whose hand he might not obtain, at his pleasure ; and when Henry, after vainly persecuting Marie de Longueville for five months, to force her to accept him, was compelled to resign all hopes of possessing her, on her sailing to Scotland for the purpose of marrying his nephew, he actually took his brother monarch at his word ; and required him not as a jest, but in all sober seriousness, to produce the handsomest ladies in France, at Calais, for his inspection.

Francis declined the proposal to show them for selection ; observing, as such a gay gallant as he well might do, that it was not the mode of France to do with fair ladies as horse-courers do with their palfreys — trot them out, that he who wants one may choose the easiest-goer.

It was, indeed, above two years before he could find any one who would accept his crown ; and when he did find one, it was political motives alone which brought about the sacrifice of the hand of the unhappy lady whom he wedded, only to repudiate not long after the honeymoon was ended.

After this interval of widowhood, unable longer to endure the state of celibacy, he determined to listen to the suggestion of Cromwell, who, alarmed at the growing intimacy of alliance between Charles and the French king, advised him to form a counterpoise to the strength of this confederacy, by allying himself to the German princes of the Smalcaldic, Lutheran league. Anne, the sister of the reigning Duke of Cleves, was the lady selected for this doubtful honor, and envoys being sent to inspect her, and reporting of her favorably, as a large, tall personage, of comely stature and queenly deportment, bringing with them, moreover, a portrait of the princess, by Holbein, which represented her as very handsome, the royal voluptuary expressed himself satisfied ; the match was contracted ; and the lady elect was escorted in great pomp, by her own kinsmen, to Calais, where she was met by Lord Southampton, the lord high admiral of England, and a splendid train of gentlemen and nobles.

On New Year's eve, the king, who was impatient as a child for a new toy, to catch a glance of his young and much-lauded bride, rode on to Rochester, where he met her, with the intent to look on her, that he might, as he termed it, "nourish love." Awful was his disappointment, fearful his fury, when he saw her, large, indeed, and well shaped in person, but coarse-complexioned, with irregular features, and deeply pitted with the small-pox. She had no accomplishments, moreover, no graces of air, no skill in dance or song; she could not even converse with him in his native tongue. To a man like him, above all things a connoisseur in beauty; an admirer of all kinds of art and grace; himself a musician, a composer, a poet, with an ear exquisitely attuned to all sweet sounds; a lover, who had possessed the stately dignity of the majestic and right-royal Katharine, the loveliness and perfect gracefulness of the accomplished Anne, the gentle charms of the soft and placid Seymour; the rage of frenzied disgust, which poor Anne of Cleves, with her high German accent, her coarse, scarred features, and her gorgeous, yet ungraceful, attire and attendance, must have produced, can be imagined more easily than described. He swore, in his blunt, brutal humor, that she was no better than "a great Flanders brood-mare," and that he would none of her; and charged Cromwell, as he had devised, to find, as he regarded his head, some method of dissolving this odious contract.

When no mode of evasion could be discovered, and when he perceived, as he said, that "there was no remedy, but he must needs against his will put his head into that noose," he reluctantly consented to celebrate his nuptials, which were performed with unwonted splendor, at Greenwich, on January 6th, being the Epiphany, or feast of kings; but, from that day forth, the fall of Cromwell was dated.

During the brief time he lived with her, he made pomp, and solemn pageants and processions, afford an excuse for eschewing her privacy; yet so rude and brutal was his conduct, that when Wriothesley, the meanest, basest, and most sordid of Henry's low-born parasites, rudely broke to her the king's desire to annul the marriage, although she fainted on the first shock, partly at the insulting style, partly from apprehension that she was destined to share the

fate of Anne Boleyn, she instantly consented to join with him in procuring a divorce, and assented with alacrity to resign the title of queen, for that of the king's adopted sister, with a pension of three thousand pounds a year, and precedence over all ladies of his court, except his children and his future consort. Probably she was, to the full, as much rejoiced as he, to be liberated from the bonds of a wedlock, in which affection or liking never had a share, and which to joylessness and disgust must have combined no small share of awe and apprehension.

Anne of Cleves, in all these difficult matters, showed consummate prudence and judgment. She dressed splendidly; entered largely into all sports and diversions; kept a liberal household, partly after the old English open hospitality, partly after the decorous fashion of German economy; and, whether that she really *was* exuberantly rejoiced to be free from the perilous chains of royal wedlock, or merely that she affected excessive happiness, in order to lull to sleep Henry's suspicions, showed herself much livelier, cheerfuller, and more openly gay, after the dissolution of her marriage, than she had been before.

The silence of history with regard to the high qualities, the gentle virtues, the uncomplaining patience of this much-wronged princess, her unvarying kindness to her step-daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, her domestic excellencies, and all the fine points of her character, which endeared her to her subjects, and preserved their regard when she became their fellow-subject, must be attributed to the report of her plainness of person, homeliness of habit, and entire lack of all the qualifications which we attribute to a gorgeous queen, or a heroine of romance. Happily for her, she had nothing of romance, nothing of sensibility or sentiment in her disposition. She had strong sense of duty, strong love of right, of order, of decorum, of comfort; and, under circumstances which, to a person of higher excitability, more nervous temperament, and greater need of sympathy, would have been a cause of endless misery, lived happily, and died honored, in a far country and among a foreign people, with whom she had no kindred or community, even of language.

"The daughter of Cleves" survived her barbarous and brutal lord by ten years, and, by his death, was at liberty, if she chose it, again to try the bitters and the sweets of the matrimonial cup; but her experience was not such as to tempt her to the trial. She died as she had lived, an honorable, unpretending, happy, English lady; but strange to say, having entered that Protestant realm a Protestant, she left it, when she died, a Papist. She died peacefully, at the palace in Chelsea, of a declining sickness, in the forty-first year of her age, leaving a will singularly indicative of her amiable and gentle character.

Many more beautiful and showy women, many greater and more celebrated queens have gone to their long homes, but few, if any, more highly endowed with all the best and sweetest qualities of womanhood.

She was buried, by Queen Mary's order, with some magnificence, in Westminster Abbey. Her tomb occupies a place of great honor, near the high altar, at the feet of King Sebert, the original founder of that minster church; but it is rarely recognized, though on a close inspection her initials, A. C., interwoven in a monogram, may be discovered on various parts of the structure, which was never finished. "Not one of Henry's wives," says Fuller, "excepting Anne of Cleves, had a monument, and hers was but half a one."

Before the divorce was carried out by act of parliament, and by means of a convocation of the clergy, principally on the untenable pretext of a pre-contract with the Prince of Lorraine, Cromwell was himself arrested on a charge of high treason, and condemned without trial by his peers, exhibition of evidence, or confession, by an act of attainder, passed, almost unanimously, by both houses of parliament, Cranmer alone for a while feebly interposing in his behalf, but finally surrendering him to his fate.

On the 28th July, 1540, he died by the axe, under the operation of the bill he had himself suggested; one other instance of "the engineer hoist by his own petard."

After his divorce from the gentle, patient-minded, and noble Anne of Cleves, the modern Bluebeard did not remain long a

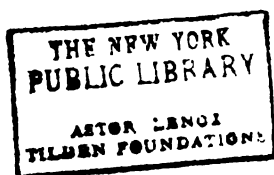






*Elizabeth I. 1558-1603*

*Elizabeth I. 1558-1603*  
*1558-1603*





widower; for, at his own suggestion, doubtless, his lords humbly petitioned him, in consideration of his people's welfare, to venture on a fifth marriage, in the hope that God would bless him with a numerous issue. Anxious, as his whole career shows him ever to have been, for the good and happiness of his people, this pious monarch now lovingly condescended to grant their prayer, the rather that it was so humbly tendered; and within a month Katharine Howard made her appearance at court as Queen.

History, in all its sad details, has no sadder tale than this of the young, beautiful, unhappy Howard, whom youth, station, beauty, seem only to have betrayed into deeper and more inevitable ruin. In all England's splendid and illustrious aristocracy, there is no nobler name than that from which she sprang; and at no period, earlier or later, of English history, was that noble name more gloriously or more constantly brought before the public than during the reign of Henry VIII. She was the daughter of that Lord Edmund Howard who commanded the right wing of the English host at Flodden, since deceased; niece to the Duke of Norfolk, and, of course, cousin to the unhappy Anne Boleyn, whose fate she was so soon to share. She had been brought up by the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk—who appears to have been a garrulous, half-doting beldame, utterly unfit for such a duty—and first attracted Henry's eye at a dinner-party of the Bishop of Winchester, where she was present, it is said, as maid of honor to Queen Anne of Cleves. She was not a tall, commanding beauty, of the king's favorite style, but very small, although beautifully shaped, extremely pretty, with winning ways. She was born previous to the close of the year 1520, or the commencement of 1521; and to her extreme youth may be ascribed all the imprudencies and miseries of this unhappy girl, and on it must be founded all that we can offer in her apology.

Early in Katharine's childhood her own mother died—the greatest misfortune, beyond doubt, that can befall a woman—and her father married a second time. At this period it was not the general use of parents, especially of royal or very noble houses, to bring up their children at home, but rather to place them out in other households

of equal rank, where they were educated, it was supposed, better and more stringently—a certain degree of honorable semi-servitude being considered necessary to the formation of the youth of both sexes—than they could have been under the domestic roof. In this instance, the practice was the ruin of Katharine. A dashing cavalier, named Francis Dereham, a gentleman pensioner of the Duke of Norfolk—who maintained a band of these daring desperadoes, the last remains of the feudal retainers of the middle ages—a bold, handsome, insinuating man, an especial favorite of the old duchess, and a distant blood-relation of the family, succeeded to make himself master of her heart and of her person.

There is much reason to believe that she truly loved this bold, bad man, and that she was troth-plighted to him. It was shown that they were in the habit of kissing and caressing each other publicly, before witnesses, and calling each other husband and wife. Dereham was wont to procure her articles of dress and feminine finery, at her request, at his own expense; she wore embroidered pansies for “remembrance” of him, and friar’s knots for “Francis.”

For some wild acts of his, Dereham was obliged to leave the country. After Dereham’s departure, a remarkable change came over Katharine. She seemed to awake to a clear sense of her criminality; of the ruin and disgrace into which she had been betrayed; and to a clear perception of the unworthiness and infamy of those who had destroyed her. She was, henceforth, as remarkable for her extreme modesty, feminine reserve, and maidenly deportment, as she had been before for wilfulness and wantonness, which seem, however, to have arisen more from the thoughtless levity and the want of proper education, and the absence of proper standards, than from a perverted heart, or the dominion of evil passions.

By all evidence that can be adduced, Katharine was guilty of none of that odious levity and treachery in supplanting her mistress, which must create so much indignation against her cousin Anne and Jane Seymour. Her conduct was perfectly decorous; she was not wedded until after the divorce of Anne of Cleves was pronounced and promulgated; so, at least, it is authoritatively stated, although no records

of the solemnization of this marriage were ever produced. It is supposed to have been in 1540.

Of this unhappy queen, little is known save the commencement and the end of her career, the sin and the punishment. Of her married life, brief as it was, there is scarcely preserved a memorial. The royal treasures were nearly exhausted at the date of her marriage, by the pomps and pageants so profusely bestowed to conceal the hollowness which lay within the outer show that blazoned the nuptials of the Flemish bride. The royal pair lived during the first half-year almost like a private couple, amid the peaceful retirements of the country, and in the green shades and grassy parks that surround Hampton Court and Windsor Castle, the loveliest of England's semi-rural yet magnificent suburban palaces. The king waxed every day fonder and fonder of his beautiful young bride; and but for that fatal, retrospective blot, that hidden blight, cankering unseen the blush of her bosom's purity and faith, it would be difficult to say that she deserved not his love.

The only memorial which remains of this portion of her married life is a sweet, a beautiful, a touching memorial. It shows a feeling heart, one unhardened by the policy, the state intrigue, the cruelty of a cold court-world, one fearless of misconstruction or reproach, where charity was called for, or sympathy required. It is an order on her tailor for a suit of warm, winter apparel, furred night-gowns and petticoats, worsted kirtles and the like, for the venerable Countess of Salisbury, the last of the Plantagenets, who lay, during the cold winter weather, in the damp dungeons of the Tower, a prisoner under sentence of death.

During about twelve months Henry lived with her in great content and delight, lavishing on her every mark of tenderness, confidence, and affection. He carried her with him in his progress to York, in the following year; for it delighted him to have her, at all times, near to his person, and he professed to be more charmed with her than with any of his preceding consorts. Immediately previous to their progress to York, there had been a trivial Romish insurrection in the north, headed by Sir John Neville, which was easily

suppressed, but which, as usual, became a means of strengthening the adverse party, and afforded a pretext for renewed bloodshed. Henry attributed it, as he did all Papistical disturbances, to Cardinal Pole, and seized the occasion to bring his mother, the aged Countess of Salisbury, so long a prisoner in the Tower, at length to the scaffold.

But, alas! ere long a sadder, "a darker departure was near"—even hers, the delicate, the beautiful, the notably maiden-looking Howard. It is a deep, a dreadful, a mysterious tragedy; and, like that of her kinswoman and predecessor in the fearful journey down that painful and bloody road, it defies all scrutiny.

That there was a religious party, strongly set against Katharine, as there had been one against Anne, is not to be doubted. The Protestants detested the former, as the Catholics hated the latter, owing to the religions of the queens, whom they had, each in turn, supplanted; and the reformers, with the Duke of Cleves, probably, himself at their head, believed that if the Howard could be disposed of, Anne of Cleves might resume the ascendancy; even as the Catholics had previously augured the same for Katharine of Arragon, if the Boleyn could be overthrown.

That the charge did not originate with the reformers, though they certainly brought it forward, and that it was not all a plot, is certain, from the partial confession of the sufferers.

During the progress to the north, it appears that a person of the name of Lascelles came with information to Cranmer, that absolute proof could be brought, that the queen, while Mistress Catharine Howard, had, previously to her royal marriage, been married to a gentleman of the name of Dereham, then page to the Duchess of Norfolk, in whose house they both resided; and that this said Dereham, with certain women who had been privy to the whole affair at its origin, had been taken into the service of the royal household, and employed about the person of the queen. Henry and Katharine reached Hampton Court on their return, just previous to the feast of All Saints, and on that day "the king revered his Maker, and gave him most hearty thanks for the good life he led and trusted to lead with his wife." The next day, while he was at mass, the archbishop

placed in his hand a paper containing the information which he had received. Henry, for once in his life, was deeply grieved and perturbed; and, at length, disbelieving the charges, ordered a private inquiry to be held into the matter, without allowing anything thereof to reach the ears of the queen. Lascelles, his sister, who had been in the Duchess of Norfolk's household, and from whom the story originally came, Dereham himself, and others, were strictly examined; when it came out that Dereham was not merely admitted to the queen's presence, but had been employed by her as her private secretary; and that while at Lincoln, on the late royal progress, a gentleman of the name of Culpepper, of the privy chamber, and her kinsman on the mother's side, had remained in the queen's apartment, with none but herself and the lady Rochefort, from eleven at night until two of the morning. This was considered sufficient whereon to proceed farther; and the council went on to visit and examine the queen. She protested her innocence, fell into fits, and seemed half frantic.

Lascelles persisted in her story. Dereham boldly avowed the truth. He had been troth-plighted to Katharine; had lived with her as a man with his wife; they were regarded so by the servants; they were wont to call one another husband and wife, before witnesses, and he had given her money whenever he had it. He thought, doubtless, to save her life by this avowal; as, if sustained, it would suffice to procure a divorce, and no one desired her blood.

Henry's proud and savage heart was almost broken. He burst into an agony of tears in the presence of all his council—what torture it must have needed to wring such testimony of weakness from his imperious character and merciless temper! He had really loved this woman, and again and again, even after she had confessed her early sins, which she did earnestly, simply—and no one can read her depositions without seeing that they were sincere, also—though she still persevered in denying all subsequent wrong, his heart still yearned to her, still relented; and though he could never, obviously, be reconciled to a woman so tainted, or receive her back to his bosom, he would have spared her—he was eager and earnest to spare her, and

would have done so, could he have been separated from her by any legal process. How different from his conduct toward Anne Boleyn, whom, without half the evidence, he hunted with unrelenting fury to the block.

To do Henry justice, it must be said that he does not seem to have, for once in his life, in any wise thirsted after her blood; and that her life might have been spared, if, by admitting a pre-contract, she had left room for his liberation from her, by divorce. But this she could not be brought to do; probably not understanding the urgency of Cranmer, who endeavored strenuously to obtain such an avowal from her, clearly for the purpose of saving her, though he dare not too openly declare his object.

Culpepper and Dereham were tried, and found guilty of high treason, and suffered the penalty of their crime.

The hapless young queen was never put on her trial, or suffered to speak a word in her own behalf; a privilege which was not denied to her kinswoman, Anne Boleyn, who, though she might not convince her judges, or avert her doom, yet left a burning record of her eloquence and artless pathos to plead for her, with a posterity kinder and less unforgiving than the age in which she lived. Attainted on her own confession, Katharine was sentenced to be beheaded, with the Lady Rochefort, as her aider and abettor, and Culpepper and Dereham as her accomplices.

It was two months before the queen and Lady Rochefort were beheaded, within the Tower, meeting their fate with perfect calmness and decorum. The unhappy Howard died the first, professing, with her last breath, her penitence for her early sins, though declaring her innocence of the crime for which she suffered. The Lady Rochefort is said—but this is more than doubtful—to have expressed herself as satisfied to die, for that she had betrayed her husband to death by her false accusation of Queen Anne Boleyn, but that otherwise she was conscious of no crime.

Several things—among others the fact of Cranmer having felt himself in danger as a favorer of the new learning, and of his having completely recovered his own position and that of his party by means

of the *éclat* they gained by this detected plot, as well as his extreme and evident anxiety to save the life of the queen—seem to indicate a consciousness that she was not guilty of that portion of the crime for which she suffered, and which was not certainly proved against her.

Immediately after the conclusion of this sad and bloody business, the king, as usual, turned himself to a directly opposite course, and betook himself to piety, and to the disciplining his subjects on religious topics.

So great was the detestation of his sanguinary conduct, and such the disgust in which he was now held on the European continent, that, when he offered his hand to Christina, the dowager-duchess of Milan, she declined it, with the remark, that "if she had two heads, one would have been at the service of his majesty of England."

We have now brought Henry, the uxorious, fairly down to the period when he wedded his sixth and last wife, Katharine Parr of Kendal, a double widow, first of Lord Borough, and then of Neville, Lord Latimer, happier in this than any of her predecessors, that she survived her lord, preserving his regard to the last; though she once nearly lost it and her life together; at a period of his life, when all the fits of sanguinary frenzy to which he had been formerly liable, were but as passing gusts compared to tropical tornadoes, to those which now possessed him. Yet, in his wildest moods, she seems, although a delicate and gentle creature, of small stature and mild and feminine demeanor, more to have swayed him than any of his consorts, even her first stately and majestic namesake.

There are, in fact, but three or four things remarkable in her life. The first, that herself four times a widow, thrice of widowers, she was the sixth wife of a king whom she survived, and then married the only man she had ever loved, only to rue the marriage.

She is remarkable, moreover, as the first Protestant English queen of England.

At this period, Sir Thomas Seymour, the brother of the late queen Jane, afterward Duke of Somerset, the gayest and most glorious cavalier of the day, was struck with the charms of the pious young widow, and to him both her ear and her heart she did seriously incline. But

at the same moment a greater and more formidable suitor entered the lists, even the king himself; and, although Katharine did not express much delight at the honor, or meet the royal suit with much encouragement, Seymour withdrew, daunted probably by the idea of rivalling the cruel king, and in the end, as usual, the suit of royalty prevailed.

It is certain, when the king first disclosed to the lady his intention of raising her to the crown, she showed terror instead of joy. Nevertheless, she consented, and on July 10th, 1543, Cranmer granted a dispensation, and on the second day thereafter the fair widow, throwing off the weeds of her second widowhood before they had been two months worn, was led to the altar by her singular and formidable bridegroom. The royal coffers were still suffering under the same depletion which had caused the nuptials of Katharine Howard to be celebrated with so little splendor, and so scanty ceremonial; but if the wedding ceremony of Katharine Parr lacked the pomp and pageantry which distinguished those of Katharine of Arragon and Anne of Cleves, neither were they marred by the indecent haste and unbecoming secrecy which disgraced those of Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard.

Her married life was less unhappy than might have been expected. Henry, if he had not the furious passion for her which he had for his earlier idols, had the fullest confidence in her judgment and virtue, and suffered her to exercise much influence over him. To her honor be it spoken, that influence was ever exerted for good.

Except Katharine of Arragon, none other of his wives could compare, for a moment, with Katharine Parr, who, in addition to domestic virtues never surpassed, greatness meekly and mercifully borne, and high talents not wasted, but so used as to bring forth a hundred-fold, ran her course through the world, blessed and dispensing blessings, yet in a course so noiseless and serene, that she has scarce left a sign or a sound to tell of her transit. Such is ever the case with the purest and holiest lives, as it is with the calmest and most peaceful epochs.

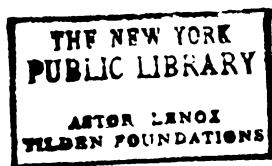
Her elevation to the throne seems to have given the most general











satisfaction throughout England ; she was a lady of no less genius and learning, than piety, morals, grace and accomplishment ; specimens of her handiwork in embroidery are still preserved at Sizergh castle, and other places which she honored with her residence ; her Latin correspondence with Roger Ascham, and the learned men of the universities, extant to this time, are fully equal to the style of Latinity of the day. But what most shows her influence over the king, more even than the admirable way in which she soothed his peevish and almost insane irritability—now exacerbated and exaggerated almost to actual madness by an inveterate and incurable ulcer in his thigh, the consequence, undoubtedly, of his gluttony and excess in wine, to both of which, as he advanced in years, he became much addicted—was her perfect management of the royal children, now wholly committed to her charge.

To conciliate the affections, govern the tempers, cultivate the parts of the children of three queens, so widely differing in character, religion, temper, and fortunes, as Katharine of Arragon the stately Spanish lady, the Catholic daughter of Isabella the most Catholic queen ; as Anne Boleyn, the light, witty, brilliant, impulsive, French coquette, to whom religion was but an outward vestment, not “that within which passes shew ;” as Jane Seymour, the moderate, gentle, calm, feminine English woman, with parts never exceeding mediocrity ; was in itself no small task, no un-arduous duty.

But, when we look at the children themselves, at the nations which were hanging, breathless partisans, on the ascendancy of each—when we consider Mary, cold, taciturn, grave, suffering constantly from excruciating neuralgic headaches, already a severe religionist, and a learned and accurate scholar, who had, as yet, shown no tokens, however, of that hard-heartedness and cruelty which were developed in her as she rose to power, and which probably were caused by the influence of others over her, rather than by innate illness of disposition—Mary, on whom hung the hopes of Spain, of the Empire, of Rome, the idol of the old Roman party in England, who trusted in her again to see their church restored to its pristine grandeur—when we consider Elizabeth, already headlong, impetuous, full of the hot

Tudor blood, the fiery daughter of a fiery father, she, too, learned, overflowing with a strong, steady genius—Elizabeth, already the chosen head of the party of the Anglican church, and looked up to by the pre-eminently English party, as to her one day destined to afford the strongest type of the most English sovereign—when we look at Edward, gentle, high-tempered, with some small taste for letters, but timid, mediocre, formal, narrow-minded, wholly under the dominion of the strongest intellect near him, and those intellects attached to the strictest Puritanism—it will be easy to see how difficult and dangerous a part she had to play.

It is true, that by the execution of Katharine Howard, who belonged strongly to that faith to which her powerful descendants still adhere, by the elevation of the present queen to the throne, and by the strong influence which the Seymours had obtained over the king, through their relationship to his “best-loved wife,” Jane, and to his heir, Prince Edward, the anti-Romish, and even the Protestant party in the kingdom had gained a strong ascendancy, which, in fact, during Henry’s life-time, they never wholly lost.

Still, to deny the seven sacraments, to doubt the real presence, to dispute the efficacy of prayers to the saints, masses for the dead, auricular confession, or supreme unction—in short, to be openly a Protestant—was to go to the stake just as certainly as to deny the king’s supremacy was to be gibbeted, drawn, and quartered for high treason.

And Katharine was a Protestant, with all the deep and fervent belief of her tranquil, sincere, and self-possessed soul.

But Katharine, though she was the bloated tyrant’s “best, dearest wife and sweetheart,” would have been consigned to the flames with as little scruple or hesitation, as would the lowest-born handmaiden, the poorest clerk, in all England.

And ever the greedy eyes of the Catholics were watching her, sharpened by interest and hatred, to catch her in any lapse of faith, any offence against orthodoxy, that they might give her to the fagot, as they alleged the Protestants had given her predecessor to the block.

A strange age, truly, when the two great religions of the world hung balanced on the smiles and tears, the sorrows and the sins, the

misery and the blood, of royal ladies; and when a whispered word, a stolen kiss, came to be watched and sought for, as the casting weight which was to turn the scale between balanced creeds.

During her very honeymoon, owing to the ill-will of Gardiner to the royal bride, Persons, Testwood, and Filmer were passed through flames to a celestial crown, for holding to the new religion. Marbeck, against whom no evidence was adduced, but a few MS. notes on the Bible, and some hundred pages of a Latin concordance, in process of arrangement, found in his house by the informers, would have followed them to the stake; but Katharine contrived that the concordance should be shown to Henry, who, with all his vices, was learned himself, and loved learning.

"Alas! poor Marbeck!" he exclaimed, moved for once by an honest and manly feeling. "It would be well for thine accusers if they had employed their time no worse!" And so he pardoned him. Shortly afterward, encouraged by his success thus far, Gardiner struck a blow, through his tools, Dr. London and Symonds, at some higher persons, members of the queen's household—Dr. Haines, dean of Exeter and prebend of Windsor, Sir Philip Hoby and his lady, Sir Thomas Carden, and others of the royal household; and if this blow had told successfully, there is no doubt but that the queen would have been the next accused. But, in order to ensure their conviction, false evidence must be used, by supposititious documents introduced by one Ockley, the clerk of the court, among the papers of the accused. The plot was discovered to the queen; the forged documents were seized; London and Symonds, not knowing what had happened, perjured themselves; were tried for that crime, convicted, led through the streets of London, on horseback, with their faces to the horses' tails, and pilloried, with papers on their foreheads setting forth their crime—and so the present danger passed, and the matter ended.

In the meantime Katharine had as completely won the affections of the royal children, which, to the day of her death, she never lost, as she had that of the king, their father, and of the best of his subjects; and there is no doubt that much the best part of all their

characters, is in some degree to be attributed to her education. The Latin style of Mary and Elizabeth, who were both proficient in writing that terse and difficult language, is almost identical with her own; and the fine penmanship of Edward VI., her step-son, closely resembles her beautiful manuscript. She lived on the most intimate terms of friendship with them all, a sweet, domestic, highly accomplished English matron, rather than a mighty queen; as is clearly shown by many notes, still extant, on familiar subjects, which passed between those royal ladies, as also between Katharine and her predecessor, Anne of Cleves, whose Protestantism was probably another link between them; and as is farther proved by the list of prices paid for little mutual presents and tokens of affection, which have casually come down to our days—beautiful memorials of the past, rescued like waifs from the ocean of time—as charges on the daybooks of the royal expenditures.

In the year following his marriage, "July 14, 1544, Henry, aged fifty-two, crossed the seas from Dover to Calais, in a ship with sails of cloth of gold." He went in compliance with a treaty of offensive alliance, entered into with the emperor, in the year before, by which they were to reclaim Burgundy for Charles, and the French possessions of the English crown for Henry; and on refusal, make war in common.

Before setting out, Henry created his queen, as he had done his first Katharine, in his previous invasion of France, queen-regent of the realm during his absence; Hertford, the uncle of Prince Edward, was to assist her, and be ever resident at her court, and attendant on her person.

By an act of parliament, also passed before his departure, he finally settled his succession, which had been settled and unsettled with every successive validation or invalidation of marriage, legitimating or illegitimating of heirs, five or six times, at least, since his accession. This was, indeed, final, and, as it did actually regulate the succession, is worthy of notice.

In it he condescends to mention only two of his marriages, those of Jane Seymour and Katharine Parr, passing over all the others as if they had never existed at all. He appoints Prince Edward his



heir; and, failing him or his heirs male, then, any issue he may have by his most entirely beloved Queen Katharine. Failing issue by Katharine, then the issue of any other lawful wife; and failing all these, his daughter Mary and her issue, and on failure of her line also, his daughter Elizabeth, and her heirs forever. Who those daughters were, or by what mothers, he does not condescend to name, lest he should be led into an acknowledgment of their legitimacy, or the lawfulness of the marriages of the queens from whom they sprung.

This French campaign, though Henry was at the head of a mighty force of thirty thousand Englishmen and fifteen thousand imperialists, did not effect much.

In the following year the war was carried on principally at sea. The king's vast prodigalities, though he was esteemed the most wealthy prince in Europe, had utterly exhausted his treasures; and he was unable to maintain the war for want of it.

At length, in June, 1546, a peace was agreed on with Francis, which was far of longer duration than most measures which depended in any respect for their origin or conclusion on Henry's pleasure or caprices.

It endured until he who made it had gone to that place where there are no wars of mortal making.

From the day of his return to England to the end, the life of Henry is all horror. The dread of treason in the king had brought forth bloodshed. The dread of bloodshed in the subject had brought forth treason to the king.

One day, Gardiner and the Chancellor Wriothesley, working on his jealous suspicions against the heretics, taking advantage of some indiscretion on the part of the queen, actually obtained from him an order for her arrest and committal to the Tower as a heretic.

The queen's rare virtue and prudence carried her scathless through the perils of the deep-laid treachery which had so nearly overwhelmed her. All that Wriothesley gained by his base and insidious scheme, when he entered the garden of Hampton Court, where Henry was taking the air with his "sweetheart," with whom he had again become "perfect friends," having the guards at his heels to convey her

to the Tower, was to be called "Beast and fool and knave"—all three of which he indeed was—and to be bade, "Avaunt from his presence!"

To dwell on the imbecility of crime and cruelty, as it dwindles into the weakness of the last ashes of itself, is in itself a painful task and horrible. But when that last weakness is perverted and distorted to the commission of yet worse wickedness than the strength and maturity of its power had conceived, it leads us to doubt whether the tyrant himself, or the age of tyranny which he created and fostered to his own destruction, were most savage and tyrannical.

The drunkard in blood, as the drunkard in wine, under the curse of habit, when the cup is thrust before his lips, must drink. Wo be to those who administer the cup!

When the noble and gallant, the chivalrous and lettered Surrey was sent to death by the written mandate of the king, his swollen and paralyzed hands could not guide the pen which signed the fatal warrant.

When the doom of his father, Norfolk, was decided by the same persons, who had pointed the wavering mind and guided the palsied fingers of the blood-haunted despot against the life of his whilome favorites, they could not find life enough in those wretched mortal fingers to do their bloody business. A stamp was used instead of a sign-manual. But before the stamped warrant could be brought into operation, the spirit of the king had departed to the judgment-place—perhaps to bear testimony against those who had perverted his last judgment, and laid upon his memory even a deeper stain of blood than that which rests upon his soul.

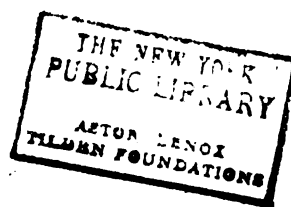
He died on the 28th of January, 1547, in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, and the fifty-sixth of his age, the most powerless, most useless, most worthless monarch of his day, who might have been the greatest, had he only possessed goodness in a remote degree proportionate to his talents, his capacities, his opportunities.

By his death he liberated many prisoners—the conqueror of Flodden among the rest—from the dungeon and the death-doom; he liberated his kingdom from the terror under which it had groaned









and shuddered during the last twenty years; and his last fair wife, happier to be his widow than his wife, from chains, which, if gilded, were nevertheless chains, and that neither the lightest nor the least irksome.

It is worthy of remark, that of all the changes which this bad king, and worse man, wrought, simply for his own profit and self-gratification, not one operated as he intended and desired that it should operate.

The cherished heir male, whom he so deeply sinned to have his heir, died heirless, after a vain attempt to create an intolerant, dominant religion, of that Puritan heresy which his father had most abhorred and persecuted.

The daughter of the Spanish queen, the right royal Katharine, whom he had robbed of all but honor, reinstated, through blood and fire, the church which he had, as he thought, prostrated forever, and all but made England Spanish, and the Church of England Romish.

The daughter of the woman whom he had stigmatized with incest, not content to slay, completed the work in which he would not have that she should put a finger, but completed it, not as Henry would, but as God would have it!—completed it, so that out of the worst English despotism grew the most perfect English liberty—out of the deepest Romish darkness dawned the most lustrous light, the day-spring from on high, which, once arisen, can go down no more, nor be put out forever.

During the brief period of her royal widowhood, Katharine Parr, now queen-dowager, resided at her fine jointure-house at Chelsea, on the banks of the Thames. Here she held her secret meetings with her adventurous lover, Sir Thomas Seymour, ere royal etiquette would allow her to give public encouragement to his suit. Seymour renewed his addresses to Katharine so immediately after King Henry's death, that she was wooed and won almost before she had assumed the widow's hood and barb, and sweeping sable pall, which marked the relict of the departed majesty of England. Seymour had opportunities of confidential communication with the widowed queen even before the funeral of the royal rival for whom she had been compelled to resign him,

when Lady Latimer; for he was a member of the late king's household, and had been appointed by Henry's will one of the council of regency during the minority of the young king. He was still in the prime of life, and possessed the peculiar manners calculated to charm the other sex. Katharine, after having been the wife of three mature widowers in succession, was in her thirty-fifth year still handsome, and apparently more passionately beloved than ever by the man of her heart. Womanlike, she gave him full credit for constancy and disinterested love, and found it difficult to withstand his ardent pleadings for her to reward his tried affection, by at once giving him the hand which had been plighted to him before her marriage with the king. Seymour would brook no delays, not even those which propriety demanded, determined not to lose her a second time. The marriage was not celebrated till some months elapsed, in May, but was not made public till the end of June. Katharine has been censured, but she owed neither love nor reverence to Henry's memory, and he had led her into a similar breach of decorum himself.

Katharine lived happily with her new husband, until the 30th of August, 1548, when she gave birth to a daughter; on the seventh day after she made her will, leaving all her property to her husband; and on the eighth day she expired, in the thirty-sixth year of her age, having survived her royal husband, Henry VIII, but one year, six months, and eight days.

Lord Seymour having aspired to the hand of the Princess Elizabeth, afterward Queen Elizabeth, and to be guardian to King Edward, in place of his brother, the Duke of Somerset, was arrested by the governing powers, tried, and beheaded on Tower-hill, March 20, 1549, just six months and fourteen days after Katharine's decease.





MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.



O historical personage has ever possessed for mankind a more powerful charm, or inspired a more widely diffused or enduring interest, than Mary Stuart, the lovely and unfortunate Queen of Scots. Freshly remembered now, as when the tidings of her fate sent an indignant thrill through every heart in Europe, the mind receives again and

again with new pleasure the oft-told tale of her unspeakable beauty, exquisite grace, and manifold accomplishments, gleans whatever is to be learned of her from history or portrait, and, embellishing the whole by imagination, cherishes the remembrance as a combination of all that is delightful in woman. There is no incident, however trifling, which, connected with her, does not become valuable; her prisons have become shrines: their mouldering walls and traditionary trees objects of undying interest; even their weeds and wild-flowers precious relics, as having been gathered in spots associated with her name, and from it deriving a charm which time rather increases than lessens, since every fresh circumstance which comes to light regarding her eventful life, serves but more clearly to establish her innocence, and to bring out her character in bright and strong relief against that of her stern and uncompromising rival, Queen Elizabeth, whose greatness as a sovereign renders not the less revolting that littleness of mind, and unfaltering cruelty of heart, which were her chief characteristics as a woman. The history of these two Queens is so closely interwoven, that the mention of the one necessarily involves that of the other, and brings before us, though in perpetual antagonism, these celebrated representatives of the lines of Tudor and of Stuart.

A few notices of themselves, and of others whose names in connexion with theirs have become famous, may, it is presumed, not be without interest to those who delight in glimpses of feudal times and ancient manners, the whole being extracted from authentic sources, waifs and strays, at once suggestive and illustrative of England's most chivalrous and romantic era.

In the library of the Earl of Salisbury at Hatfield House, Hertfordshire, amongst the Cecil MSS., is preserved an original letter from Mary Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth. This letter is one of the most curious and interesting documents in existence: written as it is, by one of the most celebrated Queens the world ever produced, to another Queen equally famous, who, at the time it was written, held the sword suspended, as it were, by a single hair, over the head of the writer: taking also into consideration, the import-

ance of the subjects on which it treats, the high rank of the personages concerned, and above all, *the manner* in which the various circumstances, scenes, and characters are displayed as in a comedy, and as if merely for the amusement of Elizabeth herself.

This letter, written by the Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth, at the particular request of the latter, appears to have been written by Mary in one of those moments of impetuosity which were so often fatal to her interests: when weary of her long protracted imprisonment, and hopeless of ever regaining her liberty, she determined to fulfil a promise, which, made long before, she had hitherto felt reluctant to perform, and to make Elizabeth acquainted with the facts which had come to her knowledge through the indiscretion of the Countess of Shrewsbury—facts, which as they so little redounded to the credit of Queen Elizabeth, would, Mary well knew, be likely to excite in her the utmost rage and fury, thus serving as weapons of reprisal, for the innumerable and intolerable insults and wrongs that had for a long series of years accumulated upon her own defenceless head.

She was the more impelled to this from the Countess having about that time—the latter end of the year 1584—revived anew some gross slanders which she had previously circulated, regarding the Earl her husband and his unfortunate prisoner. These imputations, which proceeded solely from the envy and jealousy which the Countess had conceived in consequence of the rare beauty and accomplishments of the royal captive, so exasperated the Earl, that although one of the most subjugated of husbands, he was for once completely roused, insisting, as an act of justice both to himself and the Queen of Scots, that the matter should be thoroughly investigated before the Privy Council.

The accusers, consisting of the Countess and her two sons by Sir William Cavendish her former husband, were accordingly summoned before it, and after a most rigid examination, were under the necessity of acknowledging upon *oath* that the whole affair was “malicious, false and scandalous, wrongfully urged against the said Queen and Earl, and without the slightest foundation.” That the Queen of

Scots was most anxious to bring to light the machinations of her infamous traducers, the following instructions to her ambassadors will testify. In 1584, writing to the Master of Gray, she says, "Farther, that in consideration of the scandalous reports which are current as between me and the said Earl, I cannot be removed from him without having my name handed about amongst the more malicious, who will certainly make use of it, and the less informed who will fancy that some evil and improper conversation has taken place between us, and for which we have been separated; so that at the utmost, they cannot deny me that before being removed from the custody of the said Earl, I shall be completely cleared and sufficiently exonerated from the said reports, as I have constantly and very importunately required this whole year, and this day week by an express dispatch to the said Queen by the French Ambassador, naming the Countess of Shrewsbury and her two sons Charles and William Cavendish as the inventors and disseminators of this report, upon whom you will demand justice."

In a letter from her dolorous prison of Chartley, 31st May, 1586, she thus writes to her ambassador Chateauneuf, concerning a message she had received from the Countess. "And, therefore, I am of opinion, that if they urge farther upon you this reconciliation, you will reply that such great and serious causes of enmity have passed between the said Countess and me, you would not undertake to speak to me of reconciliation without a very solid and very express assurance of proof of the repentance of the said Countess; whereupon you will desire her to enter into particulars, and will endeavor to learn from her as far as you can, promising to her only to give me information of all, by the first conveyance which you can recover, and from yourself exert yourself as far as you can, to effect this reconciliation. But before-hand, I do not wish to conceal from you my resolution that her extreme ingratitude, and the terms in which she has acted against me, do not permit me, with my honor (which I hold dearer than all the greatness in this world), to have ever any thing to do with so wicked a woman."—*Contemporary copy, State Paper Office, London, M. Q. Scots, Vol. xvii.*

On the same subject, Mary thus writes to the Archbishop of Glasgow :—

“CHARTLEY, May 18, 1586.

“You will perceive also by this negotiation for my liberty, which has been done to protract my going out of the hands of the Earl of Shrewsbury, awaiting the proof which he might have against his wicked wife; whom at length Nau made to contradict in the presence of the said Queen and her council, all the reports which she had falsely propagated against my honour, and who is now-a-days reduced to this pass to court me, confess her fault and ingratitude, and beg pardon for it. He likewise obtained a prohibition of Buchanan's history.”—Labanoff, (*Contemporary decipher, State Paper Office, London, M. Q. Scots*, Vol. xvii.)

From the tenor of these communications it may readily be imagined that parties holding towards each other the relative positions of these royal and noble personages, were not careful to exercise much Christian forbearance when an opportunity offered for exposing any weakness or enormity, which in the eye of the world might lessen their opponents in its estimation; and the Queen of Scots, situated as she was, must have possessed almost more magnanimity than human nature is capable of to avoid aiming a blow, however futile, whenever a weak place was discoverable in the armor of foes, who in their conduct to her had no scruples, but remorselessly violated every observance of decency and dignity: nor, whilst remembering her sex and the personal affronts she was compelled to endure, can she be severely censured if, with even somewhat of a malicious zest, she undertook to hold up the mirror of Truth before the eyes of the vain and haughty Elizabeth, with a keen appreciation, doubtless, of the emotions likely to be experienced by one so little accustomed to behold herself through so unflattering a medium.

The celebrated Letter alluded to, which, in the original, is written in old French, is here presented to the reader, with a literal translation. A part of it may be found in Lingard; but it has never before been given entire in English.

## LETTER

FROM MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.



UIVANT ce que je Vous ay promis et avez depuis desire, je Vous declare ores, qu'aveques regretz, que telles choses soyent amenees en question, mays tressincèrement et sans aucune passion, dont j'appelle mon Dieu a tesmoing, que la Comptesse *de Schreusbury* madit de Vous ce qui suit au plus pres de ces Termes. A la plus part de quoy je proteste avoir respondu, reprenant la ditte dame de croire ou parler si lisentieusement de Vous, comme chose que je ne croyois point, ni croy a present congnoissant le Naturel de la Comptesse et de quel esprit elle estoit alors poussees contre Vous. Premièrement, qu'un, auquel elle disoit que Vous aviez faict promesse de mariage devant une Dame de vostre chambre, avoit cousee infinies foys avecques Vous avec toute la licence et privaulte qui se peut user entre Mari et femme; Mays qu'indubitablement Vous nestiez pas comme les autres femmes, et pour ce respect cestoit folle a touz ceulx que affectoient vostre Mariage avec Monsieur le Duc d'*Anjou*, d'autant qu'il ne ce pourroit accomplir; et que Vous ne voudriez jamais perdu la liberte de Vous faire faire l'amour, et avoir vostre plesir tousjours avecques nouveaulx amoureux, regretant ce, disoit-elle, que l'ous ne vous contentiez de Maister *Haton*, et un autre de ce Royaulme; mais que pour l'honneur du pays il luy faschoit le plus, que vous aviez non seulement engage Vostre honneur avecques un estrangier Nommé *Simier*, l'a lant trouver de nuit en la chambre d'une

dame, que la dicte Comtesse blasmoit fort a ceste occasion la, ou Vous le baisiez, et usiez avec luy de diverses privaultes deshonestes; mays aussi luy revelliez les segretz du Royaulme, trahisant vos propres conseillers avvesques luy: Que Vous vous estiez desportee de la mesme dissolution avec le Duc son Maystre, qui vous avoit este trouver une nuit à la porte de vostre chambre, ou vous laviez rancontre avec vostre seulle chemise et manteau de nuit, et que par apres vous laviez laisse entrer, et qu'il demeura avveques Vous pres de troys heures. Quant au dict *Haton*, que vous le couriez a force faysant si publiquement paroître l'amour que luy portiez que luy mesmes estoit contreint de s'en retirer, et que Vous donnastes un soufflet a *Kiligreu* pour ne vous avoir ramene le dict *Haton*, que Vous avviez envoiay rappeler par luy, s'estant desparti en chollere d'auveques vous pour quelques injures que luy aviez dittes pour certains boutons d'or qu'il auvoit sur son habit. Qu'elle auvoit travaille de fayre espouser au dit *Haton* la feu Comtesse de *Lenox* sa fille, mays que de creinte de Vous, il ne osoit entendre; que mesme le Comte d'*Oxford* nosoit ce rappointer auveques sa femme de peur de perdre la faveur qu'il eseroit recevoir par vous fayre l'amour: Que vous estiez prodigue envers toutes telles gens et ceulx qui ce mesloient de telles mesnees, comme a un de Vostre Chambre *Gorge*, auquel Vous avviez donne troys centz pons de rante pour vous avvoir apporte les nouvelles du retour de *Haton*: Qu'a toutz aultres Vous estiez fort ingrate chische, et qu'il ni avoit que troys ou quatre en vostre Royaulme a qui Vous ayez jamays faict bien: Me conseillant, en riant extremement, mettre mon filz sur les rancs pour vous fayre l'amours, comme chose qui me serviroit grandement et metroit Monsieur le Duc hors de quartier; qui me seroit tres prejudisable si il i continuoit; et lui repliquant, que cela seroit pris pour une vraye moquerie elle me respondit que Vous estiez si vayne et en si bonne opinion de vostre beaute, comme si vous estiez quelque deesse du ciel; qu'elle prandroit sur la teste de le vousfayre croire facilement et entre-tiendroît mon filz en ceste humeur: Que Vous preniez si grand plesir en flateries hors de toute rayson, que l'on vous disoit, comme de dire, qu'on ne vous osoit par foys regarder a plain, d'aultant que Vostre

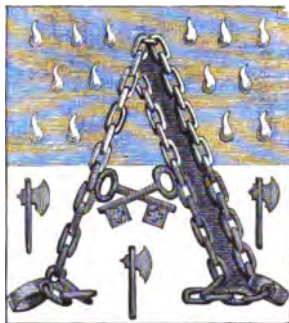
face luysoit comme le Soleil : Qu'elle et toutes les aultres Dames de la Court estoient contraintes d'en user, et qu'en son dernier voyage vers Vous, Elle et la feu Comtesse de *Lenox* parlant a Vous n'osoient s'entrecogarder l'une et l'autre de peur de s'eclater de rire des cassades quelle vous donnoit, me priant a son retour de tancer sa fille quelle n'avoit jamais sceu persuader de faire le mesme ; et quant a sa fille *Talbot*, elle s'assuroit qu'elle ne faudroit jamais de vous rire au nez ; la dicte dame *Talbot* lors quelle vous alla faire la reverance et donne le serment comme l'une de vos servantes, a son retour immediatement, me le comtant comme une chose faite en moquerie, me pria de l'accepter pareill, mais plus ressent et entier vers moy, du quel je feiz long tems refus ; mais a la fin a force de larmes je la laissay faire, disant quelle ne voudroit pour chose du monde estre en vostre service pres de vostre personne, d'autant quelle auroit peur que quand seriez en cholere ne luy fissiez comme a sa cousine *Skedmur*, a qui vous aviez rompu un doigt, faciant a croire a ceulx de la court, que cestoit un chandelier qui estoit tombe dessus ; et qu'a une aultre vos servant a telle aviez donne un grand coup de cousteau sur la main ; Et en un mot, pour ces derniers pointz et communs petitz raportz, Croyez que vous estiez jouee et contrefaite par elles comme en commedie entre mes femmes mesmes ; ce qu'apercevant, je vous jure que je deffendis a mes femmes ne ce plus mesler. Davantage, la dicte Comtesse ma autrefois advertie que Vous voulliez appointer *Rolson* pour me faire l'amour et essayer de me deshonor, soit en effect ou par mauvais bruit, de quoy il avoit instructions de vostre bousche propre : Que *Ruxby* vint ici, il i a environ viii ans, pour atempter a ma vie, ayant parle a vous mesmes, qui luy aviez dit quil fit ce a que *Walsingham* luy commenderoit et dirigerait. Quant la dicte Comtesse poursuivoit le mariage de son filz *Charles* avecques une des niepees du Milord *Paget*, et quodaultre part Vous voulliez l'avoir par pure et absolue auctorite pour un des *Knoles*, pour ce quil estoit vostre parent ; elle crioit fort contre vous, et disoit que cestoit une vraye tyrannie, voulant a vostre fantasie enlever toutes les heritieres du pays, et que vous aviez indignement use le dit *Paget* par parolles injurieuses, mais qu'enfin



la Noblesse de ce Royaume ne le vous souffrisoit pas mesmement, si vous adressiez a telz aultres quelle connoissoit bien. Il y a environ quatre ou sing ans que Vous estant malade et moy aussi au mesme temps, elle me dit que vostre Mal provenoit de la closture d'une fistulle que vous aviez dans une jambe ; et que sans doubte venant a perdre voz moyz, Vous mourriez bien tost, s'en resjouissant sur une vayne imagination quelle a ene de long temps par les predictions d'un uomme *Jon Lenton*, et d'un vieulx liuvre qui prediroit vostre mort par violence et la succession d'une aultre Royne, quelle interpretoit estre moy, regretant seulement que par le dit liuvre il estoit predit que la Royne qui vous denbroit succeder ne regneroit que trois ans, et mouroit comme vous par violence, ce qui estoit represente mesme en peinture dans le dit liuvre, auquel il y avoyt un dernier feuillet, le contenu duquel elle ne ma jamais voulu dire. Elle scait elle mesme que jay tonsjours pris cela pour une pure follie, mays elle fesoit bien son compte destre la premiere aupres de moy, et mesmement que mon filz epouserait ma niepce *Arbela*. Pour la fin je vous jure encores un coup sur ma foy et honneur que ce que desubz est tres veritable ; et que de ce qui conserne vostre honneur, il ne mest jamais tombe en l'entendement de vous fayre tort par le reveller ; et qu'il ne ce scaura jamais par moy, le tenant pour tres faulx. Si je puis avoir cest heur de parler a vous, je vous diray plus particulierement les noms, tems, lieux et aultres sirconstances pour vous fayre congnoistre la verite et de cessi et d'aultres choses que je reserve, quant je seray tout a fayet asseuree de vostre amitie, laquelle comme je desire plus que jamais, aussi si je la puis ceste foyz obtenir, vous neustes jamais parente, amy, ny mesmes subject, plus fidelle et affectionnee que je vous seray. Pour Dieu asseurez Vous de celle qui vous veult et peult Servir. De mon lit forcant mon bras et mes douleurs pour vous satisfaire et obeir.

MARIE R.

TRANSLATION.



ACCORDING to what I have promised you, and have since wished, I now declare to you, although with regret, that such things should have been called in question, but very sincerely, and without any passion, of which I call God to witness, that the Countess of Shrewsbury told me of you what follows, or in very nearly these terms. To the most part of which I protest to have answered, reproving the said Lady for believing or speaking so licentiously of you, as a thing that I could not believe, nor do I believe now, knowing the disposition of the Countess, and by what spirit she was then actuated against you. Firstly, that one, to whom she said that you had made a promise of marriage, before a lady of your chamber, had an infinite number of times received from you all the familiarities and endearments used between husband and wife, but that undoubtedly you were not like other women, and on that account it was folly in those who wished to bring about your marriage with the Duke of Anjou, inasmuch as it could not be consummated; and that you never would deprive yourself of the liberty of having love made to you, and of continually taking your pleasure with new lovers; regretting, she said, that you were not content with Master Hatton and another of this kingdom, but that what troubled her most, for the honor of the country, was, that you had not only forfeited your honor with a foreigner named Simier, who was found in the chamber at night by a lady; the said countess being very angry on this occasion, wherein you kissed him, and

used towards him divers unseemly endearments, but also exposed to him the secrets of state, betraying your privy councillors to him. That you conducted yourself with the same dissoluteness to the Duke, his master, who had been found one night at the door of your chamber, where you had met him in only your night apparel, and that afterwards, you permitted him to enter, and that he remained with you nearly three hours. That for the afore-mentioned Hatton your passion was so violent, and you made so public a display of the love you bore him, that he was obliged to absent himself; and that you gave Killigrew a box on the ear for not having brought back to you the said Hatton, whom you had sent Killigrew to recal; he having gone away in anger with you, for some insulting words you had spoken about certain gold buttons, that he had upon his coat. That she had endeavored to bring about a marriage between the said Hatton, and the late Countess of Lennox her daughter, but that for fear of you, he dared not listen to it. That even the Earl of Oxford dared not seem on good terms with his wife, for fear of losing the favor he hoped to receive by making love to you: that you were extravagant towards all such men, their tools, and accomplices; as to one Gorge of your chamber to whom you had given £300 per annum for bringing you the news of Hatton's return. That to all others, you were a very ungrateful niggard, and there were only three or four in your kingdom to whom you had ever done any good. Counselling me, laughing excessively as she did so, to put my son in the ranks as one of your lovers, as a thing that would serve me greatly, and quite drive the Duke out of the field, who would be very prejudicial to me if he remained in it, and on my replying to her, that would be taken for an actual mockery, she answered, that you were so vain, and had so good an opinion of your beauty, that you deemed yourself some celestial goddess; that she would answer for it with her head, to make you easily believe it, and to entertain my son in this humor; that you took so much pleasure in flatteries the most outrageous, that could be said to you as, for instance, that one dared not at times look you full in the face, because it shone like the sun. That she and all the other ladies of the court were obliged to make

use of such, and that in her last journey with you, she and the late Countess of Lenox when speaking to you, dared not look at each other, for fear of bursting into peals of laughter at the nonsense she addressed to you, entreating me, on her return, to check her daughter, whom she had never been able to persuade from doing the same; and as to her daughter Talbot, she felt assured that she would never be able to avoid laughing outright in your face. The said lady Talbot, when she went to make her obeisance to you, and give oath as one of your servants, immediately on her return related it to me as a thing done in jest, praying me to accept the like, but more deeply felt and sincere, to which, I for a good while made refusal, but finally, being overcome by her tears I permitted it. She saying that she would not for anything in the world be in your service, near your person, for she would be afraid that when you were angry you would do to her as you had done to her cousin Skedmur, one of whose fingers you had broken, making believe to those about the court that a chandelier had fallen upon it: that to another of your servants you had given a great blow with a knife, upon the hand, and in a word, upon these last points and common little reports, believe me, you were made game of, and mimicked in the manner of a comedy, even amongst my women, which, perceiving, I swear to you, I forbade my women to meddle with such matters any more. Moreover, the said countess at another time informed me you wished to appoint Rolson to make love to me and to try to dishonor me, either actually, or by evil report, for which he had instructions from your own mouth: that Ruxby came here, about eight years ago, to attempt my life, having first spoken to you about it, who had said, he must do whatever Walsingham approved and directed. When the said countess was trying to bring about the marriage of her son Charles, with one of the nieces of my Lord Paget, and you, on the other hand, would have her by pure and absolute authority for one of the Knolles', because he was your kinsman, she inveighed bitterly against you, and said it was a real tyranny, wishing according to your own caprice to dispose of all the heiresses of the country: that you used the said Paget shamefully by opprobrious

words; but that at last, the nobility of this kingdom would not suffer you to do the same, if you spoke thus to some she well knew. It is about four or five years since you being ill, and I also, at the same time, she told me that your illness was caused by the closing of a fistula, and that \* \* doubtless you would die very soon; rejoicing herself upon a vain imagination that she has long entertained by the prophecies of one Jon Lenton, and also from an old book which foretold your death by violence, and the succession of another queen, whom she interpreted to be myself; regretting only, that by the said book it was foretold that the queen who should succeed you would reign only three years, and die, like yourself by violence—all which was represented in a picture in the said book, the last leaf of whose contents she never would tell me. She herself knew that I always looked upon this as mere folly, but she always endeavored to ingratiate herself with me—and even that my son should marry my niece Arbela. Now to conclude, I swear to you upon my faith and honor that the above is very true, and being what much concerns your honor, it has never been my intention to do you evil by revealing it, and it shall never be made known by me, holding it, as I do, for very false. If I could have this hour to speak with you, I would tell you more particularly the names, times, places, and other circumstances to prove to you more accurately the truth of these, and also of other things, which I reserve until I shall be entirely assured of your friendship, which I desire more than ever, and if I can once obtain this, you never had kinswoman, friend, or even subject, more faithful and affectionate than I shall be.

May God grant you what you wish, that can serve you. From my bed, forcing my arm and my pains in order to satisfy and obey you.

MARIE R.

The authenticity of this singular document has never been questioned, though doubts have been expressed as to whether it was ever permitted to meet the eye of the royal personage to whom it was addressed; but surely, doubts of this kind are strangely mis-

placed when applied to Queen Elizabeth, in whom all the ferocity, pride, and cruelty of the Tudors were concentrated; and than whom, no sovereign, male or female, was ever more tenacious of interference in her affairs, either public, or private. That a communication addressed to herself, and written, as is declared at the very outset, in consequence of a long-deferred promise; should have been withheld upon any plea whatever, argues a degree of temerity, hardly credible. That a letter of such a character would be jealously guarded, is sufficiently obvious, nor is it probable that during the life of Queen Elizabeth, it was ever seen by any eye but her own, or her most secret and confidential advisers; but there is little doubt that she not only received it, but that the death of the Queen of Scots was ultimately attributable less to political motives,—great and weighty as they undoubtedly were,—than to those of personal hatred and revenge, to both of which, a letter like the preceding must have largely contributed.

To a sovereign like Elizabeth, so imperious of will, so violent in her demonstrations of anger, in all things so true a daughter of Henry VIII., the bare mention of weaknesses flagrant as those described so piquantly, and submitted to notice with such naïve and soothing amiability, must have created a state of mind little short of madness: pride, vanity, outraged self-love, those most powerful of all the pleaders for revenge which the female bosom entertains; all these, together with others more specious, but never until then, brought forward as sufficient, may be supposed to have sprung forth at once, eager to destroy. To receive such a list of her own sins against propriety and morality from one whom she had so deeply injured, and whom she openly affected to despise for similar frailties, must have been a cup of gall and wormwood, whose bitterness no after taste of sweetness could wholly take away; and whose influence would tend but to rivet more closely the captive's chain, even if it did not effectually stifle any lingering spark of pity which might haply have remained, even in a breast so cruel and obdurate as that of Queen Elizabeth, who amidst all her magnificent titles, most vaunted that of "England's Maiden Queen." The stroke

of Death, inflicted according to the favorite fashion of the Tudors, by the "sharp medicine of the axe," though in itself involving a catastrophe full of horror, must, to the subject of it have been infinitely more merciful, than the barbarities and refinements of cruelty, the secret attempts against her life and honor, and the ceaseless repetition of harassing vexations, in which, for eighteen years, Elizabeth had so fully carried out her determination "that the Scots Queen head should never rest." Yet withal, it was a dreadful deed; not one of those, which when done fall into the ranks of the past and are forgotten; but one, which like a foul and mis-shapen rock, stands out more hideous and unnatural from the encrustations of Time.

That both Mary and Elizabeth were endowed with strong passions and fiery tempers, the history of each sufficiently attests; but while in Queen Elizabeth, they displayed themselves in a manner alike domineering, selfish, and insatiable, in Mary of Scotland, they shone with a generous and romantic fervor, which by inducing her to invest others with perfections that as regarded themselves, existed only in her own imagination, caused her character to be sullied by assimilation with their unworthiness, and as too frequently happened, darkened even to obloquy, by their misdeeds. But if Mary was too confiding in prosperity, she possessed in a wonderful degree the power to dignify adversity. Its evil hour found her ever prepared for either fortune; and at no time more entitled to homage as a queen, than when stripped of the adventitious aids and embellishments of royalty. Throughout the long and weary years of her imprisonment, her conduct is continually exciting involuntary admiration and respect even from her bitterest enemies: both Leicester and Burghley, no less than the high-minded and devoted Norfolk, paying their tribute of praise, less to the allurements of that beauty, which exercised such resistless, and generally fatal influence, on those who yielded to its fascination, than to those qualities which in either sex elevate and ennoble human nature. That feelings of indignation against her oppressors should prevail over more prudential considerations, might be naturally imagined in one so constituted, and to this, must be attributed the circumstance of her having at length decided to send

to her great and powerful enemy, the "Letter" which has called forth the foregoing remarks. Yet, as she was then situated, beset with spies, surrounded on all sides by difficulties and dangers that grew more perplexing and ominous at every step, such an act seems but natural and excusable, as the only means of retort left within her power upon the haughty and cruel enemies who had wrought her so much woe. The Countess of Shrewsbury, equally with the Queen herself, being her most deadly enemy. Having even, as Mary herself declares in a letter to Walsingham, "attempted her life." The confidence which in an unguarded moment the Countess had thought proper to repose in her royal captive, at once became a formidable weapon against herself, since it could hardly be doubted that Elizabeth would not visit with her heaviest displeasure, one, who holding important offices about her person, chief female favorite, and as such cognizant of all her secrets, had so egregiously betrayed her trust as to confide them to the person from whom, of all others, it would seem desirable they should be withheld. This, however had been done, and for a moment Mary must have triumphed; but it could have been but as one of those fitful lightnings, which give a momentary flash to the wrecked mariner, and leave him drifting hopelessly, and in darkness as before. In sending such a missive, she risked every thing, and lost all. Impulse, ever a doubtful and dangerous leader to princes, being especially so to Mary, the greatest misfortunes of whose life may be attributed to having yielded to its guidance; involving her in a thousand perils, which a greater amount of self control, would have enabled her to avoid.

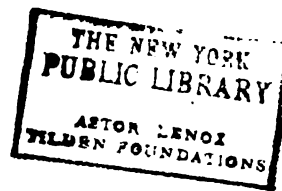








*Elizabeth, Countess of Arundel*



The following detached notices of various striking portions of the chequered life of Mary of Scotland, with the poems by which they are accompanied, claim but the merit of not having deviated from the *Truth* of History. Should the tradition of "the Lady of Munro" be deemed an exception, it may safely be averred, that not a Highlandman of the shires of Ross or Inverness, but would singly take the field against any *four* Southrons, who should be hardy enough to impugn it.

NÔTRE DAME, 24th April, 1558.

Cradled in silken luxury, the youthful days of the beautiful young Queen of Scotland were passed amidst scenes of love and pleasure, that sped on with the splendor and swiftness of an Arabian Fairy Tale, brilliantly closed by her marriage with the Dauphin, or, as he was called after that event, the Roy Dauphin, Francis, eldest son of Henri II. of France. In an account of this grand ceremonial by an "eye witness," a most pleasing, or as the writer calls it, most "de-bonnaire" trait is recorded of the gallant Henri, who, perceiving that by reason of the bridal procession having to pass over a temporary scaffolding, the people crowded beneath it were utterly debarred from seeing the spectacle, instantly, with a loud and cheerful voice, so ordered the procession on its return, that by a skilful detour, all were enabled to behold it. The gratification was doubly enhanced by the gay and condescending manner of their monarch, whom they hailed with acclamations, and shouts of enthusiasm.



## I.



LOUD ring the bells of Nôtre Dame,  
 The organ peals; the oriflamme  
 Waves o'er a royal bride :  
 O'er Mary Stuart, Scotland's queen,  
 Just wedded to the young Dauphin,  
 In royal pomp and pride.

## II.

Encircled by a jewelled crown,  
 Her sunny curls of golden brown,  
 Float o'er her cheeks' rich glow :  
 Mingling their shadows with the light  
 Of gems, that lie like raindrops bright,  
 Upon her breast of snow.

## III.

Enthroned in state—her bridegroom nigh,  
 No evil omen daunts her eye,  
 No warning voice she hears—  
 But while loud acclamations ring,  
 Salutes her lord as Scotland's king,  
 With homage from its peers.

## IV.

Barons and Earls of high renown,  
Whose names reflect on Scotland's crown  
The grandeur of their own.  
Beton and Rothes, Cassillis bold ;  
Seton, high cast in honor's mould,  
And Erskine, Lord of Dun.

## V.

While through the bannered aisles advance  
The charms and chivalry of France,  
Lords, knights, and ladies gay :  
Plumes, mantles, robes, and sparkling gems,  
Helms, crosiers, standards, diadems,  
Beneath the arches grey.

## VI.

Henri, the King! nigh whom remain  
Guise, Montmorenci, Bar, Lorraine,  
Prince, cardinal, and peer :  
Throughout fair France no castled height  
But sends to-day its lady bright,  
Its noblest cavalier.

## VII.

And foremost midst its loveliest dames  
With glowing cheek, no blush e'er shames,  
Object of many a vow :  
Diane de Poitiers! proudly grand,  
With jewelled glove upon her hand,  
And crescent on her brow.

## VIII.

Queen-like, with lofty head unbowed,  
Catherine de Medicis, the proud,  
Shoots her dark glance afar.

Where graceful Marguerite's white plumes wave  
Near Condé and Coligni brave,  
By Henri of Navarre.

## IX.

The trumpets sound—the cannons roar—  
The heralds shout—the banners soar,  
While largesse, brightly tossed,  
Falls round the car where sits the Queen  
Beside the haughty Catherine  
Amidst the moving host.

## X.

The noblest ladies of the land  
Around her ride ; in knightly hand  
Each palfrey's silver chain :  
Through flower-strewn streets, where brightly fly  
Velvets and silks from lattice high,  
With cries of " Vive la Reine !"

## XI.

With stately mien, and knightly grace,  
The young Dauphin to gentle pace  
His bounding steed controls :  
While Alençon and Anjou ride  
Beside their mother's car of pride,  
As slowly on it rolls.

## XII.

Attired for Tourney, Tilt, or Joust,  
Came armèd knights whose helmets boast  
Their ladies' colors gay :  
On barbed steeds to music's sound,  
Curvetting o'er the flower-strewn ground,  
A long and bright array.



## XIII.

A mingled stream that bears along  
A nation's pride, with shout and song,  
The triumph to enhance  
Of Her, who thus in Life's fresh morn,  
Seems but to joy and gladness born,  
The chosen bride of France.

## XIV.

Onward the tide of splendor rolls—  
Midst harp and song the joy-bell tolls,  
The wine-filled fountains flow ;  
Till day-light wanes, and night's dim pall  
With all its stars, folds bower and hall,  
And silence reigns below.

This august and splendid ceremonial, conducted with almost incredible magnificence on the 24th of April, 1558, was on the 5th of December, 1560, succeeded by the death of Francis II. in the Castle of Orleans ; he being at that time only sixteen years, ten months, and fifteen days old, Mary, attaining her eighteenth year a few days afterwards, while in her *Deuil*, or mourning chamber ; where, according to regal etiquette, it was her duty to remain forty days ; excluded from the light of the sun, habited in white, as mourning ; and rigorously occupied in the prayers and ceremonies enjoined by the Romish Church to a Queen Dowager on such occasion : here she remained in seclusion the prescribed period, served only by female attendants ; and with lamps continually burning in the gloomy apartments, which were all hung with black, as was also the great hall, where the body of Francis was laid in state, previous to its interment at St. Denis.

THE BURIAL OF FRANCIS II. AT ST. DENIS.



I.

TERNLY through the aisles resounding—

High above the organ's swell,  
From the arches deep rebounding,  
Sounds a monarch's funeral knell.

Others, with it slowly tolling,  
As the coal black steeds make way,

With their heavy burthen rolling  
To St. Denis' old abbaye.

II.

Torch and cresset, wildly blazing,  
Stream like meteors on the night,  
O'er th' assembled thousands gazing  
Casting floods of lurid light.  
While the martial music wailing,  
Dies in distance far away,  
Or with solemn swell prevailing,  
Moaning fills the old abbaye.

III.

There, a thousand lights are burning,  
Bright on altar, cell, and shrine;  
Glimmering plumes and folds of mourning,  
Scutcheon, quoin, and column twine.  
While the dark-robed monks are singing .  
Miséréré, deep and slow;  
And the white-robed boys are swinging  
Censers round them as they go.

## IV.

King-like on the bier is lying  
A pale statue, robed and crowned,  
Sacred ensigns o'er it flying,  
Peers and princes kneeling round.  
Mitred priests, rich vestments wearing ;  
Monks and nuns, a long array ;  
Crucifix and chalice bearing,  
Chaunting death-notes on their way.

## V.

Plaintively their voices blending  
Soft in penitential strain ;  
That with silvery sound ascending,  
Pierces heaven with human pain.  
Thrilling with a keener anguish,  
The pale Queen, who drooping led,  
Seems like rain-charged flower to languish  
In the pathway of the dead.

## VI.

Shroud-like veiled with bitter weeping,  
At the altar low she kneels ;  
O'er the dead her vigil keeping,  
While the trumpet loudly peals.  
And as offerings, nobly guarded,  
Sceptres, crowns, and coats of mail ;  
Stately coursers, plumed and barded,  
Traverse transept, nave, and aisle.

## VII.

All the signs of pomp and splendor  
That once graced a powerful king,  
Here with holy rites to render,  
Humbly, with his corse they bring.

Helm, and banner, that once streaming  
In the light of battle shone,  
Midst funereal emblems gleaming,  
O'er the cold sepulchral stone.

## VIII.

Onward still—in stream unbroken  
Costly gifts, and offerings pour :  
In his grave, last solemn token,—  
Their dead king his vassals lower ;  
Earth to Earth ! a voice is knelling—  
Slowly melt the crowds away,  
While the requiem loudly swelling,  
Fills St. Denis' old abbaye.



HE love of Mary Stuart for Francis the Second, the playmate of her childhood, the lover and bridegroom of her youth, appears to have been deep and sincere—the grief for his loss, equally so ; a storm of passion and regret, heightened, naturally, by the circumstance of finding herself reduced at once from the enviable position of an adored and beautiful young Queen of France, the cynosure of all eyes, to that of a mere cipher ; obliged, instantly to resign all the dear delights, hitherto enjoyed as exclusively her own, and to become, as it were, a pensioner of the state. A mortifying transition ; requiring much self-control in one so young ; and finding its only consolation, in the endeavor to model her court of Scotland in such a manner as to afford some solace for the wreck of all her hopes in France.

Youthful and inexperienced, accustomed only to the gaiety and joys of that delightful and buoyant nation ; the chivalrous spirit of its chief nobles ; and the urbane and polished tone of its society ; which, even at that early period was, as compared with the rest of Europe, singularly refined and intellectual ; it is easy to conceive how dreary an exchange to one so nurtured, would be the semi-barbarous realm of Scotland ; its puritanical people, and turbulent nobility.

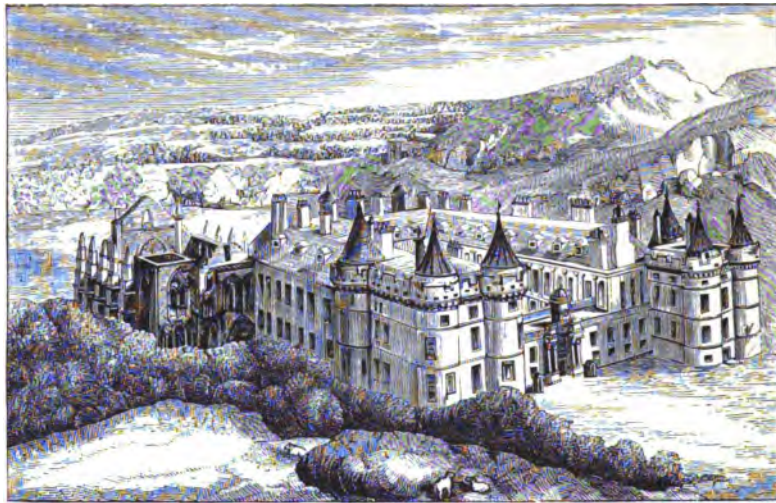
The ushering omens which marked the experiment, were all mournful and disastrous ; strikingly calculated to make a corresponding impression on a temperament like hers : nor can it be thought wonderful that she should have felt a superstitious terror, when, at the very moment her own galley was leaving the port of Calais, she saw a goodly ship, just then entering the harbor, suddenly sink before her eyes, and every soul on board perish. Landing at Leith on the 21st August, 1561, and compelled to remain there during a whole day, in consequence of stormy weather and incomplete arrangements for her reception, the spirits of Mary sank ; the turbulent ocean from whose fury she had with difficulty escaped ; the austere sublimity of the scenery by which she was surrounded ; and it may be, some undefinable dread, on thus entering as it were, upon the threshold of a new existence, all combined to render her anxious and foreboding. But the reception she received from her Scottish subjects, when fairly amongst them was so enthusiastic, that it soon effaced the repellant impression she had at first conceived from the chilling view of her native land, the desolate aspect of its mist-covered mountains, and the humble appearance of the train appointed to escort her to the palace of her forefathers. Once within its walls, she forgot every thing that had previously excited her displeasure ; and with all the natural spirits, and easily recovered gaiety of youth, entered eagerly into the pleasures and festivities, which inaugurated her arrival in Scotland.

The fire of loyalty burns brightly in the North ; and no sooner had the daughter of its ancient kings taken up her residence in the capital, than, like a spark on the heather, its flames spread over the whole kingdom. The nation, as one man, came proudly forth to

welcome her, and Mary had the gratification of knowing that she was again a Queen : her presence giving dignity and importance not only to the capital, but to the whole Scottish nation ; new life seemed to animate the people ; and a spirit of chivalrous loyalty was diffused throughout the kingdom, which found its most brilliant concentration in the halls of Holyrood ; where throughout a series of entertainments conducted in a style of luxury and elegance hitherto unknown in Scotland, Mary Stuart, in the bloom and beauty of her nineteenth year, received the delighted and admiring homage of her Scottish subjects.

The position of Mary at this period was one of unequalled dignity and interest ; young, beautiful, and accomplished, yet in need of aid and sympathy, she at this time carried with her the whole heart of Scotland. The vanity of the nation had been deeply gratified on beholding in their long-absent queen, the loveliest woman in Europe ; whilst the knowledge of her misfortunes, the sorrowful shadow resting on her beautiful features, caused by her last bereavement, touchingly indicated by the peculiar form of her mourning garments, powerfully enlisted popular sympathy in her favor, and gave her a claim on the affections of her people which that of mere royalty, alone, could never have established. When nature speaks, all men listen, and her voice now found an echo in every bosom, awakening it to reverence and pity for the fair young queen, so royally descended, so tenderly nurtured, yet cast upon her native shore almost desolate, a widow—and an orphan.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land—in the nobleman's castle, and at the cotter's fireside—her name was in every mouth, and the royal title, long unheard in Scotland, again a watchword of love and loyalty.



HOLYROOD.

I.



N majesty and beauty bright,  
While torch and cresset give their light  
On corbel, coigne, and frieze,  
Queen Mary sits with all her train  
Amidst her kinsmen of Lorraine,  
De Medici, and Guise.

II.

The peers and princes of the land,  
With those of France on either hand,  
In warlike splendor glow ;  
High dames in colors rich and bright,  
Whose antique gems of dazzling light  
On their proud foreheads show ;



III.

And the most lovely " Maries " four,  
Those far famed flowers of Scotia's shore,  
Brave, beautiful, and true ;  
The dark eyed Fleming—Seton fair—  
Gay Livingston with golden hair,  
And Beton's eye of blue.

IV.

In purple robe—half veiled, half crowned—  
Her swan-like neck, with jewels bound,  
Upon the Dais seen—  
Queen Mary graceful leans the while  
Upon the Countess of Argyle,  
In loveliness serene.

V.

But lo ! a change, Lord Darnley's knee  
Hath bent to Scotland's majesty,  
Who, gazing on his face,  
His manly form, and bearing proud,  
Forgets herself—the place—the crowd,  
In marvel at its grace.

VI.

Then follow Murray, Morton, Mar,  
Gay Gordon, Bothwell, Chastellar—  
She sees but one alone—  
And in that moment charged with Fate  
Selects proud Darnley for her mate,  
The partner of her throne.

VII.

Silent—she smiles—her thoughts are sweet,  
Illusions wild before her fleet,  
All clothed in love's soft bloom :  
All forms in one bright vortex lost  
Where'er she looks her glance seems crossed  
By Darnley's waving plume.

## VIII.

Then coldly, calm as violets snow,  
In peaceful lustre on the snow,  
She meets her courtiers' gaze,  
And with the charm of all her race  
Leans list'ning forth with witching grace,  
While Rizzio sings and plays.

## IX.

Sudden she starts as from a sword—  
As gleams the eye of Bothwell's lord,  
With its dark glance of fire.  
That seems in all her thoughts to pry,  
And, with a fierce audacity,  
Tells how it dare aspire.

## X.

That lightning flash, scarce seen ere gone,  
Appears no more—the crowd sweeps on,  
The pageant disappears :  
And Scotland's queen in chamber lone  
Muses on the beloved one,  
With all love's doubts and fears.

In a choice old volume, entitled "*L'Innocence de Marie Stuart*," printed in France, 1572, the infatuation of Mary for this worthless young nobleman is attributed, not to his fine figure, beautiful features, manly graces, and skill in horsemanship, but to "a charmed pair of Brasseletz" sent to Queen Mary while in Scotland, by the mother of Darnley, she, as well as her son, being then in England. The writer, speaking of these magic "Brasseletz," says: "Nobody will find this strange, seeing that the Isle of Albion has always had an evil repute for sorceries." In reading the blood-stained annals of Scotland at this period, nothing strikes the mind with more horror than the startling alternations—from scenes of delight and festivity where all is beauty and gladness, to the darkest perpetrations of crime. The episode of the mad enthusiast Chastellar is one of this

class. The passionate admiration felt by Mary for the divine art of which he was so enchanting a proficient, should have pleaded for the folly of the musician, as far as life was concerned, since her bitterest enemies knew that the crime of Chastellar consisted only in the inordinate vanity of supposing his beautiful sovereign felt for him a sentiment stronger than admiration.

## CHATELLAR.

## I.



FROM Scotland's heart is rising  
A joyful wild acclaim,  
The northern heavens are musical  
With Mary Stuart's name :  
It floats above the dark old trees  
Around the turrets strong  
Of Holyrood, whose towers vibrate  
With revelry and song.

## II.

The gallants gay of many a land  
Move through its ancient hall,  
With Scotland's dames, and noblest names  
Arrayed for festival :  
Hear ye the note that sweetly rings  
From corridor afar ?  
Onward ! press on ! there sits the Queen  
And dark-eyed Châtellar.

## III.

A rose hath fallen from her hand  
While listening to his lay,  
She sees it not—she heeds it not,  
Her heart is far away—  
Nor dreams while thinking of the hills  
And châteaux of Navarre,  
Her rose lies on the throbbing heart  
Of maddened Châtellar.

## IV.

But hate and envy watchfully  
Have marked the daring deed,  
Have called its rashness infamy,  
And bade the slander speed :  
Well pleased to wound her gentle heart,  
That now so softly thrills  
To hear the songs she loved in youth  
Among the Bearnois hills.

## V.

"Again," she cries, "that simple air  
Upon my heart it lies,  
Like rose-hues on the snowy alp,  
Beneath Navarre's blue skies."  
She hears a voice—"How happy he  
Who thus our queen beguiles,"  
And with a keen and haughty pain  
Sees scornful looks and smiles.

## VI.

Her white hand waves, the harp grows mute,  
The minstrel slow retires,  
Fire in his eye, and in his heart  
A host of wild desires,  
Of hopes that blindly lead to crime,  
Wild worship of a star,  
Whose beam to thee brings naught but death,  
Ill-fated Châtellar.

The reign of Mary Stuart in Scotland comprised but seven years. In that little space, what life, excepting her own, has ever exhibited a drama so splendid and so terrible? The following pleasing incident, illustrative of her own native excellence of disposition, is said to have occurred during that memorable expedition which Mary, under the evil guidance of Murray, undertook against

the Gordons. Munro himself, attended by all his clan, being in attendance upon the Queen, while his lady and their stalwart sons and daughters, made their obeisance before her in the hall of the castle of Inverness. To this boastful display of her treasures, the subsequent loss of nearly the whole number, beginning almost immediately from that time, was superstitiously attributed by the dwellers in the Highlands, who, like the ancient Jews, considered the act of "numbering" worldly possessions to be especially displeasing to the Most High, and a certain means to bring down upon the head of the offender a signal judgment, heavy in proportion to his presumption. The words ascribed to Mary as applied to Lady Munro are, "Rise, madame, ye suld be in this chair, and not I."

## THE LADY OF MUNRO.

## I.



QUEEN Mary rides through Inverness,  
 Earl Murray at her hand :  
 While long and loud, the people bless  
 The lady of the land.

## II.

The streets are decked like marriage bowers,  
 With silken hangings gay ;  
 The bells ring in the old grey towers,  
 The minstrels loudly play.

## III.

O'er paths where crowding thousands press,  
 While flowers around her fall,  
 The Queen rides on through Inverness,  
 To good King Duncau's hall.

## IV.

Midst ladies fair in silk and pearl,  
 Midst steel-clad barons bold,  
 With lord and duke, and knight and car',  
 Her royal court to hold.

## V.

The priest hath left his book and bell,  
The husbandman his corn ;  
The cloistered nun, in convent cell,  
Tells not her beads this morn.

## VI.

The aged crone who by the hearth  
Aye sits from morn till e'en,  
Calls for her crutch, and hirlples forth  
To see the bonnie Queen.

## VII.

Above the castle's ancient keep,  
The Scottish standard soars ;  
The gunners to the ramparts leap,  
The thundering cannon roars.

## VIII.

While with a shout that rends the sky,  
And rings o'er dale and down,  
The loyal clans come sweeping by,  
And fill the ancient town.

## IX.

MacGregor, and MacPherson proud,  
Mackenzie and Munro ;  
Whose warlike pibrochs fierce and loud  
The stalwart pipers blow.

## X.

That music wild of highland clan  
Brings fire to Mary's eye ;  
"I would, my lords, I were a man,  
My martial strength to try.

## XI.

“With sword and buckler, spear and jack,  
By night and day to ride,  
With these bold followers at my back,  
And fortune for my guide.”

## XII.

Thus blithe of mood, with heart elate,  
And smiling courtiers round,  
She passes through the castle gate  
To drum and trumpet's sound.

## XIII.

Through court and hall for banquet spread,  
In long and glittering lines,  
Where, with her canopy o'erhead,  
She gracefully reclines.

## XIV.

Rich' gifts of silver, and of gold,  
Her loyal subjects bring,  
Mantles, and costly cups that hold  
Fair jewels, purse, or ring.

## XV.

And lo! a dame of regal port,  
Majestical and slow,  
Reins her white charger in the court,  
The Lady of Munro!

## XVI.

Twelve stately sons before her ride,  
In coats of Lincoln green,  
On jet-black steeds whose fiery pride  
Suits well each rider's mien.

## XVII.

Behind, twelve daughters, passing fair,  
On milk-white palfreys ride,  
All clothed in white, whose golden hair  
The silken snoods half hide.

## XVIII.

Alighting midst the wondering crowd,  
They reach the banquet hall,  
That noble matron stern and proud,  
Those sons and daughters tall.

## XIX.

"I bring my Queen no jewels bright,  
No silks of India's loom,  
But twelve strong sons in manhood's might,  
Twelve maids in beauty's bloom.

## XX.

"My sons for pages, give I thee,  
For maids, my daughters dear :"  
Then rose the Queen, and earnestly  
Cried, "*Dame, thou suld be here.*"

## XXI.

"This royal chair 'tis *thou* suld fill,  
And *I* be kneeling low ;  
Arise, madame ; ne'er did our will  
More gladly boon bestow."

## XXII.

Then, while the roof with gladness rung,  
And swords waved to and fro,  
The Lord of Foulis forward sprung,  
Chief of the Clan Munro.



## XXIII.

Clasping his lady by the hand,  
They knelt full lowly down,  
Surrounded by that filial band,  
To her who wore the crown.

## XXIV.

But on that bright and living chain,  
Fate's seal of doom was set.  
From that day forth 'twas rent in twain,  
No more its links e'er met.

## XXV.

Those stately sons, those daughters bright,  
Oft numbered proudly o'er,  
By their fond mother, on that night;  
For her, soon smiled no more.

## XXVI.

They drooped, and perished, one by one,  
Like wreaths of melting snow ;  
Till on her hearth she sat, alone,  
The Lady of Munro.

The words ascribed to Mary during her warlike expedition, are described by Randolph in one of his despatches to Cecil as "that she repented nothing, but that she was not a man, to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields; or to walk upon the causeway with a Jack and knapsack; a Glasgow buckler, and a broad sword."\* It is from little bursts of nature, like the preceding, that character can be better understood than from the longest disquisition on mere mental and moral qualities; and throughout the life of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, these gleams of sunshine are perpetually struggling through the clouds that surrounded her, and making us feel

\* Randolph to Cecil. State Paper Office.

how cruelly adverse to her real feelings and disposition was the arduous and dangerous position which she was called upon to sustain. The crimes which have marked her reign, were those of her councillors—the virtues, all her own; and as misfortunes thicken around her, until finally, in 1568, we behold her weeping within the walls of Haworth or Carlisle, it is impossible to avoid asking, Where was then the chivalry of Scotland? At this point of her history there can scarcely be imagined a situation more forlorn and desolate. To one who had been so tenderly nurtured in the very lap of luxury, how dire was the condition in which she found herself—a hunted, persecuted fugitive, who having blindly rushed into the snare of her enemies, only became aware of her mistake when too late to retrieve it.

Her own words will best convey an idea of the misery to which she was reduced. Writing to her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, after having previously enumerated the chief evils that had befallen her, she thus expresses herself:\*

“FROM CARLISLE, 21 JUNE, 1568.

“I now commit myself to the competency of the bearer hereof, and beseech you to have compassion for the honour of your poor niece, and provide the assistance which the bearer will mention to you; and in the meantime, send money, for I have not wherewith to purchase bread, nor linen, nor clothes. The Queen hath sent me hither a little linen, and provides me with one dish, the rest I have borrowed, but I cannot do so any more. You will participate in this disgrace, Sandy Clerk, who was in France on behalf of this false bastard, boasts that you will not either provide me with money nor meddle in my affairs. God tries me severely; however, rest assured that I shall die a Catholic; God will relieve me from these miseries very soon. For I have endured injuries, calumnies, imprisonment, famine, cold, heat, flight, not knowing whither, ninety-two miles across the country without stopping or alighting, and then I have had to sleep upon the ground, and drink sour milk, and eat

\* Contemporary Copy, British Museum. MSS. Sloane, 1399, Fol. 21.

oatmeal without bread, and have been three nights like the owls, without a female in this country, where, to crown all, I am little else than a prisoner."

While thus bewailing her miseries she had the mortification to find that although unable herself to obtain access to the presence of Queen Elizabeth, her rebellious traitors and bitterest enemies, some of whom were notorious as perpetrators of crimes revolting to humanity, received instant grace and favour, and were in all instances welcomed with an ardour proportioned to the degree of animosity they evidenced against their sovereign; their criminal accusations against her indulgently heard, and no means of injury left untried, that royal hatred when joined to absolute authority can so easily command.

The celebrated casket of pretended love-letters from Mary to Bothwell, was now produced, and presented under the name of the *Eik*;—it being found necessary to *eke* out their accusation by something more directly tending to implicate her in the murder of Darnley than they had yet been able to do. This collection of letters was eagerly received as sufficient evidence of her having been the adulterous accomplice of Bothwell, in the dreadful tragedy of the Kirk of field, and as such, republished in English; Buchanan, who, it is believed, mainly furnished the originals, adding amplifications and remarks.

These pretended love-letters, though without either subscription, date, or seal, and characterized by a silliness and grossness of style, utterly unlike anything ever known to have proceeded from the pen of Mary, were read with avidity, and widely disseminated, although the most rigorous precautions were used to prevent the unhappy Queen herself from gaining a sight of them. Queen Elizabeth, writing to one of her ambassadors in France, 1571, gives him the following instructions for convincing "the most Christian King" (Charles IX.) that he ought not to favour the Queen of Scots: "and here it were not amiss, to have divers of Buchanan's little Latin books to present, if need were, to the king, as from yourself, and likewise to some of the noblemen of his council; *for they will serve to good effect to disgrace her, which must be done before other purposes are attained.*"

While her enemies were thus working openly and covertly for her destruction, the unhappy Queen was condemned to a state of the most helpless inactivity: deprived of all, but the energies of her own mind, she exerted them to the utmost in remonstrances and appeals, delivered through her ambassadors, and thus spiritedly wrote to her commissioners the demands they were to make in her name: "Moreover, that there be sufficient leisure given us to answer and verify their impostures and crimes which we have to lay to their charge with respects which should be kept towards such a queen as we are; in the meantime that our rebels be not fortified, assisted, nor favoured against us by any of our said good sister's ministers. Which conditions are asked by us, because we will not that our said good sister, nor any prince in the world, shall esteem that we think our reputation of so little value to put the same into the hands of any living creature, so far as we may perceive; and although we leave our person, life, and hazard of our estate to our said good sister, we would be loth she should think that we reserve not it that we hold dearest, which is our honour, and are resolved to defend the same ourself, or at the least to assist you therein, not doubting of your integrity towards us, and that ye have matter\* to confound the impudence of our traitors as well in this 'addition' as ye did in that which was past at York."

Whilst at Boston, 1569, awaiting the decision of the English commissioners, the "Little Douglas," who performed so gallant a service in aiding his royal mistress to escape from Lochleven, was found to be missing, and the most dismal apprehensions were entertained by herself and attendants respecting his safety, as threats of vengeance, in which her own life was also included, had repeatedly been made against him. In this state of painful uncertainty, she addressed a letter to the Bishop of Ross, Lord Herries, and the Abbot of Kilwinning, in which she writes:

"Also, we understand that William Douglas was *tint* (lost) im-

\* Meaning the *Eik*.

mediately after he had gotten his passport of the Queen our good sister, which could not have been, but by the means of these rebels, who bear deadly hatred to all those that have done, and do, their duty towards us; which we pray you shew to the Queen our good sister, beseeching her, in our name, that she suffer him not to be treated in that manner in her realm, so near her court, being under her protection, who set us at liberty and saved our life, doing the act of a venturous and faithful subject to his sovereign and natural Princess, and therefore is taken away by them who, as it will be spoken, are more favoured than justice requires. James Drysdale, one of the Laird of Lochleven's servants, being evil content of the good service which the said William did unto us, said, in presence of some of our servants, that if ever he met with him, he should put his hands in his heart's blood, whatever might follow thereupon, and as to us, he should give us to the heart with 'ane Whingar' (sword). Wherefore ye shall solicit our good sister, that the said Drysdale be made fast in consideration of the premises. He knows what is become of the said William. So, committing you to the protection of Almighty God, off Bolton, the second day of January, 1568, your good mistress.

"MARIE R."

Willie was found, and lived long afterwards as one of the pensioners of his royal benefactress. In an affecting letter, written by her to her banished servants, dated Sheffield, 18 September, 1571, the following passage occurs: "And you, William Douglas, rest assured that the life you have risked for mine, shall never be destitute so long as I have a friend alive. Do not part company till you reach the French court, and there, all of you together wait upon my ambassador, and tell him all you have seen or heard of me or mine." (This letter was intercepted at Sheffield, and sent to Burghley). In the will of Mary Queen of Scots is the following: "Quoy faisant la pension de Guillaume Duglas me reviendra."

The representations and remonstrances of the Scottish commissioners produced no effect on a cause already pre-judged. As the mock solemnity proceeded, she must have felt a sad presentiment that the

foot of her enemy then on her neck, would never be removed, especially when at the close of the investigation, Murray and his associates were honourably dismissed with great rewards, whilst she herself was hastily removed from Bolton Castle, and consigned in the dead of the winter to the noxious and dilapidated walls of that of Tutbury, where, under the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, although he personally was one of the most humane of all her jailors, she experienced the most cruel restraints and hardships, similar in character to those she endured whilst under the charge of the same nobleman at Sheffield, from whence she thus writes to Monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon :

“SHEFFIELD, Nov. 7, 1571.

“My people are not permitted to go beyond the gate of this castle, and all Lord Shrewsbury’s servants are prohibited from speaking to mine. The displeasure which this Queen has expressed to you by Burghley is followed in my instance by new severity and menaces: I am confined to my chamber, of which they wish again to wall up the windows, and make a false door, by which they may enter when I am asleep; and my people will no longer be permitted to come there, except a few valets, and the rest of my servants will be removed from me.”

Whilst at Tutbury, when in her twenty-seventh year, in the full flush of beauty, while hope was yet in the ascendant, and ere time and sorrow had impaired her spirit or lessened her charms, she was beheld by Master Nicholas White, afterwards Sir Nicholas White, and Master of the Rolls in Ireland. From the tenor of the following letter to Lord Burghley, this accomplished and sycophantic courtier, in spite of himself, seems to have received the same favourable impression which never failed to strike all those who for the first time had an opportunity of beholding and conversing with this ill-fated princess.

MR. NICHOLAS WHITE TO SIR WILLIAM CECILL.

“26 FEB., 1568-9.

“When I came to Colsell, a town in Chesterway, I understood that

Tutbury Castle was not above half a day's journey out of my way. Finding the wind contrary, and having somewhat to say to my Lord of Shrewsbury, touching the country of Wexford, I took post-horses, and came thither about five of the clock in the evening, where I was very friendly received by the earl. The Queen of Scots, understanding by his lordship that a servant of the Queen's Majesty's of some credit was come to the house, seemed desirous to speak with me, and thereupon came forth of her privy chamber into the presence chamber where I was, and in very courteous manner bade me welcome, and asked of me how her good sister did! I told her Grace that the Queen's Majesty (God be praised) did very well, saving that all her felicities gave place to some natural passions of grief, which she conceived for the death of her kinswoman and good servant the Lady Knollys; and how by that occasion her highness fell for a while from a prince wanting nothing in this world, to private mourning; in which solitary estate being forgetful of her own health, she took cold, wherewith she was much troubled, and whereof she was well delivered. This much passed, she heard the English service with a book of the Psalms in English, in her hand, which she shewed me after. When service was done, her Grace fell in talk with me of sundry matters from six to seven of the clock, beginning, first, to excuse her ill English, declaring herself more willing, than apt, to learn that language; how she used translations as a means to attain it, and that Mr. Vicé Chamberlain was her good school-master; from this she returned back again to talk of my Lady Knollys, and after many speeches past to and fro of that gentlewoman, I perceiving her to harp much upon her departure, said that the long absence of her husband (and specially in that article), together with the fervency of her fever, did greatly further her end; wanting nothing else that either art or man's help could devise for her recovery; lying in a prince's court, near her person, where every hour her careful ear understood of her estate, and where also she was very often visited by her majesty's own comfortable presence; and said merely, that although her Grace were not culpable of this accident, yet she was the cause without which their being asunder had not happened. She said she

was very sorry for her death, because she hoped well to have been acquainted with her. I perceive by my Lord of Shrewsbury, said she, that ye go into Ireland (which is a troublesome country), to serve my sister there. I do so, Madame ; and the chiefest trouble of Ireland proceeds from the north of Scotland, through the Earl of Argile's sup- portation ; whereunto she little answered. I asked her how she liked her change of air ? She said, if it might have pleased her good sister to let her remain where she was, she would not have removed for change of air, this time of the year ; but she was the better contented therewith, because she was come so much the nearer to her good sister, whom she desired to see above all things if it might please her to grant the same. I told her Grace that although she had not the actual, yet she had always the effectual presence of the Queen's Majesty, by her great bounty and kindness, who (in the opinion of us abroad in the world), did every way perform towards her the office of a gracious prince, a natural kinswoman, a loving sister, and a faithful friend ; and how much she had to thank God, that after the passing of so many perils, she was safely arrived into such a realm, as where all we, of the common sort, deemed she had good cause, through the goodness of the Queen's Majesty, to think herself rather prince-like entertained, than hardly restrained of anything that was fit for her Grace's estate, and for my own part did wish her Grace meekly to bow her mind to God, who hath put her into this school to learn to know him to be above kings and princes of this world ; with such other like speeches as time and occasion then served ; which she very gently accepted, and confessed that indeed she had great cause to thank God for sparing of her, and great cause likewise to thank her good sister for this kindly using of her. As for contentation in this her present estate, she would not require at God's hands but only patience, which she humbly prayed him to give her. I asked her Grace, since the weather did cut off all exercises abroad, how she passed the time within ? She said that all day she had wrought with her Nydill, and that the diversity of the colours made the work seem less tedious, and continued so long at it till very pain made her to give over ; and with that, laid her hand upon her left side, and complained of an old



grief newly increased there. Upon this occasion she entered into a pretty disputable comparison between carving, painting, and working with the needle, affirming painting, in her own opinion, for the most commendable quality. I answered her Grace I could skill of neither of them, but that I have read *Pictura* to be *veritas falsa*. With this she closed up her talk, and bidding me farewell, retired into her privy chamber. She said nothing directly of yourself to me, nevertheless I found that, which at my first entry into her presence chamber I imagined, which was that her servant *Bethun* had given hersome privy note of me; for as soon as he espied me he forsook our acquaintance at court, and repaired straight into her privy chamber, and from that forth could never see him; but after supper Mr. Harry Knollys and I fell into some close conference, and he (among other things) told me how loth the Queen was to leave Bolton Castle, not sparing to give forth in speech that the secretary was her enemy, and that she mistrusted by this removing, he would cause her to be made away; and that her danger was so much the more because there was one dwelling very near Tutbury which pretended title in succession to the crown of England (meaning the Earl of Huntington); but when her passion was past (as he told me), she said that though the secretary were not her friend, yet she must say that he was an expert, wise man, a maintainer of all good laws for the government of this realm, and a faithful servant to his mistress; wishing it might be her luck to get the friendship of so wise a man. Sir, I durst take upon my death to justify what manner of man Sir William Cecill is, but I know not whence this opinion proceeds. The living God preserve her life long whom you serve in singleness of heart and make all her desired successors to become her predecessors.

“But if I, which in the sight of God bear the Queen’s Majesty a natural love, beside my bounden duty, might give advice, there should very few subjects in this land have access to, or conference with this lady; for besides that she is a goodly personage (and yet in truth not comparable with our sovereign), she hath withal an alluring grace, a pretty Scottish speech, and a searching wit, clouded by

mildness. Fame might move some to relieve her, and glory, joined to gain, might stir others to adventure much for her sake; then joy is a lively infective sense, and carrieth many persuasions to the heart which ruleth all the rest. Mine own affection by seeing the Queen's Majesty our sovereign is doubled, and thereby I guess what sight might work in others. Her hair of itself is black, and yet, Mr. Knollys told me that she wears hair of sundry colors. In looking upon her cloth of estate I noticed this sentence embroidered: 'En ma fin est mon commencement,' which is a riddle I understand not. The greatest personage in house about her is the Lord of Livingston, and the lady his wife, which is a fair gentlewoman, and, it was told me, both Protestants; she hath nine women more, fifty persons in household, with ten horses. The Bishop of Ross lay then three miles off, in a town called Burton-upon-Trent, with another Scottish lord whose name I have forgotten. My Lord Shrewsbury is very careful of his charge, but the Queen overwatches them all, for it is one of the clock at least, every night, ere she go to bed. The next morning I was up timely, and viewing the seat of the house, which in mine opinion stands much like Windsor. I espied two halberd-men without the castle-wall, searching underneath the Queen's bed-chamber window.

"Thus have I troubled your honour with rehearsal of this long colloquy happened between the Queen of Scots and me, and yet had I rather in mine own fancy and adventure thus to encumber you than leave it unreported, as near as my memory could serve me, though the greatest part of our communication was in the presence of my Lord of Shrewsbury and Mr. Harry Knollys. Praying you to bear with me therein among the number of those that load you with long, frivolous, letters, and so I humbly take my leave, awaiting an easterly wind.

"From Westchester, the 26th of February. All these countries which I have past, from London to this sea-bank, live in great wealth and quietness, each man increasing his own and no degree dare offend the law. They pray for the Queen with an universal voice, and that peace may continue. Here is a faction in Cheshire, between Sir Hugh Chamley and Sir Edward Titon, which hath made some

division. I would have written to my Lord of Leycester but that this messenger could not stay.

“Your Honor’s assuredly to command.

“N. WHITE.”

The pen of Master Nicholas White paints well : and by presenting so lively a representation of the manners, habits of life, and mode of speaking and thinking of the unfortunate Mary, makes all the world his debtor. Though a crafty and cruel courtier, he yet must be admired as an honest chronicler ; one, who if so quick sighted to attractions whose display he deemed it his duty to advise should be as circumscribed as possible, would, it may be presumed, had he occupied a station in which free agency had been less fatal to his own immediate interests, have advocated her cause with all the zeal and sophistry which he brings to bear against it in his letter to Cecil. How repugnant he must have been to her, armed with such arguments and consolations as those he professes to have used, may be well imagined : and should he have proceeded so far in his discourse when in her presence, as he has in his letter, wherein he compares the situation of Tutbury Castle, the most execrable of all her prisons,\* to that of the chosen seat of English royalty—Windsor, she must have formed most unpleasurable ideas of that celebrated abode. In corroboration of Mary’s own account of her assiduity with the “Nydill,” the following account contains a description of what was probably the very piece of work which then occupied her time and attention. It is given by the Bishop of Ross in his examination relative to the Duke of Norfolk before the council in 1571 :

“The said Examinee sayeth, that on the Tuesday before the Duke went to Kenninghall, after supper, about seven of the clock, Lyggons met him at the great gate of Howard House by appointment, and conducted him by the back court of the house, and brought him into the gallery next the churchyard, at which time the Duke

\* Sixteen years afterwards she again was incarcerated in this dreadful place, whose horrors she describes in a letter to her ambassador Mauvissière.

was in his bed-chamber, as Lyggons said, with the Lord Lumley, and so tarrying awhile, till the Lord Lumley was gone, the Duke came into the said gallery to this Examine; the cause of this Examine's coming, was, for that Robinson had brought to the Duke a token from the Queen of Scots; which, as he remembereth, was a ring, and delivered the same without any letter before this Examine knew thereof, before which time Bortycke brought a cushion, wrought with the Scots' Queen's own arms, and a device upon it with this sentence: *Virescit Vulnere Virtus*, and a hand with a knife cutting down the Vines as they use in the spring-time. All which work was made by the Scots' Queen's own hands."

During sixteen years that Queen Mary remained under the charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury at his various castles and manors, that of Chatsworth seems to have been one where the restrictions of her captivity were less rigidly enforced than elsewhere. The exquisite scenery by which it is surrounded, the conventual stillness which yet seems to linger around the moated tower\* she occupied, recall the time, when, gazing through its strongly barred loop-holes, she pined for other scenes, which memory rendered more dear, and imagination more beautiful, in that beloved France, she was never more to behold. Perchance the following lines may be somewhat after the fashion of what then formed a part of her meditations:

#### QUEEN MARY'S REVERIE.

##### I.



OST, lost for ever ! ah, why did I leave thee ?  
 France ! lovely land ! I shall see thee no more.  
 Oh ! for some hand a bright garland to weave me,  
 Such as in childhood delighted I wore.

\* Still called Queen Mary's Bower.

## II.

When to the light tambourine gaily bounding,  
Amongst the fair maidens and youths of Touraine,  
Through the sweet air our glad voices resounding,  
Blithely we danced o'er the vine-covered plain ;

## III.

Waking the echoes that rang from the mountain,  
Feasting like fairies beneath the green shade,  
Crowned with fresh lilies just plucked from the fountain,  
Murm'ring in music, as onward it strayed.

## IV.

France ! lovely garden ! my treasures enshrining,  
The living—the dead—the bright hopes that I mourn,  
Come in my dreams—in thy beauty still shining,  
Give back the years that will never return.

## V.

Home of my youth ! to thy bosom for ever,  
Fain would I fly, from this sorrow and pain :  
Fare thee well ! fare thee well ! never, oh never !  
Land of my heart ! shall I see thee again.

Whatever may have been the effect of the beautiful scenery of Chatsworth upon the mind of the imprisoned Queen, (and who may truly tell its influence on one whose sensibilities were so acute, and whose retrospect was so stormy and agitating ?) it is not too much to suppose that here, if not actually happy, she at times must have been beguiled of her sorrows, since, in addition to the exercise of the feminine accomplishments of music and embroidery, to both of which she devoted so much time, and in which she so greatly excelled, she read much, was (at one period) permitted short excursions on horseback, partook also, sometimes, in the pleasures of hunting and hawking, and, above all, it was here, that her desolate heart, so cruelly debarred from all communication with her own child, found a pure

and innocent object on which to lavish its tenderest affection, in the person of the infant daughter of Sir Henry Pierrepont, who had married Elizabeth Cavendish, one of the daughters of the Countess of Shrewsbury by her former marriage.

On this little adopted child, "Besse Perpoynnt," Queen Mary bestowed all the devoted and unselfish fondness of a mother, having as she herself says, in a letter from Chartley to Morgan, written little more than six months before her murder, "brought her up my bedfellow, and at board ever sithence she had four years of age, so carefully and virtuously I trust, as if she had been my own daughter." That she entirely so regarded her, is delightfully evidenced in the following letter :

QUEEN MARY'S LETTER TO HER ADOPTED DAUGHTER,  
BESS PIERREPONT.

13 SEPTEMBER.



DARLING, I have received your letter and pretty presents, for which I thank you. I am very glad you are so well; remain with your father and mother freely this season, as they wish to keep you, for the climate and season are so disagreeable here, that I am already very sensible of the change of the air of Worksop, where I had not gone again, but I am not suffered to command my legs. Remember me to your father and mother very kindly, and to your sister, and to all my acquaintances if there are any there. I shall cause your black dress to be made, and sent to you there, as soon as I have the trimming, for which I have written to London. This is all which I can write to you at present, except to send you as many blessings as there are days in the year. Praying God that his, may be extended over you and yours forever. In haste, this 13th September,

Your very affectionate mistress and best friend,

MARIE R.

Addressed : To my well beloved bedfellow,  
BESS PIERPONT.

BESS PIERREPONT.



I.

MORN shines on Chatsworth's wide domain,  
Its wooded heights, and fertile plain,  
And harvests waving low ;  
On river, mead, and mountain side,  
Within whose caves rich treasures bide,  
And sunless fountains flow.

II.

Gilding with fairy hues the lawn,  
Where sporting with a spotted fawn  
A lovely child is seen—  
The young "Bess Pierrepont," fondly styled,  
The "Darling" and adopted child  
Of the fair Scottish Queen.

III.

Lightly with youth's elastic bound,  
She flies along the dew-sprent ground,  
By her swift fawn pursued :  
Through hawthorn-glade and covert dim,  
Where wood-birds sing their matin-hymn  
In leafy solitude.

IV.

Flowers of the field—herself as fair—  
The simple child winds in her hair,  
In long fantastic strings ;  
Drinks with her fawn from brook or rill,  
Both imaged in the mirror still,  
While bird-like thus she sings :

## BESS PIERREPONT'S SONG.

## I.



HE dappled deer peep glancingly,  
 And nut-brown squirrels climb  
 Where blossomed boughs move dancingly,  
 In the sweet summer-time.  
 Who would not be a squirrel free,  
 In the sweet summer-time?

## II.

The small bird singeth merrily;  
 The bee hums o'er the thyme;  
 And every insect, cheerily,  
 Chirps blithe in summer-time.  
 Who would not be a bird or bee,  
 In the sweet summer-time?

## III.

The rich red rose blooms lovingly,  
 With lilies in their prime;  
 Where honeysuckles lovingly,  
 About the lattice climb.  
 Who would not be a red rose tree,  
 In the sweet summer-time?





Unfortunate in all things, the affection so abundantly lavished on this lovely child, was finally changed into bitterness, on account (as would appear from De Chateauneuf's Memorial) of an attachment between Nau, the Secretary of the Queen, and her young charge, which, though countenanced by the father of the latter, did not receive the sanction of her benefactress.

Coldly and bitterly she writes to Morgan, 27 July, 1586: "But to be plaine with you, I would be the rather quit of her, for that I see too much of her grandmother's nature in her behaviour every way, notwithstanding all my paines for the contrary, and therefore now I would be sorry to have her bestowed on any man that I wish good unto." Continually throughout her life, Mary was destined to feel the sharp tooth of ingratitude—in this instance sharper than a serpent's sting.

In the same letter she adds: "I thank you for your advertisements given out of my death, to take heed it be not hastened by indirect or extraordinary means, and so I will, by the grace of God, who, I praise him continually, hath not yet set me so low but that I am able to handle my crossbow for killing of a deer, and to gallop after the hounds on horseback, as this afternoon I intend to do within the limits of this park, and could elsewhere if it were permitted."—*Vide Murdin's State Papers.*



**O**F all the sorrows experienced by the ill-fated Queen of Scots, that of being separated from her young son was felt most acutely. The knowledge that her only child, in addition to the circumstance of being for ever debarred from her sight, would also be brought up to regard her as unworthy of his love and respect, was a continual source of anguished disquiet—an ever bleeding wound, to which time could bring no cure. Her passionate longings to clasp him to her heart, her touching appeals to be permitted to see him, even to hear of his health and welfare, draw poor Mary, royal Queen though she be, close to every mo-

ther's heart, however humble. Had Queen Elizabeth ever experienced the sacred emotions that accompany the maternal character, she would not, perhaps, have so cruelly outraged them, or subjected her unhappy kinswoman to the tortures which her obduracy so remorselessly inflicted: but like the Scottish rebel lords, the accusers and traducers of their unfortunate sovereign, she appears to have been utterly devoid of pity, or even common humanity, and viewed in the character she assumed to the Queen of Scots, more like a monster, than a being with a woman's heart.

As to the traitors whom she so openly befriended, there is visible from first to last, the hardened audacity and grovelling baseness which shrink from no crime, however great, so long as means can be found to commit it with impunity, while at the same time it fears to confront the victim it aims to destroy. So conscious were they how speedily the whole fabric of their deception would crumble beneath the touch of Truth, that they dreaded nothing so much as the presence of their belied and injured Queen. In vain did she demand to be confronted with them. The request was haughtily refused—and a right now granted to the meanest criminal, was denied to the Queen of Scotland.

No royal personage, either of ancient or modern times, has ever displayed more heroic fortitude under the pressure of adversity, than this injured princess. Firm in the maintenance of her rights, her spirit was truly royal, enabling her in the most critical emergencies, amidst scenes which might well have appalled the stoutest heart, ever to rise superior to the occasion. It is this loftiness of mind, even more than her beauty or misfortunes, which makes the memory of Mary of Scotland dear, and her sufferings mourned; the same high quality, which triumphing over the utmost malevolence of fate, gave to an ignominious death, with all its attendant circumstances of degradation and horror, the solemnity of a martyrdom. In that awful hour, the prophetic motto "En ma fin est mon commencement," was amply fulfilled, and the honor and dignity of its owner nobly sustained by herself alone.

It has been the generous task of some of the brightest and most

intelligent minds of the present age, to remove from the character of this injured princess, the foul aspersions, which too long had been allowed to rest upon it, and by none has it been more ably and successfully vindicated, than by Miss Strickland, who, with the intellect of a man, and the delicate perceptions and feelings of a woman, has grappled with the clouded and distorted facts of Mary's history, and with an array of evidence which must carry conviction even to the most sceptical, has not only most ably refuted the dark calumnies which the malignity and power of the enemies of that unfortunate princess, had so widely diffused, and which, permitted for ages to pass current, had become almost historical facts, against which there seemed no appeal; but has brought forward numerous instances of purity of purpose, and goodness of heart, utterly incompatible with the character of the cold-blooded and artful murderess her accusers endeavoured to represent her.

In the fourth volume of Miss Strickland's *Life of Queen Mary*, is an autograph letter from the Countess of Lenox, the mother of Darnley, written to Mary when the latter was a prisoner in England. It is couched in the most affectionate terms, and is of itself sufficient to prove her innocent of the crime of Darnley's murder, since, had she been guilty of it, it is impossible that his mother could so have written. This letter, is in itself a host against the atrocious slanders, so unsparingly heaped upon the Queen while a prisoner in England, one of those atoning proofs which Providence so often reveals, to right the innocent. Probably others are yet in store, but be that as it may, it is scarcely possible to desire a deeper sympathy than the knowledge of her unmerited sufferings has already awakened.

Even the barbarity which could permit her mangled corpse to remain for six months unburied, in the state in which it came from the scaffold (when it was thrown into a rude box, and with no covering save a ragged cloth, hastily torn from an old billiard table, was consigned to a neglected chamber in Fotheringhay,) has not been without its uses, serving more highly to enhance the interest felt for the victim, and to evidence in the most painful and revolting man-

ner not only the characters of the principals in this transaction, but that of the age in which it could be permitted.

As regards the disposal of Mary's remains, the remonstrances of her faithful servants at length procured their removal to Peterborough Cathedral, and on the accession of James to the crown of England, their final deposit in the proudest sanctuary of England's dead, beneath a monument equal in grandeur to that of the hard-hearted Queen who had so remorselessly persecuted her through life; had inflicted upon her a traitor's death; and as much as possible pursued her revenge beyond the grave.

Whoever has visited Westminster Abbey, cannot fail to have been deeply impressed by the sight of these two royal tombs; the most stately and magnificent that human art could conceive or execute, separated but a few paces from each other; and having on their summits the beautifully sculptured statues of their respective occupants, each in the attitude of calm repose, regally robed and crowned—the sceptre and globe in either hand—surrounded by all the insignia of royalty. Nor can he fail to have noticed the difference of feeling manifested by the spectators continually passing by them. The cold looks of curiosity alone, which are bestowed upon that of Queen Elizabeth, and, on the other hand, the close inspection, the oft returning step, the pitying expressions, sighs, and sometimes tears, which form the spontaneous tribute to that of Mary Queen of Scots.

No preacher is needed there to tell the vanity and nothingness of earthly things. The stones are sufficiently eloquent.



INCIDENTS AND CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF  
QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER COURTIER.

Elizabeth's manners and conversation, as well as many interesting particulars concerning Mary Queen of Scots, Melville, her ambassador at the court of England, has transmitted the following entertaining description :

"Elizabeth expressed great desire to see Queen Mary : and as that could not be easily managed, appeared to take great delight in a picture of her sister of Scotland. She took

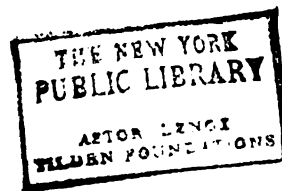
me to her own bed-chamber and opened a little cabinet wherein were divers little pictures, wrapped within paper, and their names written with her own hand upon the papers. Upon the first that she took up was written 'My Lord's picture.' I held the candle, and pressed to see the picture so named. She appeared loth to let me see it, yet my importunity prevailed for a sight thereof, and I found it to be the Earl of Leicester's picture. I desired that I might have it to carry home to my queen, which she refused, alleging that she had but that one picture of his. I said, Your majesty hath here the original ; for I perceived him at the farthest part of the chamber, speaking with Secretary Cecill. Then she took out the Queen's picture and kissed it, and I adventured to kiss her hand for the great love evinced therein to my mistress. She shewed me also a fair ruby, as great as a tennis ball : I desired that she would send either it, or my Lord of Leicester's picture as a token to my Queen. She said that if the Queen would follow her counsel, she would in process of time get all that she had ; that in the meantime she was resolved in a token to send her with me a fair diamond. Growing late, she appointed eight the next morning as the time to see her again, when she was accustomed to walk in the garden." On meeting again they











spoke of the customs of foreign countries, the buskins\* of the women were not forgot, and he was asked "what country's weed or dress he thought most becoming gentlewomen? The Queen said she had clothes of every sort, which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, another the Italian, and so forth; she asked me which of them became her best? I answered, in my judgement, the Italian dress; which answer, I found, pleased her well; for she delighted to show her golden-colored hair, wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair, rather reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally. She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best, and which of them too was fairest? I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst faults; but she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said she was the fairest Queen in England, and mine in Scotland; yet she appeared earnest. I answered they were both the fairest ladies in their countries: that her Majesty was whiter, but my Queen was very lovely. She enquired which of them was of the highest stature? I said my Queen. Then saith she, she is too high; for I myself am neither too high nor too low. Then she asked what exercises she used? I answered, that when I received my dispatch the Queen was lately come from the Highland hunting; that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; that sometimes she recreated herself with the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well? I said reasonably for a queen.

"That same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some music; but he said he durst not know it, where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I put by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately so soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me,

\* This word does not here mean shoes—but the general style of female adornment.

and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand; alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary to shun melancholy. She asked me how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my Lord of Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber door I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how, excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed, declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence.

"Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the Queen was alone. She inquired whether my Queen or she played best? In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was very good, and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well. I told her majesty I had no time to learn the language, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spake to me in Dutch (German), which was not good, and would know what kind of books I most delighted in, whether theology, history, or love matters? I said I liked well of all the sorts.

"Here I took occasion to press earnestly my dispatch. She said I was sooner weary of her company than she was of mine. I told her majesty that though I had no reason of being weary, I knew my mistress's affairs called me home. Yet I was stayed two days longer, that I might see her dance, as I was afterwards informed; which being over, she inquired of me whether she or my Queen danced best? I answered, the Queen danced not so high or disposedly as she did. Then again, she wished that she might see the Queen at some convenient place of meeting. I offered to convey her secretly to Scotland by post, clothed like a page; that under this disguise she might see the Queen, as James V. had gone in disguise with his own ambassador, to see the Duke of Vendôme's sister, who should have been his wife; telling her that her chamber might be kept in her absence as though she were sick. That none need be

privy thereto except Lady Strafford and one of the grooms of her chamber. She appeared to like that kind of language;—only answered it with a sigh, saying, ‘Alas! if I might do it thus.’”

Leicester being appointed to convey Melville from Hampton Court to London, took occasion to inquire what the Queen of Scotland thought of him for a husband? Melville, according to the commands of his mistress, answered coldly and warily; when Leicester disclaimed all idea of aiming to marry so great a Queen.

Accustomed during her long reign to a continual series of courtly display, magnificent pageants, and grand ceremonies, amidst which, like a presiding goddess, she graciously received the inflated adulation of her courtiers, and the almost equally servile homage of all who approached her, it cannot be surprising if in her latter years she became jealously susceptible on every point which might make her to be considered as no longer capable of enjoying the pleasures of youth, together with those monstrous flatteries which long use had rendered absolutely necessary to her, still less can it be wondered at, that by every means in her power she endeavoured to conceal the ravages of time under an assumed appearance of youthful vigour and hilarity. Her interview with Sir Roger Aston, groom of the chamber to James I., is thus described by Weldon.

“I must not pass over one pretty passage, I have heard himself relate; that he did never come to deliver any letter from his master, but ever he was placed in the lobby, the hangings being turned him where he might see the Queen dancing to a little fiddle, which was to no other end than that he should tell his master by her youthful disposition how likely he was to come to the crown he so much thirsted for; for you must understand the wisest in that kingdom did believe the king should never enjoy this crown as long as there was an old wife in England, which they did believe was ever set up as the other was dead.”



Her majesty is represented in the engraving as performing some difficult passage in one of the courtly dances of the period—probably the “Lavolta,” a dance of Italian origin then much practised, and which required that union of majesty, grace, and dexterity, which under the management of Elizabeth would naturally assume that style of dancing which Melville calls “high and disposedly.” The more nimble “Coranto,” or lively “Brawl,” would not have so well afforded an opportunity of displaying herself in a *queenly* manner to the eyes of an ambassador whose good report she was so anxious to obtain. The “Pavon” is said to have been Queen Elizabeth’s favorite dance—A solemn and graceful series of evolutions, wherein the Lady taking the Peacock for her model, exhibits her charms and graces with all those sweeping curves and lofty indications of pride for which the bird is remarkable.

## EXTRACTS FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PRAYER-BOOK.

The "Turkes" in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, being objects of most devout abhorrence, were accordingly severely dealt with by all good praying Christians; at whose head the Emperor Maximilian II. was particularly distinguished. In 1566, he lay encamped in the vicinity of Raab, with the main body of his army, while they, under Solyman, again entered Hungary. The battles, marches, and countermarches of these formidable combatants, formed in that day as fruitful a theme of interest as the recent warfare in the Crimea, where the followers of Mahomet have redeemed their good name, fighting manfully under the very banners which have so often waved victoriously over their conquered armies, and sacked cities. Among the marvels of three hundred years, it is not one of the least to see the disciples of "Barbarous Mahomet" taking their place in the list of nations as close allies of France and England—their ambassadors received with the greatest honours at the courts of each, while the combined armies and fleets of Queen Victoria I. of England, and of Napoleon III., Emperor of France, are so warmly espousing their quarrel against the powerful Empire of Russia.

During the Elizabethan reign the Catholics also held scarcely a kindlier place in English estimation than the detested Turks—in the accompanying fac-similes of "Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-book" (printed 1558), they are most unmercifully dealt with: the zeal of fanaticism burning with a fire and faggot fury that is unmistakeable.





Mary stode at the  
Sepulcher weeping.



They lajd it in a tomb  
betwixt out of the rocke  
wher in was never  
man gett lajd.



And when the day  
of the purification of  
the law of Moyses





### Christian

In this her government be her governour we beseech thee, so shall her majesty ever govern us, if first she be governed by thee. Multiply her raig with many daies and her years with much felicity, with abundance of peace, and life ghostly, that as she hath now doubled the years of her suster and brother, so if it be thy pleasure she may overgrow in raigning the raigne of her father.

And because no government can long stand without good counsell, neither can any counsell be good except it be prospered by thee, blest therefore, we beseech thee, both her majesty and her honorable counsaile, that both they rightly understand what is to be done, and she accordingly may accomplish that they doe counsell to thy glory and furtherance of the gospel and public wealth of this Realme.





### Prayers.

The florisheing Churches in Asia, the learned Churches of Grecia, the manifold Churches in Africa, which were wont to serve thee, now are gone from thee. The seven churches of Asia with their candlestickes (whom thou didst so well forwarne) are now removed.

All the churches where thy diligent Apostle St. Paule, thy Apostle St. Peter, and John and other apostles, so laboriously travayled preaching and writyng to plant thy Gospell are now gone from thy Gospell. In all the Kyngedome of Syria, Palestina, Arabia, Persia, in all Armenia, and the Empire of Cappadocia, throughe the whole compasse of Asia, with Egypt and with Africa also (unless amonge the farre Ethiopians some olde steppes of Christianity doe yet remaine), either els in all Asia or Africa thy church: hath not one foot of free land.



Charity geaveth drink  
to the thirsty.



Wisdom is better than  
gold.



Perseruerance  
Endureth to the End.




Rebelling.  
A Sow in the  
mire.



### Christian

Almighty and ever living God, our Heavenly Father, we thy disobedient and rebellious children, now by thy just judgment sore afflicted, and in great daunger to be oppressed by thine and our sworn and most deadly ennemics, the Turkes—Infidels and Miscreants—doe make humble suit to the Throne of thy Grace for thy mercy and ayde agaynst the same, our mortal ennemics. \* \* \* The Turke goeth aboute to set up, to extol, and to magnify that wicked Monster and damned soul, Mahumet. But in thy great mercy save, defend and deliver all thy afflicted Christians in this and all other invasions of these Infidels, and give to the Emperour thy servaunt, and all the Christian army now assembled with him, thy comfortable might and courage. \* \* The Turke with his sword, what Landes, what Nations and Countreys, what Empires, Kyngdomes and Provinces, with Cities innumerable hathe he wonne not from us, but from Thee. Where thy name was wont to be invocated, thy word preached, thy sacraments adminiftered, there now remayneth barbarous Mahumet and his filthy Alcoran.

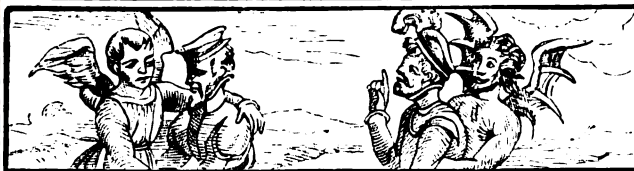




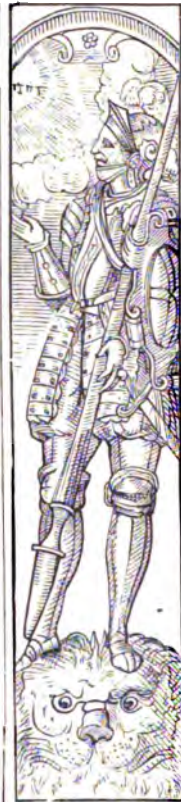
### Prayers.

Now of Europa a great part also is shronke away from thy Church. All these with lamentable slaughter of Christian bloud is waisted, and all become Turkes. Only a little angle of the West partes yet remayneth in some profession of thy name. But here (alacke) cometh another mischief, as great, or greater, than the other. For the Turke with his sworde is not so cruell, but the Byshopp of Rome on the other side is more fierce and bitter against us. Styrringe up his Byshoppes to burne us, his confederates to conspyre our destruction, settinge Kynges agaynst their subjects, and subjectes disloyally to rebell agaynst their Princes.

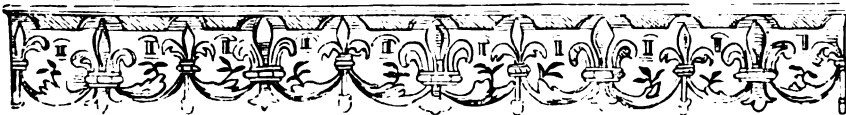
They which be frendes and lovers of the Byshopp of Rome, although they eat the fat of the land, and have the best preferments and offices, that live most at ease and ayle nothing; yet are they not therewith content. They grudge, they mutter and murmure, they conspire, they take on agaynst us. It fretteth them that we live by them or with them, and cannot abide that we should drawe the bare breathing of the ayre when they have all the most libertie of the land.



Souldier Harnessed.



Hell's  
Temptation  
Overcome.





IN all the portraits of Queen Elizabeth, there is a remarkable want of shadow, scarcely sufficient being perceptible to bring out the features. This peculiarity arose, in consequence of her portrait having once been taken by some painter, who more conscientious than courtly, exhibited in his treatment of the subject, a minute attention to detail, which made his work when complete, a most rigidly faithful, but frightful likeness : hard lines, tortuous wrinkles, and deep shadows abounded ; inasmuch, that the Queen on beholding it exclaimed, "Blockhead ! do you call *that* a likeness of *me* ? Have I those things on my face ? What do you call them ?" "Shadows, and it please your majesty !" "And what are shadows ? Accidents, which are no part of the real features, and which it should be the painter's most careful study to avoid. Take the picture out of my sight."

The dismayed artist, glad to get off with no more weighty proof of her majesty's displeasure, repaired to his studio, carefully obliterated every shadow and tell-tale wrinkle, and after putting a little more light on the pupil of the eye, a tint or two on the thin lips and high cheek bones, together with a few other embellishments wherever he thought they might be advantageously disposed, he again waited on her majesty, and with a very different result to that of his former interview : praise succeeded blame, encouraging expressions instead of angry exclamations, and with a memory that never forgot the lesson then learned, he became a fashionable court painter.

THE BROAD-PIECE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.



HE above is an engraving of one of the last Broad-pieces of Queen Elizabeth, wherein she is represented as extremely old and ill-favored, with a countenance indicative of all the passions and vices for which she was most remarkable. It is partly copied from a fragment, cut out and preserved by some workman of the mint, and although here given in its full proportions, an entire coin with this image is not known, the face alone, having been thought worthy to be retained. The edges are irregularly clipped closely around it.

It is universally believed that the die was rigorously destroyed by the Queen's command on account of its too terrific faithfulness, abounding as it does in those severe indications of feature and deep shadow, which she maintained to be mere accidents, and as such carefully avoided in all delineations of her countenance.

The repulsive but doubtless most accurate likeness as exhibited on the coin, bears evidence of having been minutely copied from the life by some artist, whose reward if in proportion to her astonishment and rage on its presentation for approval, could have been little less



than the pillory. It may be considered as the only true likeness of her face as it really appeared at an advanced age, when, with the infirmities consequent thereon, she yet retained the passions and vanities of her early years, together with that assumption of youthful levity and agility whose affected display, always lamentable and ridiculous in the old, appears doubly so in one whose general character was composed of such stern elements. In such outward seeming as the above true likeness, may she be supposed to have received the feigned idolatry of her courtiers; the high flown rhodomontade of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the passionate word-worship of the unhappy Earl of Essex. The letters of these distinguished men, while illustrating the inordinate vanity and credulity of their royal mistress, convey also a forcible impression of the moral degradation and contemptible deceits to which a court life in those days habituated minds, one of which, at least, was originally noble and sincere.

In that of the sensitive and generous Essex this mortifying consciousness seems to have been perpetually rankling, making him, even when basking in the brightest sunshine of royal favor, the most miserable of men. To this remorsefulness must be attributed those unequal and rebellious moods, those starts of unruly passion, and returns of penitence; which, while they awakened the pique of Elizabeth, and kept her in continual agitation, only rendered him more interesting, and apparently more worthy of her regard: since these ebullitions were generally caused by some rash generosity to others—some wish to serve a friend rather than to advantage himself—as when, in 1596, violently pleading for Sir George Carew to be sent deputy to Ireland, instead of his own maternal uncle, Sir William Knollys, he became so exasperated at the Queen's disinclination to grant his request as to rudely turn his back upon her, "muttering certain words," as the historian says; who also adds: "Whereupon she, growing impatient, gave him a box on the ear, and bid him begone with a vengeance. Essex laid his hand upon his sword hilt, and swore a great oath that he could not and would not put up with such an indignity; and would not have taken it from King Henry the Eighth's own hands: and so, in a rage, flung away from the court.

But afterward, being admonished by the Lord Keeper, he became more mild, and in a short time returned into the Queen's favour."

But it does not appear that this great Queen had the art of attaching to herself the affections of others. In her, that exquisite quality, possessed in so pre-eminent a degree by her unfortunate rival the Queen of Scots, was utterly wanting.

Possessing the frailties of her sex without its tenderness, devoid of pity, and one to whom love in its purest and noblest sense was unknown, with the exception of Burghley her old and faithful minister, and one or two others, there is no mention of any one who felt for her a higher degree of regard than his own interests prompted; and, after flattering herself that the impulsive Essex—her last and youngest favourite, the darling of her withered heart—was an exception, how cruelly must she have been wounded by his disparaging remarks on that "crooked carcasse," which she had fondly hoped was to him so inexpressibly beautiful and beloved.

The sympathy of her own sex will, on this point, go with her any lengths short of the block, even against so fascinating a personage as Essex.

But when, at the last extremity, the precious and mysteriously endowed ring—given from her hand to his in a moment of passionate



affection, with a solemn promise to grant any request that might accompany it—was found to have lost its power; when he, its wretched owner, unconscious of its detention by Lady Nottingham, was suffering all the tortures of suspense; while nothing but a blank and ominous silence on the Queen's part responded to his sickening hopes and fears, and the fatal hour of execution came at last—and still no answer—how deep is the commiseration for the offender—how intense the hatred against his unforgiving and cruel mistress; the cir-

cumstance that she never received the ring, scarcely lessening the antipathy to a nature that could visit with so dire a punishment, one who had once occupied in her heart a place so dear as did the rash but generous and affectionate Essex. The romantic and touching story of this celebrated ring has but few parallels in history—the rank of the actors scarcely heightening the interest of a narrative in which the tenderest emotions of every heart are irresistibly called forth; participating in the agitation and sorrows of the prisoner; the anxious wishes, anger, and final remorse of the Queen. As the engraving represents this antique love-token, imagination makes it the mute embodiment of a thousand tears, kisses, and agonies; and when all this has been done, how infinitely must such fancying fall short of the sad reality.

“The ring of which the engraving presents an accurate copy, is of gold, the sides are engraved, and the insides set in blue enamel: the stone is a sardonyx, on which is cut in relief the head of Elizabeth, the execution of which is of a high order. It is now in the possession of the Rev. Lord John Thynne, and has descended in direct succession from the Lady Frances Devereux, afterwards Duchess of Somerset (who was a daughter of Essex).”\*

The character of Essex was exquisite—chequered with weaknesses, but bright with virtues; whose qualities were all grand and noble, and to whom meanness, selfishness, or dissimulation were impossible. Brave and generous to excess, he was the idol of the soldiery and populace, no less than of the Queen. He was one of those who from the impulses of their own hearts are perpetually doing something strangely graceful, that keeps them alive in the hearts of others. In 1592, when forced by the express command of Elizabeth to leave the army, he arrived at Dieppe with a great number of infirm and disabled soldiers, the French ambassador writes of him: “This nobleman, on embarking for England, drew his sword, and kissed the blade.” His letters to the Queen are elaborate compositions, revealing the effort they cost the writer. The two following are among the most remarkable, taken from the invaluable Hulton MSS.:

\* Devereux's Lives of the Earls of Essex.



LETTER FROM ESSEX TO THE QUEEN.\*

(Hulton MSS.)

"Most fair, most dear, and most excellent Sovereign :

"The first suit I make unto your Majesty on my arrival is, that your Majesty will free me from writing unto you of any matters of business ; my duty shall be otherwise performed by advertising my LL. of your Majesty's council of all things here, and yet my affection not wronged, which tells me, that zealous faith, and humble kindness are argument enough for a letter.

"At my departure I had a restless desire honestly to disengage myself from this French action : in my absence I conceive an assured hope to do something which shall make me worthy of the name of your servant : at my return I will humbly beseech your Majesty that no cause but a great action of your own may draw me out of your sight, for the two windows of your privy chamber shall be the poles of my sphere, where, as long as your Majesty will please to have me, I am fixed and immoveable. When your Majesty thinks that heaven too good for me, I will not fall like a star, but be consumed like a vapour by the same sun that drew me up to such a height. While your majesty gives me leave to say I love you, my fortune is, as my affection—unmatchable. If ever you deny me that liberty, you may end my life, but never shake my constancy ; for were the sweetness of your nature turned into the greatest bitterness that could be, it is not in your power, as great a Queen as you are, to make me love you less. Therefore, for the honour of your sex, show yourself constant in kindness, for all your other virtues are confessed to be perfect ; and so I beseech your Majesty receive all wishes of perfect happiness, from your Majesty's most humble, faithful, and affectionate servant.

"R. ESSEX.

"DIEPPE, 18th October."

This and the following letter were written soon after his return.

\* Devereux's Lives of the Earls of Essex.

LETTER FROM THE EARL OF ESSEX TO THE  
QUEEN. \*

(Hulton MSS)

"MADAM:

"The delights of this place cannot make me unmindful of one in whose sweet company I have joyed as much as the happiest man doth in his highest contentment; and if my horse could run as fast as my thoughts do fly, I would as often make mine eyes rich in beholding the treasure of my love; as my desires do triumph when I seem to myself in a strong imagination to conquer your resisting will. Noble and dear lady, though I be absent, let me in your favour be second unto none; and when I am at home, if I have no right to dwell chief in so excellent a place, yet I will usurp upon all the world. And so making myself as humble to do you service; as in my love I am ambitious, I wish your Majesty all your happy desires. Croydon, this Tuesday going to be mad, and make my horse tame. Of all men the most devoted to your service.

"R. ESSEX."

The following epistle may be considered one of the best specimens extant of the style deemed most likely to propitiate the Queen on behalf of an offending courtier. Sir Walter Raleigh, in deep disgrace for having married the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, was then undergoing the discipline usually inflicted by her majesty on those recreants among her admirers who committed the unpardonable sin of matrimony. The letter, though addressed to Sir Robert Cecil, is evidently intended for the eye of the Queen.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO SIR ROBERT CECILL.

"JULY, 1592.

"I pray be a mean to her Majesty for the signing of the Bills for the Gardes' Coates, which are to be made now for the Prograsse, and

\* Devereux's Lives of the Earls of Essex.

which the Cleark of the Cheeck hath importunde me to write for.

“ My Heart was never broken till this day that I hear the Queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great Love and Desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her, in a dark Prison all alone. While she was yet nire at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three Dayes, my Sorrowes were the less : but even now my Heart is cast into the Depth of all Misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander ; hunting like Diana ; walking like Venus ; the gentle Wind blowing her fair Hair about her pure cheeks, like a Nymph. Sometimes sitting in the Shade like a Goddess ; sometime singing like an Angell ; sometime playing like Orpheus.

“ Behold the Sorrow of this World ! Once amiss hath bereaved me of all. Oh, Glory, that only shineth in Misfortune, what is become of thy Assurance ? All Wounds have Skares but that of Fantasie : all affections their relenting but that of Woman Kind. Who is the Judge of Friendship but Adversity, or when is Grace witnessed but in Offences ? There were no Divinity but by reason of Compassion ; for Revenges are brutish and mortall.

“ All those Times past, the Loves, the Sythes, the Sorrowes, the Desires, can they not way down one frail Misfortune ? Cannot one Dropp of Gall be hidden in so great Heaps of Sweetness ? I may then conclude *Spes et Fortuna Valet*. She is gone in whom I trusted, and of me hath not one thought of Mercy, nor any Respect of that that was. Do with me now therefore what you list. I am more weary of Life than they are desirous I should perish, which, if it had been *for* her, as it is *by* her, I had been too happily born.

“ Yours, not worthy any name or Title,

“ W. R.

“ To my Honourable Friend, SIR ROBERT CECILI,  
Knight of her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Councell.”\*

## SIR PHILIP SYDNEY TO THE QUEEN.

"10 NOVEMBER, 1581.

"Most gracious Soverein.

"This rude Peece of Paper shall presume because of your Majesty's commandement, most humbly to present such a cypher as little Leysure could afford me. If there come any Matter to my Knowledg, the Importance wherof shall deserve to be so masked, I will not fail (since your Pleasure is my onely Boldnes) to your own Handes to recommend it. In the mean Tyme, I beseech your Majestie will vouchsafe legibly to reed my Hart in the course of my Lyfe; and though itself be but of a mean worth, yet to esteem it lyke a poor Hous well sett. I most lowly kiss your Handes, and prai to God your Enemies may then onely have Peace when they are weery of knowing your Force.

"Your Majestie's most humble Servant,

"PHILIP SIDNEY.

"At Gravesend, this 10th of November, 1581.

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majestie."

[*Burghley State Papers, Murdin, p. 364.*]

## THE EARL OF OXFORD.



THE Earl of Oxford, of whom Mary Queen of Scots makes mention in her letter to Queen Elizabeth, was Edward de Vere, one of the most elegant and accomplished noblemen of the English court. He shone to the greatest advantage in the tournaments, masques, and other princely pastimes of the period. As victor in two of the former, he had the honour to receive the prize from the Queen's own hand. Clothed in complete armor of the most dazzling and costly workmanship, he was led into her presence by two of the most beautiful ladies of the court, amidst all the ceremonies, pomp, and pageantry usual on such occasions.

He is recorded to have been the first who brought over from Italy those richly embroidered and perfumed gloves which soon afterwards were so much worn by the great ladies of the time, and which make so elegant a feature in their costume. The Earl must have been a most welcome guest to these fair dames, since, in addition to gloves, he is recorded to have brought also "sweet bags," "a perfumed leather jerkin," and other pleasant things. To the Queen he presented a pair of these perfumed gloves trimmed, we are told, "with four tufts or roses of coloured silk. In which gloves she took such delight as to be pictured with them on her hands." The rich scent with which they were impregnated was, for many years afterwards, called the "Earl of Oxford's perfume."

The wife of this nobleman, to whom he did not dare to behave well, for fear of incurring the Queen's displeasure, was Anne Cecil, daughter to Lord Burghley. But at length such restraint was unnecessary: for so enraged was the Earl against Cecil for the part he took against the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk, his bosom friend, that, in a base spirit of mean, unmanly revenge, he not only

estranged himself from his wife, but wantonly wasted and consumed nearly the whole of his vast inheritance.

The earl was a comic writer and a poet, many of his plays being greatly celebrated in his day; but—alas! for human praise and glory—their very names are now lost. The Queen of Scots, in a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow and Cardinal Lorraine, dated August 4, 1574, writes: "If the Earl of Oxford arrives in your neighbourhood, inform my cousin of Guise that he is one of the greatest people in this country, and a Catholic, and a friend in secret, and request him to give him a hearty welcome; he is ~~pol~~oliscome and young, and will gladly seek for the society of young people. I entreat my said cousin and his brothers to cherish him, and give him some horses, and keep company with him, taking him about with them to amuse him."

That great and overgrown favorite the Earl of Leicester received a somewhat similar mark of attention from Mary—as she thus mentions him to her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, in 1576: "Monsieur de la Mothe advises me to entreat that my cousin of Guise, my grandmother, and you, will write some civil letters to Leicester, thanking him for his courtesy to me, as if he had done much for me; and by the same medium send him some handsome present, which will do me much good. He takes great delight in furniture. If you send him some crystal cup in your name, and allow me to pay for it, or some fine Turkey carpet, or such like, as you may think most fitting, it will perhaps save me this winter, and will make him much ashamed, or suspected of his mistress; and all will assist me, for he intends to make me speak of marriage or die, as it is said, so that either he or his brother may have to do with this crown. I beseech you to try if such small devices can save me—and I shall entertain him with the other at a distance."



IR Christopher Hatton, though one of the most worthy of all the favorites of Queen Elizabeth, has received but little notice from biographers, and that little, though comprising the description of some admirable qualities and virtues, had probably ere this sunk into oblivion but for the poet Gray, who, remembering that Hatton's graceful person and fine dancing had first won him the notice of the Queen, brought him forward somewhat ludicrously in his "Long Story," as



"My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,  
The seals and maces danced before him.

"His bushy beard and shoestrings green,  
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,  
Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,  
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

"Sir Christopher Hatton," says Sir John Perrot, "came into the court by the Galliard, for he came but as a simple gentleman of the Inns of Court in a masque, and for his activity and person, which was tall and proportionable, was taken into the Queen's favour. Offices and grants were showered upon him until, in 1587, he was appointed Lord High Chancellor and Knight of the Garter. He died unmarried in 1591."

He is recorded to have been the only one of the Queen's favourites who died a bachelor; one, who more than all the rest, showed himself worthy of the honours bestowed upon him; and who, in the fulness of prosperity, whilst remembering what belonged to his own dignity, never forgot what was due to that of others. Besides being one of the handsomest and most accomplished men of his time, he is described as possessing "great nobleness of mind, but no ambition;" a heart tenderly alive to the calls of suffering humanity; more especially exercising bounty and munificence to students and learned men, whom it was his delight to foster and encourage, and of singular moderation in his religious views; holding it as his opinion, that in all that appertained to the soul—fire and sword were both culpable and useless. The crown of his character seems to have been a bright and delicate conscientiousness, which amidst a thousand temptations and opportunities, preserved him from ever becoming their slave. One in whom the elements were so finely blended should have met with a happier ending, for his death has been ascribed to the harshness and suddenness with which Elizabeth demanded the instant payment of a great sum in his hands. "He had hopes," says Camden, "in regard of the favour he was in with her, she would have forgiven him; but she could not having once cast him down with a harsh word, raise him up again, though she visited him, and endeavoured to comfort him." So died a good and noble man, broken-hearted.



## THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.



LIZABETH, Countess of Shrewsbury, or, as she was fondly and admiringly styled in her native county of Derby, "Bess of Hardwick," one of the most beautiful women of her time, was also distinguished for her indomitable strength of character, masculine abilities, and excessive pride. Furious of temper, selfish and unfeeling of heart, she resembled greatly the royal mistress she served, with whom she was a great favorite; and in like manner as Elizabeth conducted the affairs of her kingdom, so did the haughty and imperious countess wisely and ably manage her great estates, increasing their value in every possible manner, overseeing every department, and transacting the various matters of business connected with her buildings, farms, forests, lead and coal-mines, in her own person: lending large sums of money at great profit, and enriching herself marvellously by the exercise of abilities, prudence, and judgment such as are rarely found united in a female character, particularly when accompanied by beauty so rare as that for which the countess was celebrated. This lady was originally one of the co-heirs of Hardwick in Derbyshire, and on account of her great wealth and extreme beauty, was, when quite young, much sought after by many. She married at or before the early age of fourteen, becoming successively the tyrant of four husbands, and enriching herself by them all.

The first was Robert Barley Esq., of Derbyshire; her second, Sir William St. Lo, captain of Queen Elizabeth's guard, and owner of many fair lordships in Gloucestershire and elsewhere: her third, Sir William Cavendish—and her fourth, the Earl of Shrewsbury.

The princely pleasure of building fine houses was the one in which the countess most delighted. A magnificent pastime; which

while affording employment to hundreds, diffused animation, industry and comfort amongst the poorer classes wherever it was going on. A cunning fortune-teller in whose cajoleries the countess placed great trust, being either himself fully aware of the benefits derived by her tenantry from her passion for palace architecture, or incited thereto by others, made to her a solemn revelation that so long as she continued to build, Death would have no power over her, but that as soon as she discontinued the practice, her life would end quickly. Deeply impressed with his words the countess pursued her favourite plans more energetically than ever, one fine edifice after another rising into notice beneath her guiding hand, until in the midst of a very severe winter, when the river Derwent seemed reduced to a frozen thread between its icy banks, when the roads were blocked up with snow, and the cold was so intense that out-door work was impossible, the labourers were obliged to discontinue their operations, and the countess, no longer cheered by the busy sounds of labour and the voices of her numerous workmen, became melancholy, suffering, seriously ill, and in a few days was no more.

As the widow of Sir William Cavendish, this beautiful empress of the "Peak" had captivated George Earl of Shrewsbury, at that time one of the greatest peers of England; but she was inexorable to his suit until he had given his consent that Gilbert, his second son, but afterwards his heir, should espouse Mary (the "Lady Talbot" of Queen Mary's letter), her daughter by Sir William Cavendish; and that the Earl's younger daughter, the Lady Grace, should become the wife of Henry Cavendish, her eldest son. The earl having consented to this, she demanded further an immense jointure in lands to be settled upon herself; to this also he condescended, and, as Dugdale says, "to much more hereafter." Indeed, she finally so far prevailed over the Earl that after some years, when a separation was arranged between them, he was obliged to become, as it were, her pensioner—the Queen taking part against him in aid of her favorite.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH AND SHAKSPEARE.



RICHMOND, the magnificent palace which the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth erected upon the ruins of the old palace of the Plantagenets, was a favorite residence of the queen. Here, where she danced her galliards, and made the courts harmonious with her music, she closed her life; not quite so deserted as was the great Edward upon the same spot, but the victim, in all probability, of blighted affections and unavailing regrets. Scarce a vestige is now left of the second palace of Richmond. The splendid towers of Henry VII. have fallen; but the name which he gave to the site endures, and the natural beauty which fixed here the old sovereigns of England, and which the people of

all the land still gaze upon, is something which outlives the works of man, if not the memory of those works. In the Christmas of 1589, the queen's players would be necessarily busy for the diversion of the court. The records are lost which would show us at this period what were the precise performances offered to the queen.

We can have no doubt that the last decade of the sixteenth century was the most brilliant period of the regal patronage of the drama; the period when Shakspeare, especially, "made those flights upon the banks of the Thames," to which Jonson so emphatically alluded. That Shakspeare was familiar with Richmond we can readily believe. He and his fellows would, unquestionably, at the holiday seasons of Christmas and Shrovetide, be at the command of the Lord

Chamberlain, and in attendance upon the court wherever the queen chose to dwell. Wherever the queen was, there was the seat of government. Elizabeth carried the desire for change of place to an extent not the most agreeable to many of her subjects. But all the palaces were the seats of gayety, throwing a veil over fears and jealousies and feverish ambition. Our business is not with their real tragedies.

From about the period of Shakspeare's first connection with the stage, and thence with the court, Henry, Lord Hunsdon, the kinsman of Elizabeth, was lord chamberlain. He was the patron of Shakspeare's company; they were the lord chamberlain's men, or, in other words, the especial servants of the court. Elizabeth bestowed upon Lord Hunsdon as a residence the magnificent palace of the Protector Somerset. Here, in these halls, would the company of Shakspeare be frequently engaged. The queen occasionally made the palace her residence; and it can scarcely be doubted that on these occasions there was revelry upon which the genius of the new dramatic poet, so immeasurably above all his compeers, would bestow a grace which a few years earlier seemed little akin to the spirit of the drama. That palace also is swept away; and the place which once witnessed the stately measure and the brisk galliard—where Cupids shook their painted wings in the solemn masque—and where, above all, our great dramatic poet may first have produced his *Comedy of Errors*, his *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Romeo and Juliet*, and have been rewarded with smiles and tears, such as seldom were bestowed in the chill regions of state and etiquette—that place now sees a striking contrast in the Somerset House of Queen Victoria's Commissioners of Stamps and Taxes.

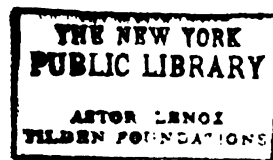
In the autumn of 1592 the plague raged in London. At Christmas of this year there were no revels at court, "her majesty's own servants in this time of infection may not disport her highness with their wonted and ordinary pastimes." Besides, Shakspeare, during the long continuance of the plague in London, had no occupation at the Blackfriars Theatre; it is probable that he was residing at his own Stratford. The leisure, we think, afforded him opportunity of preparing the most important of that wonderful series of historical dramas







CONFRONTATION BETWEEN PETRUCHIO AND KATHERINA.





which unquestionably appeared within a few years of this period, and of producing some other dramatic compositions of the highest order of poetic excellence.

It is in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, that Shakspeare first felt the entire strength of his creative power. That noble poem is something so essentially different from anything which the stage had previously possessed, that we must regard it as a great effort of the highest originality; probably composed with the express intention of being presented to "an audience fit though few," who were familiar with the allusions of classical story, of "masque and antique pageantry." The exquisite delicacy of the compliment to "the imperial votaress," fully warrants the belief that in the season of calamity, when her own servants "may not disport her highness with their wonted and ordinary pastimes," one of them was employed in a labor for her service, which would make all other pastimes of that epoch appear flat and trivial.

From the 1st of August, 1593, to the following Christmas, the queen was at Windsor. The plague still raged in London; living in the dread of infection, the queen would require amusement; and the lord chamberlain's players, who had so long forborne to resort to the metropolis, were gathered around her without any danger from their presence. If so, was the *Midsummer Night's Dream* one of the novelties which her players had to produce? But there was another novelty which tradition tells us was written at the special desire of the queen herself—a comedy which John Dennis altered in 1702, and then published with the following statement:—"That this comedy was not despicable, I guessed for several reasons; first, I knew very well that it had pleased one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world—great not only for her wisdom in the arts of government, but for her knowledge of polite learning, and her nice taste of the drama; for such a taste we may be sure she had, by the relish which she had of the ancients. This comedy was written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterward, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." The plain

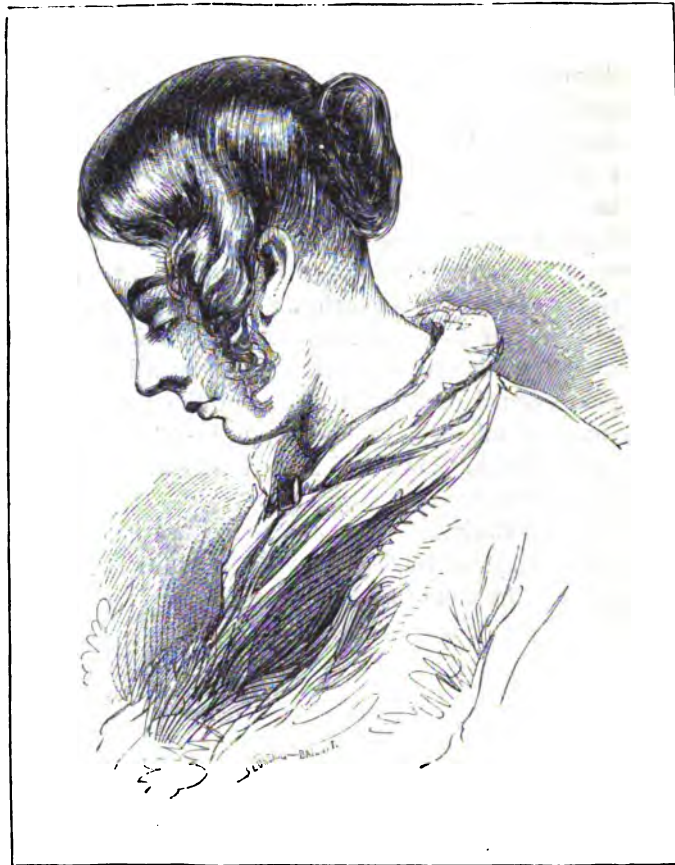
statement of Dennis, "this comedy was written at her command," was amplified by Rowe into the circumstantial relation that Elizabeth was so well pleased with the character of Falstaff in Henry IV., "that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love." Hence all the attempts, which have only resulted in confusion worse confounded, to connect *The Merry Wives of Windsor* with Henry IV.

Let us fix then the performance of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* at that period when Elizabeth remained five months in her castle, repressing her usual desire to progress from country to country, or to move from palace to palace. She has completed her noble terrace, with its almost unrivalled prospect of beauty and fertility. Her gallery, too, is finished, whose large bay-window looks out upon the same magnificent landscape. The comedy, which probably arose out of some local incident, abundantly provocative of courtly gossip and merriment, has hastily been produced. The hand of the master is yet visible in it. Its allusions, contrary to the wont of the author, are all local, and therefore agreeable to his audience. As his characters hover about Frogmore, with its farm-house where Anne Page is a-feasting; as Falstaff meets his most perilous adventure in Datchet Mead; as Mistress Anne and her fairies crouch in the castle ditch,—the poet shows that he has made himself familiar with the scenes where the queen delighted to dwell. The characters, too, are of the very time of the representation of the play, perhaps more than one of them copied from actual persons. In the original sketch Shakspeare hardly makes an attempt to transfer the scene to an earlier period. The persons of the drama are all of them drawn from the rich storehouse of the humors of the middle classes of his own day. We may readily believe the tradition which tells us the queen was "very well pleased at the representation." The compliment to her in association with Windsor, in the last scene, where the drollery is surrounded with the most appropriate poetry, sufficiently indicates the place at which the comedy was performed, and the audience to whom it was presented :—

"About, about;  
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:  
Strew good luck, o'phes, on every sacred room,  
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,  
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit;  
Worthy the owner, and the owner it."

It is believed that Shakspeare visited Scotland in 1601, and from his visit came *Macbeth*, altogether one of the most remarkable of his plays, not only as displaying the highest power, but as presenting a story and a machinery altogether different in character from any other of his works. If it can be inferred, that this story was suggested, or its local details established, or the materials for the machinery collected, through the presence of the great poet upon Scottish ground, a new interest is created in *Macbeth*, not only for the people of Scotland, but for every one to whom Shakspeare is familiar. The accuracy displayed in the local descriptions and allusions must have been derived from a rapid personal observation; some of the peculiarities of his witchcraft imagery might have been found in Scottish superstitions, and more especially in those which were rife at Aberdeen at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

At the second Christmas after James had ascended the English throne, the early plays of Shakspeare were as much in request at the court as those which belong to a later period.



MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.



TO MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.

WHO SPENT TWELVE YEARS IN COMPILING HER  
"CONCORDANCE TO SHAKESPEARE."



AIR Vot'ress

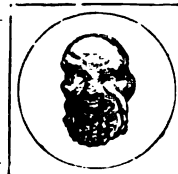
at great Shakespeare's shrine,  
Who, echoing every word and line,  
A follower in his steps divine,  
Adorable and bright !  
Still basking in the hallowed beam,  
Still bathing in the living stream,  
Till twelve full years, passed like a dream,  
Had vanished out of sight.





Oh! wondrous love, with power combined!  
 Thrice noble constancy of mind!  
 A worship, ardent and refined  
     As aught on earth we know.  
 Lady, to thee may spirits fair  
 From Shakespeare's self sweet greetings bear,  
 Warbled amid the fragrant air  
     Where early violets blow.

While fairies leap from bud and bell,  
 Light dancing to the unseen swell  
 Whose soft aerial numbers tell  
     Of fairer worlds than ours:  
 Where genius still with upward flight  
 Soars ever nearer to the light,  
 Strong in its proud immortal right  
     Of higher aims and powers.



So highly gratified were the people of America with Mrs. Clarke's Concordance to Shakespeare, that a subscription was set on foot a few years ago, to present her with a fitting testimonial of gratitude in the shape of a magnificent Library Chair, constructed of rosewood, and beautifully carved with emblems of Shakespeare. Subscriptions came in from eighteen different States of the Union, amounting to four hundred dollars. The chair was presented by the Hon. Abbot Lawrence, then American Minister in London. It must have been very gratifying to this lovely and accomplished lady, to receive such an unexpected compliment from a distant land—particularly as it was accompanied by the letters which transmitted the subscriptions. The following is a copy of that written by the Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, in answer to one soliciting him to head the subscription with his distinguished name:—

“WASHINGTON, July 11th, 1851.

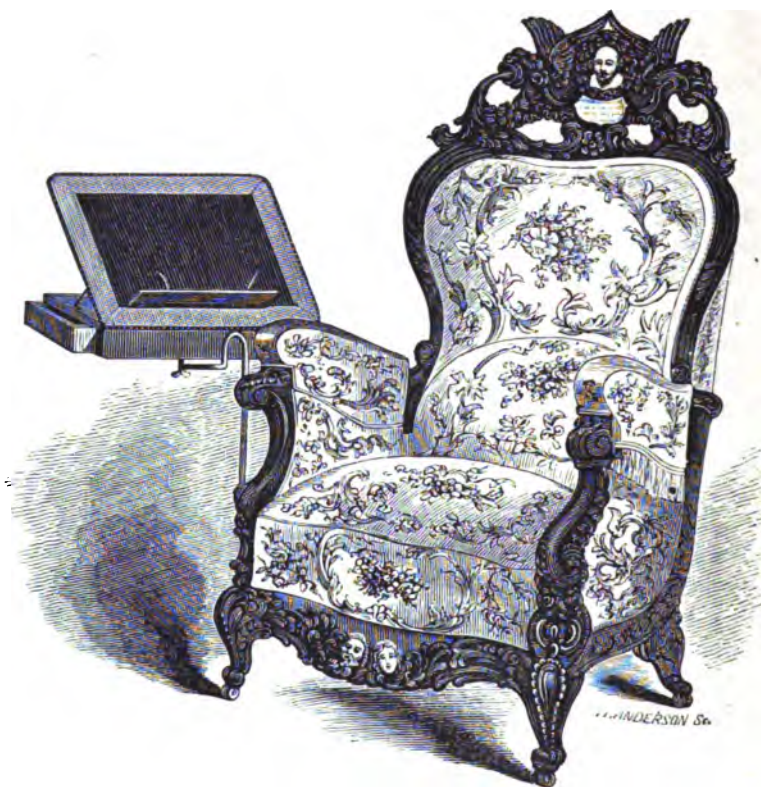
“DEAR SIR,

“I had the pleasure of receiving your highly valued letter of the 19th of last month, at the moment of leaving this city for a visit to Virginia. On my return I looked up the letter, but do not find the circular. I shall most heartily concur, my dear sir, in a testimonial of approbation to the lady to whom you refer, and am quite ready to sign the subscription, first, or last, or anywhere. Her work is a perfect wonder, surprisingly full and accurate, and exhibiting proof of unexampled labour and patience. She has treasured up every word of Shakespeare, as if he were her lover and she were his. I expect to be at the Astor House, about the middle of next month. Pray give me an opportunity to place my name among the contributors to the Testimonial. I am, dear sir, yours with entire regard,

“DANIEL WEBSTER.

“P. S.—Of those of my personal friends who know Shakespeare best and admire him most, is Mrs. Edward Curtis, of your city. She first made me acquainted with this admirable Concordance, and I pray you to give her an opportunity of signifying her exalted opinion of it by subscribing to the testimonial.”





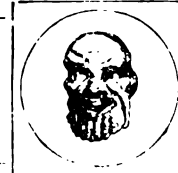
The above engraving may serve to convey some idea of this well-deserved and appropriate tribute, at once honourable to the givers and the receiver. To the combined taste of Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Webster must be attributed much of its richness of effect, since to those ladies is owing the selection of the magnificent gold-coloured brocade which forms so happy a contrast to the sombre hue of the rosewood carvings of the surrounding frame-work.





TO MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.

ALL honour to the lady fair  
 Who honours thus the Shakespeare chair.  
 May all her days speed on with joy—  
 No sorrow wound, no care annoy ;  
 May sunrise find her bright and happy—  
 The moonrise snug, composed, and nappy ;  
 And may each thought, as on it flows,  
 Call forth a laurel or a rose,  
 Till a bright chaplet, fading never,  
 Entwines around her brow for ever.  
 Such are the wishes, frank and free,  
 From the blest land of Liberty  
 Sent to the gracious lady fair  
 Who honours thus the Shakespeare chair.





BELL'S STATUETTE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Among the innumerable objects which adorn the world of Art, Mr. John Bell's Statuette of Shakespeare is fully entitled to a high pre-eminence. The figure is eighteen inches high, and of the material called Parian. The poet is represented in the dress of the period in which he lived. The aspect is calm and contemplative, and of an inconceivable grace and dignity. This lovely chef-d'œuvre, when viewed partially, but not quite in profile, with the light descending on the features, is exquisite; full of purity and repose, it gives the idea of a mighty mind concentrated in its own imaginings; impressing on the beholder, that he has before him a reflection from the actual spirit of Shakespeare. A soul breathes through the marble, thus realizing the noblest effort of the artist, an effort whose attainment gives the stamp of true genius to his work, and especially hallows the Sculptor's art. To a devout worshipper of the immortal Bard, the effect produced by this mind-breathing form and face, is like that experienced by a lover when gazing on the highly finished miniature of

his mistress. It haunts his imagination when the object is no longer visible—rises unbidden in the silence of his solitary hours, to return again and again, a “thing of beauty and a happiness forever.” Such is the effect produced by this eminent sculptor’s statuette of Shakespeare.

A lady, to whom the lovers of Shakespeare are under greater obligations than to all the commentators and emendators put together, thus writes, on receiving a small daguerreotype taken from the statuette by Mr. Gabriel Harrison of Brooklyn :

“On my return from our visit to Ugbrook Park, I found the dainty little packet containing the elegant gift, that exquisite daguerreotype of Shakespeare, in its beautiful case. We all agree that we have not seen a more tasteful thing altogether, for many a long day. The more I look at this charming little daguerreotype figure, the more I admire it. It is so beautifully simple in attitude, so easy in dress, so Shakespearean in short. The droop of the head thoughtful and reposeful, bringing into prominence the broad expansive forehead, suggests intellectual supremacy better than all the upturned looks and eyes cast to heaven, that were ever invented by the Frenchy imagination of a Roubilliac to represent ideality. Poetic reverie does not take a displayful and commonplace air. When William Shakespeare wrote his great creations, we do not fancy him holding a pencil to his brow, after the manner of a melodramatic actor. In the lovely little portrait of him that now lies before me, we may picture him to ourselves as just pausing in one of his field strolls around green Stratford-on-Avon, and pondering some suddenly conceived thought or fresh inspired scene. The very closure of the hand has eloquence in it.”

The writer of this eulogium is Mary Cowden Clarke, authoress of that invaluable work the *Concordance to Shakespeare*, a work of immense labour, which nothing but an enthusiastic love and perseverance could have accomplished. Twelve long years did this lady occupy on the work, and four more in correcting the press. Notwithstanding its vast amount of matter, its accuracy is unrivalled, not one erratum is to be found from beginning to end.



THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.



HE "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland," have made the name of their author known throughout the world. By his lamented death, Ireland has lost one of her most gifted sons; her fairy-lore and ancient traditions, their most eloquent narrator; one, who bringing to the task the stores of a highly cultivated mind, the brilliant glow of a most vivid imagination, and the fervid warmth of a gay and generous heart, accomplished it in a manner

which at once placed him amongst the most popular writers of the present day.

But, while the reading world regret the loss of the lively and graphic author, who delighted them with his racy anecdotes, and inimitable delineations of the rough emeralds of his native isle, their superstitions, and their drolleries, with here and there a touch that kindles deeper feelings, there are others, who though not allied to him by the ties of blood, lament him as the beloved, the generous, the ever faithful friend; by them his loss is felt to be irreparable, and mourned with an honest sorrow proportionate to his many admirable qualities and virtues. Memory loves to recal him in his brightest days, the time of vigour, of vividness, and of hope. In those days when in the society of L. E. L., Miss Roberts, Keightley, Lemon, W. H. Brooke, and a host of others, his contemporaries in literature and art, his brilliant dark eyes dancing in light, as he described some incredible feat or shrewdly turned repartee of his witty and light-hearted countrymen, his own spirit the most buoyant of them all. How well he described these things! How delightful to listen to his recitals! Full of ardour and genius, replete with all the bright imaginings that wait on a vivacious temperament, and with the first bloom of successful authorship hanging fresh about him, he was then entering life under the happiest auspices, his presence, infectious of joy, diffusing pleasure wherever he came, while a rich vein of humour, conversation of infinite variety, and an ardent, earnest manner, lent a charm to every endowment.

Mr. Croker, like his celebrated countryman "Moore," was small in stature, with a countenance full of fire and sweetness. Then, what a laugh—there rang in its joyous sound, the musical cheer of a whole battalion of fairies! What dark, radiant eyes! flashing and sparkling with every variation of mood; their light, even when the lids were lowered, shining between the long curled lashes. Sir Walter Scott, struck with these beautiful eyes, likened them to those of a hawk. To these natural attractions was added a complexion glowing with the tints of youth and health, the bright suffusion that comes and goes so readily with every emotion, and which we look for in vain in ma-

turer years. An elderly friend, whose pale face, interlined with care and thought, presented a marked contrast, one night at a party whispered to his neighbour with a sigh, as he gazed on Croker's animated countenance: "My God! what a colour that young creature has got! and his eyes! they actually shoot fire!"

Our acquaintance with Mr. Croker commenced soon after the appearance of his first two volumes of *Fairy Legends*; in consequence of sending him a story told to us by Fuseli, to whom it had been related by Captain Steadman, author of the *History of Surinam*, as a circumstance that had actually come under his own observation while on his way to a literary dinner party, which Mr. Joseph Johnson, formerly a well-known bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, was for a great number of years in the habit of giving every Friday to authors and artists. It was at his house, during the wearisome ten minutes which usually precede the announcement of dinner, that the captain poured into the attentive ear of the marvel-loving Fuseli, the following story of the little Fairy-man:

"On my way from Turnham-Green to town this morning, while seated in a corner of the stage, which was rumbling along at its usual rate, and contained several persons besides myself, a strange sort of noise in the air made me look out of the window, when, what should I see, but a little withered old man about two feet high, in scarlet coat, and cocked hat, with a gold-headed cane in his hand, which he swished about, making a great cloud of dust—striding along the foot-path at such a pace as to keep up with the stage, whose passengers crowding to the window, gazed upon him in a state of stupefaction. Although so little, he was very well made, and seemed to know it, carrying himself in a military manner, and with that swinging stride peculiar to soldiers; his face was all puckered up, and his eyes standing out like those of a lobster; he stared at us, quite as much as we did at him, and seemed now and then to bid us defiance by twirling his mustachios—and looking as if he could devour us. All at once, he stepped out at such a pace, that, by Jove, in less than a minute he had outwalked the coach, and left us behind, hardly knowing whether to believe the evidence of our senses or not. At last, when opposite the

well-known green lane leading up to Holland House, he whisked into it, and we lost sight of him altogether, for though the stage passed the entrance of the lane directly afterwards, and every eye was fixed upon it, endeavouring to get another glimpse of his figure, we never again caught sight of the little fellow." Ridiculous as this story may appear, Captain Steadman always vouched for its truth, declaring, even to his dying day, that he had actually seen this little military apparition; and what makes the assertion more remarkable is, that the alleged circumstance was related by the captain to Fuseli *before* dinner, instead of *after*.

The transmission of this story to Mr. Croker laid the foundation of a friendship which after remaining unbroken for more than thirty years, has only been severed by death. During its continuance, much interesting correspondence has taken place, chiefly relative to those antiquarian pursuits in which Mr. Croker so much delighted, and which he has often told us commenced when quite a child, his sister being an enthusiastic sharer with him in all his juvenile efforts. A little anecdote is related of her in an article which appeared in the Dublin University Magazine, showing the zeal with which she endeavoured to aid him in forming his first collection: "On being shown some toy which interested her, and which she considered curious, she exclaimed: 'Oh! give me that, sir, for my brother; he is *such* an antiquarian.'" In his pedestrian excursions through the south of Ireland Mr. Croker not only gathered the materials for the "Fairy Legends" which made his name at once so deservedly popular, but also enriched the musical world, by bringing to its notice a great number of beautiful ancient Irish airs, besides making numerous excellent drawings and sketches. Moore alludes to Mr. Croker when, in a note to his seventh number of Irish melodies, he says:—"One gentleman in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us nearly forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task."

From the west of his native county, Cork, Mr. Croker procured the Irish melody to which Haynes Bayley afterwards wrote his song of "Oh no, we never mention her," and with that generosity which was one of his main characteristics, continually lavished on his friends with warm-hearted carelessness the treasures gathered by himself with so much toil and research, and which more selfish natures would have scrupulously hoarded to enrich themselves.

Throughout his life Mr. Croker united in himself Author, Antiquary, and Artist, the latter as an amateur, yet to sketch beautifully, seemed to him as easy as to write; his aptness in this respect, forming a never failing source of delight to his friends and correspondents.

Mr. Croker was extremely fond of children, with whom he indulged in a thousand freaks and gambols playful as their own: as a matter of course, they were invariably delighted whenever he came amongst them, his visits being made occasions of little festivals got up expressly in his honour; all sorts of innocent artifices being resorted to in order to gain him for their own especial guest. Often has he described the joyful shout of childish voices which, in one family with whom he was intimate, but from whom his residence was at some little distance, always heralded his arrival; watchers behind the trees giving notice of the first glimpse of his approach to others, who, leaping suddenly upon him, would cling like bees, only to be shaken off by the pretext of *great weakness* which caused a sudden prostration and a general roll-over on the grass. The following account of his good-humoured acceptance of the favours of his juvenile admirers, is told by a lady in her "Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany." "How we used, when we expected a visit from Crofton Croker, to search 'the twisted brake and bushy dell' in quest of his favourite flower, the graceful bindweed. Many a pinafore was rent in that cause, and many a stitch did it cost the grumbling Abigail to repair the damage; but little was that cared for, while the long wreaths were brought in triumph and the guest made to sit on a mossy stone, or trunk of a tree, until the curling tendrils and snowy bells were wound round his straw hat; and then, our holiday gala in the



garden summer-house; that memorable day when, in reply to an invitation written in a large hand on the leaf of a copy-book, and duly despatched to 'Crofton Croker, Esq., the Rookery,' he came at the juvenile hour of six; how good-humouredly he drank the said tea out of a set of tiny cups and saucers that would have suited his own Titania and Oberon; and how he delighted our young hearts afterwards by making sketches of his beloved Black-rock Castle on his thumb nail, or else drawing pictures for us with a pencil made of burnt paper and candle grease. Very soft and pretty these were; by the way, I have one of them still, a moonlight scene, which I would not part with for the world."

This love of children never deserted him; he entered into their amusements with as much zest, and brought forth his talents for their gratification with as much good-will, when Time had transformed him into a sedate gentleman with gouty toe, seated in his tapestried library, as he had done in the merry time of youth, crowned with flowers in the rural summer-house, and waited on by children whose little hearts he had made so happy. In those gay days of legend-hunting and fairy snatching, when prowling by day and night among lonely castles and desolate mountains, gathering their dim superstitions, and redeeming from oblivion their ancient traditions and floating melodies, some of the happiest and brightest hours of his life were passed; every feeling enlisted in the cause, every vivacious element of his nature attracting corresponding qualities from all around, that forming themselves into shape sprang forth, as visible embodiments of the spirits of his native land. Joyously they arose at his call, little men and women no bigger than a span long. Cluricaunes and Shefroes; Phookas and Merrows; Pucks and Banshees. Sprites, for the most part, of the mirthful order—real Irish fairies—tender and pugnacious, that spoke with the brogue, danced Irish jigs—Planxties and Rincas—drank potheen, gave battle or made love, and indulged in all the comforts and diversions peculiar to the national temperature, with an exuberance of frantic drollery, which made them at once favourites with all the world, and gave them, with their author, a pleasant place in everybody's bosom, not only for their

own sakes, but for that of the beautiful land whose ancient memories they so happily illustrated. -

In one of the most delightful of these excursions, during the summer of 1821, Mr. Croker was accompanied by Mr. Alfred Nicholson and his sister Marianne, a young lady of great wit, talent, and amiability, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. Croker. In a drawing made at that time by her brother, she is represented seated on an Irish jaunting car drawn by a ragged-looking horse, her two companions perched in a precarious manner on the narrow seats of the vehicle, and the driver urging on the horse over a most wild and uneven piece of road.

This tour, which extended over part of the counties of Cork, Waterford, and Limerick, furnished subjects for a quarto volume, the united products of their literary and artistic efforts. Miss Nicholson contributing some exquisite sketches for the work, worthy even of the pencil of her father, who in his day was justly considered one of the best water-colour painters in England, and the founder of the Art.

Their adventures among mountains and bogs, when benighted, or having lost their way, Mr. Croker declared, might have furnished laughter for a month, and doubtless afforded many mirthful recollections for them at a subsequent period when seated by their own fireside, doubly pleasant then, to recal the odd predicaments in which they had been placed, and the strange and amusing characters they had encountered during their gipseying sojourn in Ireland.

From early youth, through the period of manhood, and those declining years to which death has now set his seal, the career of Mr. Croker was alike brilliant, fortunate, and honourable. Firm in his friendships, upright in principle and conduct, in his nature most generous and affectionate, his absence to those who loved him is a light withdrawn—a blank to which recollection brings the painful thought—we shall see him no more, his warm heart will never beat again.

By his marriage with Miss Nicholson, Mr. Croker leaves an only son, Mr. Dillon Croker, now about twenty-four years of age, who, inheriting from his parents a taste for literature and the arts, is himself

an author, one of those, who from early childhood has been accustomed to express his thoughts with an originality and vigour that are at once the omens and elements of future fame. In mentioning him it is almost impossible to avoid reverting to the fervent and tender manner in which Mr. Croker always expressed himself regarding this beloved son, who seems to have been cherished in his inmost heart, as the dearest treasure he possessed.

Mr. Croker, who during the whole of his life, was a collector of rare and curious things, delighted in adorning his dwelling with the fragments and relics he had accumulated. His walls were covered with tapestry, old paintings, armour and weapons. His tables and cabinets with an array of antique wonders the most varied and interesting that can be imagined, all arranged with the most exquisite taste; old books, old rings, old carvings—jewels of silver, and jewels of gold; torques and bracelets, goldsmith's work of wondrous design and execution, vases, antique seals, coins, and charter-horns; all with histories, linked to traditions infinite, and anecdotes without end.

Among them, there was one old relic especially dear to its owner; he called it, and considered it to be Shakespeare's betrothal-ring, "The Gimmel-ring," which had been placed by the bard's own hand upon the finger of his betrothed bride Anne Hathaway.

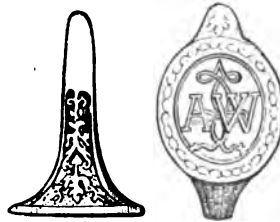
In a letter to us, dated 1st December, 1848, he says:

"I intend to seal this letter with my Shakespeare's betrothing ring, in Elizabethan phrase, 'Gimmel ring.' The evidence upon which its appropriation rests is now as clear as extraordinary. If you have not Fairholt's charming little half-crown book illustrative of Shakespeare's life, I will send it you, and in it see the representation of the piece of painted glass from Shakespeare's residence at New Place. Then see the ring engraved in Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, and finally hear what can be said upon the heraldry of true-lovers' knots from the time of the 8th Harry to that of James the Scot. These make out my case.

"The ring itself came into my possession at Gloucester by the merest chance, with another of Roman workmanship which I then considered to be the most valuable of the two. Both were bought

for something less than one sovereign, and now, by the gods, I would not take a hundred for that I then thought the least worthy. So much for being half an hour too soon for a railway train."

The ring which had been purchased at Gloucester by Mr. Croker, was entirely formed of silver-gilt, engraved with the letters W A, interlaced by a true-lover's knot of two twists or ties; this ring was said to have been found at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Croker, in producing it before the Society of Antiquaries, observed that there could be no doubt that this ring belonged to the Elizabethan period; and the device upon it showed that it was a gimmel or betrothing ring.



The custom of betrothment before marriage was considered, in the time of Elizabeth, a ceremony nearly as solemn as that of marriage. A ring called a gimmel-ring, or a crooked piece of coin, was broken between the contracting parties, or their parents or representatives, and rings were interchanged; and the sacrament was sometimes taken previous to such betrothment, or when the betrothing parties were considered too young to be partakers of the holy communion, they pledged their faith in cake and wine. The betrothment was recorded, and the marriage ceremony was delayed only until circumstances rendered it convenient or desirable that it should take place.

Shakespeare has made the priest in *Twelfth Night* thus describe a betrothment—

"A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthened by Interchangement of your rings."

As regards the single, double, and triple ties of true lovers' knots, Mr. Croker adds : " There was a meaning in the single tie, or Stafford-knot, of an entanglement of the affections, or a declaration of love ; which, when the betrothment took place between the two parties mainly concerned, became doubled for the vow of faithfulness ; when no cohabitation followed, the tassels or ends of the knots were set wide apart ; but when (as in the case of Mr. Wheeler's so-called Shakespeare's ring) cohabitation before marriage had occurred, the tassels were brought together, and the knot issued from the form of a heart. And subsequent to marriage, if the device of a true-lover's knot was continued, the tassels became united after forming a triple tie. This triple tie, we are told, was the ordinary symbol among the northern nations of love, faith, and friendship. Gay alludes to the popular notion when he says—

"Three times a true-lover's knot I tie secure;  
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure."

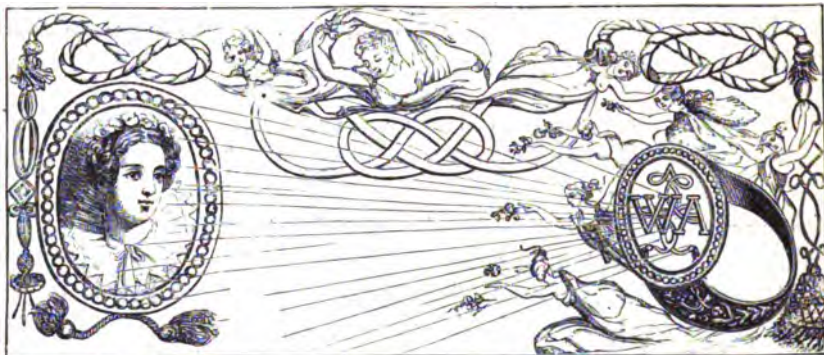
It now remains to be shown in what way the ring bearing the initials W A can be conjecturally connected with Shakespeare.

One of the best authenticated relics of our immortal bard with which we are acquainted is the pane of glass represented in the Home of "Shakespeare," illustrated and described by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., where the initials appear tied in a true-lover's knot of three ties and one tassel. Mr. Fairholt tells the history of this piece of painted glass and its connexion with New Place so clearly that no question has been raised respecting it.

In Mr. Halliwell's Life of Shakespeare, an engraving of the ring found at Stratford-on-Avon in the possession of Mr. Wheeler, and supposed to have belonged to Shakespeare, is given. It has the letters W T, tied by a true-lover's knot of two ties issuing from a heart, the tassels nearly meeting. In respect to the manufacture and engraving, it closely resembles the one in Mr. Croker's possession, except that the latter is of superior workmanship. As in the case of contracting parties, the Christian names alone were used, it be-

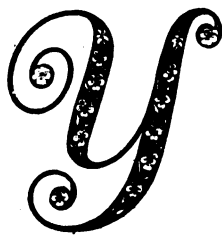
comes probable that W and A were those of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway upon betrothment, which, after cohabitation, were exchanged to W S, and upon marriage restored to W<sup>S</sup> A, a mode of marking the plate and linen of married persons not yet quite obsolete. At the sale of Mr. Croker's effects in December, 1854, this Shakespeare ring was purchased by Mr. Halliwell.

When Mr. Croker first sent us an account of this curious old love-token, with the account of the manner in which it was discovered by him, we sent him the following verses, inserted here solely from the circumstance of having for their heroine the bride of Shakespeare.



SHAKESPEARE'S GIMMEL-RING.

## I.



E fairies come from bosk and brake,  
Where'er the sun hath smiled,  
And every bird that loves to make  
Sweet music glad and wild.

## II.

Awake! awake! each lovely thing,  
In earth or air that dwells,  
To welcome Shakespeare's Gimmel-ring  
Fraught with a thousand spells.

## III.

Ye rays of light ! around it gleam,  
Till mirror-like it show  
The maid who charmed his fancy's dream,  
Three hundred years ago.

## IV.

She comes ! no dame in stiff brocade,  
With high and haughty mien ;  
But fresh and fair, a village maid,  
Light dancing on the green.

## V.

Her sunny hair with roses bound,  
Oh ! who so blithe and gay  
'Mong England's maidens might be found  
As Anna Hathaway ?

## VI.

The light of love is on her cheek  
And swiftly glancing eye,  
Its resting place not far to seek,  
For Shakespeare's self is nigh.

## VII.

Apart in blissful reverie  
'Neath summer boughs he lies,  
Listening the murmuring melody  
That fills the earth and skies ;

## VIII.

With thoughts that wildly raptured stray,  
As fades the setting sun,  
And the lone nightingale's sweet lay  
Is in the woods begun.

## IX.

From such sweet musing see him start,  
The boughs are drawn aside ;  
He clasps the maiden of his heart,  
His long-loved promised bride.





X.

Sylphs, elves, and fays in sportive round,  
 Flowers and sweet odours bring,  
 And the betrothal vows are crowned  
 With Shakespeare's Gimmel-ring.



XI.

That pledge to every fairy dear,  
 Their last bequest hath been  
 Unto the favoured chronicler,\*  
 Who hath their revels seen.

\* Thomas Crofton Croker, Esq.

## XII.

Long live the ring, and long may he,  
If so the fairies will,  
Charm worlds that are, and worlds to be,  
With Fairy Legends still.

From a mass of correspondence we select the last letter Mr. Croker ever wrote, as a close to the reminiscences his lamented death has awakened.

"3 GLOUCESTER ROAD, OLD BROMPTON,  
" LONDON, July 21, 1854.

"MY DEAR BALMANNO:

"Surely I must have acknowledged to you and thanked you for all the trouble you have taken on my account; but I may not have done so, in consequence of Mrs. Croker's dangerous and my own illness, probably produced by mere anxiety and developing itself in the shape of gout, so sharp that I have been able to do nothing, and am obliged to trust a servant to look after my papers. The whistle I received, and delivered with my own hands to Lord Londesborough, who said he would write and thank you for it; but the death of a favourite child a day or two afterwards, may have prevented his lordship from having done so. I forwarded your note to Halliwell, but I have not seen him since. So much in reply to your letter, or rather note of June 13.

"Since the 25th of May, a professed nurse from St. George's Hospital, has been in attendance on Mrs. Croker, with two medical men, Mr. Hewitt, from the former, and Mr. Rouse, from St. Mark's. She certainly has improved under their care, and to-day is lifted into a carriage to seek out my friend Prior, whom I wish to consult upon my case, which I fear will require a powerful operation. And after I see him, I will hear what Sir William Burnet says to the *Prior* statement. Forgive the pun; but it is well even to be able to smile at one's own painful statement of facts. I have made my will to-day, in which I have left tokens of acknowledgment to you and Mrs. Balmanno, scarcely worth your acceptance perhaps, and what

poor facetious 'Dick Millikin,' of Cork, was wont to term 'May-men-too-more-eye.' To return to self, I expect at three to-day, a consultation of two surgeons, and a physician upon my own case, and so scribble this in idleness to you. From my excellent wife I have, of course, concealed (in her delicate state of health) the worst, although I cannot help anticipating it myself, *and that this may be the last letter* I may have it in my power to write to any one. Permit me, therefore, my dear friend, to say God bless you and Mrs. Balmanno, your exemplary wife, and your boys; and to assure you how sincerely I shall remain to the last, yours, T. Crofton Croker. Pray write to me again."

This letter affected us deeply, yet we hoped—in vain; it was indeed his last letter, the answer to which, although despatched immediately, never reached him, he having died two days before its arrival. Mrs. Croker survived but a little while afterwards. The parting mementoes of regard which he mentions as having bequeathed to us, never arrived. They went down with the unfortunate Arctic, her ill-fated passengers, and crew.

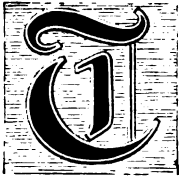
On becoming acquainted with this event, Mr. Dillon Croker, anxious to fulfil as far as possible every wish of his father, presented to us a large piece of the Shakespeare Mulberry-tree, with a well authenticated history attached.



**MASK OF SHAKESPEARE**

**DRAWN FROM A CAST TAKEN FROM THE MONUMENTAL BUST PLACED ABOVE HIS GRAVE, ON  
THE WALL OF THE CHURCH AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.**

ROSE MALCOLM.



THROUGH lonely valleys deep and wild,  
With summer herbage thickly piled,  
Rose Malcolm walks alone;  
Attempting oft, with silvery sound,  
To lure again her wandering hound,  
Deep in the greenwood gone.

In vain she calls : her thrilling words  
Are answered but by warbling birds,  
Or echoes from the rock ;  
Till, on a sudden, from her cheek  
The colour fades,—for voices speak  
As though her tones they mock.

Listening she stands, as pale and mute  
As when she feared Sir Huon's suit  
Should with her sire prevail :  
And now, her terror who may tell ?  
For that fierce Knight, known but too well,  
Rides swift o'er down and dale :

And by his side his henchman bold,  
Gaunt as a night-wolf of the wold,  
And dreaded as his lord ;  
Whose fiery courser, strong and proud,  
With arched neck and neighing loud,  
Comes trampling o'er the sward.

Nigh as they come, the maiden's form,  
Like flower that folds before the storm,  
With terror sinks,—when lo !  
From a dark thicket springs her hound,  
With crouch, and whine, and joyous bound,  
Disporting to and fro.

Meanwhile the horsemen, hovering near,  
Hold parle awhile, with eyes that sear  
The modest maiden's gaze,—  
Who scarce their flushing looks has scanned,  
Ere from her locks a silken band  
She to her hound displays.

Then, with a wild and thrilling cry  
Of "Home!" she flings the pledge on high,  
One moment views his speed,—  
The next is to Sir Huon pressed;  
As o'er a rugged mountain's breast  
He spurs his flying steed.

Onward they rush o'er mount and moor,  
O'erholt and heath, till noon is o'er,  
When, from a deathlike trance,  
The maid awakes with piercing scream,  
Beholding, though as in a dream,  
A Chief in swift advance.

On! On! He comes! 'Tis he—her sire,  
His teeth close clenched, his soul on fire,  
His sheathless blade in hand;  
Beneath whose first resistless blow,  
The savage henchman, falling low,  
Expires upon the sand.

And whilst the recreant's charger flies,  
With falcon swoop he wrests the prize,  
From fell Sir Huon's grasp;  
Holding at bay the furious Knight,  
Who, wild with rage, puts forth his might  
To win her from his clasp.

Fruitless his toil : ne'er shall he set  
That pearl upon his coronet ;  
For now o'er hill and plain,  
The Malcolm's Gathering proudly swells,  
And loud and high, at intervals,  
Is heard the clansmen's strain.

Near as they come, the blaze of strife  
Less fiercely glows : Sir Huon's life  
Sinks fast beneath the sword ;  
And his last grim and baleful glance  
Beholds the Chieftain's clan advance,  
To hail their victor Lord.



LAMB AND HOOD.



Thomas Hood.



HE late Charles Lamb was in private life one of the most amiable of men. Full of attaching qualities, he lived in the core of the hearts of his friends; even those who knew him but as a casual acquaintance, never failed to retain a life-long remembrance of his rare and most unique genius and simplicity. Bound in the closest ties of friendship with "The Hoods," with whom we also were in the habit



of continually associating, we had the pleasure of meeting him at their house one evening, together with his sister and several other friends, amongst whom was Miss Kelly, that most natural and unrivalled of English comic actresses.

In outward appearance Hood conveyed the idea of a clergyman. His figure slight, and invariably dressed in black; his face pallid; the complexion delicate, and features regular: his countenance bespeaking sympathy by its sweet expression of melancholy and suffering.

Lamb was altogether of a different mould and aspect. Of middle height, with brown, and rather ruddy complexion, grey eyes expressive of sense and shrewdness, but neither large nor brilliant; his head and features well shaped, and the general expression of his countenance quiet, kind, and observant, undergoing rapid changes in conversation, as did his manner, variable as an April-day, particularly to his sister, whose saint-like good-humour and patience were as remarkable as his strange and whimsical modes of trying them. But the brother and sister perfectly understood each other, and "Charles," as she always called him, would not have been the "Charles" of her loving heart without the pranks and oddities which he was continually playing off upon her—and which were only outnumbered by the instances of affection, and evidences of ever watchful solicitude with which he surrounded her. Miss Lamb, although many years older than her brother, by no means looked so, but presented the pleasant appearance of a mild, rather stout, and comely maiden lady of middle age.

Dressed with quaker-like simplicity in dove-coloured silk, with a transparent kerchief of snow-white muslin folded across her bosom, she at once prepossessed the beholder in her favour, by an aspect of serenity and peace. Her manners were very quiet and gentle, and her voice low. She smiled frequently, but seldom laughed, partaking of the courtesies and hospitalities of her merry host and hostess with all the cheerfulness and grace of a most mild and kindly nature.

Her behaviour to her brother was like that of an admiring disciple; her eyes seldom absent from his face. Even when apparently

engrossed in conversation with others, she would, by supplying some word for which he was at a loss, even when talking in a distant part of the room, show how closely her mind waited upon his. Mr. Lamb was in high spirits, sauntering about the room, with his hands crossed behind his back, conversing by fits and starts with those most familiarly known to him, but evidently mentally acknowledging Miss Kelly to be the *rara-avis* of his thoughts, by the great attention he paid to every word she uttered. Truly pleasant it must have been to her, even though accustomed to see people listen breathless with admiration while she spoke, to find her words have so much charm for such a man as Charles Lamb.

He appeared to enjoy himself greatly, much to the gratification of Mrs. Hood, who often interchanged happy glances with Miss Lamb, who nodded approvingly. He spoke much—with emphasis and hurry of words, sorely impeded by the stammering utterance which in him was not unattractive. Miss Kelly (charming, natural Miss Kelly, who has drawn from her audiences more heart-felt tears and smiles than perhaps any other English actress), with quiet good-humour listened and laughed at the witty sallies of her host and his gifted friend, seeming as little an actress as it is possible to conceive. Once however, when some allusion was made to a comic scene in a new play then just brought out, wherein she had performed to the life the character of a low-bred lady's maid passing herself off as her mistress, Miss Kelly arose, and with a kind of resistless ardour repeated a few sentences so inimitably, that everybody laughed as much as if the real lady's maid, and not the actress, had been before them; while she who had so well personated the part, quietly resumed her seat without the least sign of merriment, as grave as possible.

Most striking had been the transition from the calm lady-like person, to the gay, loquacious soubrette; and not less so, the sudden extinction of vivacity, and resumption of well-bred decorum. This little scene for a few moments charmed everybody out of themselves, and gave a new impetus to conversation. Mrs. Hood's eyes sparkled with joy, as she saw the effect it had produced upon her husband, whose pale face like an illuminated comic mask, shone with fun and

humour. Never was happier couple than "The Hoods;" "mutual reliance and fond faith" seemed to be their motto. Mrs. Hood was a most amiable woman—of excellent manners, and full of sincerity and goodness. She perfectly adored her husband, tending him like a child, whilst he with unbounded affection seemed to delight to yield up himself to her guidance. Nevertheless, true to his humorous nature, he loved to tease her with jokes and whimsical accusations and assertions, which were only responded to by "Hood, Hood, how can you run on so?" "Perhaps you don't know," said he, "that Jane's besetting weakness is a desire to appear in print, and be thought a Blue." Mrs. Hood coloured, and gave her usual reply; then observed laughingly, "Hood does not know one kind of material from another—he thinks this dress is a blue *print*." On looking at it I saw it was a very pretty blue *silk*. The evening was concluded by a supper, one of those elegant little social repasts which Flemish artists delight to paint; so fresh the fruit, so tempting the viands, and all so exquisitely arranged by the very hand of taste. Mrs. Hood has frequently smiled when I have complimented her on setting out "picture suppers"—this was truly one.

Mr. Lamb oddly walked all round the table, looking closely at any dish that struck his fancy before he would decide where to sit, telling Mrs. Hood that he should by that means know how to select some dish that was difficult to carve, and take the trouble off her hands; accordingly having jested in this manner, he placed himself with great deliberation before a lobster-salad, observing *that* was the thing. On her asking him to take some roast fowl, he assented. "What part shall I help you to, Mr. Lamb?" "Back," said he quickly; "I always prefer back." My husband laid down his knife and fork, and looking upwards exclaimed: "By heavens! I could not have believed it, if anybody else had sworn it." "Believed what?" said kind Mrs. Hood, anxiously, colouring to the temples, and fancying there was something amiss in the piece he had been helped to. "Believed what? why, madam, that Charles Lamb was a back-biter!" Hood gave one of his short quick laughs, gone almost ere it had come, whilst Lamb went off into a loud fit of mirth, exclaiming:

"Now that's devilish good! I'll sup with you to-morrow night." This eccentric flight made everybody very merry, and amidst a most amusing mixture of wit and humour, sense and nonsense, we feasted merrily, amidst jocose health-drinking, sentiments, speeches and songs.

Mr. Hood, with inexpressible gravity in the upper part of his face, and his mouth twitching with smiles, sang his own comic song of "If you go to France be sure you learn the lingo;" his pensive manner and feeble voice making it doubly ludicrous.

Mr. Lamb, on being pressed to sing, excused himself in his own peculiar manner, but offered to pronounce a Latin eulogium instead. This was accepted, and he accordingly stammered forth a long string of Latin words; among which, as the name of Mrs. Hood frequently occurred, we ladies thought it was in praise of her. The delivery of this speech occupied about five minutes. On enquiring of a gentleman who sat next me whether Mr. Lamb was praising Mrs. Hood, he informed me that was by no means the case, the eulogium being on the lobster-salad! Thus, in the gayest of moods progressed and concluded a truly merry little social supper, worthy in all respects of the author of Whims and Oddities.

On the following night, according to his promise, Mr. Lamb honoured us with a visit, accompanied by his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hood, and a few others hastily gathered together for the occasion. On entering the room, Mr. Lamb seemed to have forgotten that any previous introduction had taken place. "Allow me, madam," said he, "to introduce to you, *my* sister Mary; she's a very good woman, but she drinks!" "Charles, Charles," said Miss Lamb, imploringly (her face at the same time covered with blushes), "how can you say such a thing?" "Why," rejoined he, "you know it's a fact; look at the redness of your face. Did I not see you in your cups at nine o'clock this morning?" "For shame, Charles," returned his sister; "what will our friends think?" "Don't mind him, my dear Miss Lamb," said Mrs. Hood, soothingly; "I will answer that the cups were only breakfast-cups full of coffee."

Seeming much delighted with the mischief he had made, he

turned away, and began talking quite comfortably on indifferent topics to some one else. For my own part I could not help telling Mrs. Hood I longed to shake "Charles." "Oh," replied she smiling, "Miss Lamb is so used to his unaccountable ways that she would be miserable without them." Once, indeed, as Mr. Lamb told Hood, "having really gone a little too far," and seeing her, as he thought, quite hurt and offended, he determined to amend his manners, "behave politely, and leave off joking altogether." For a few days he acted up to this resolution, behaving, as he assured Hood, "*admirably* ; and what do you think I got for my pains?" "I have no doubt," said Hood, "you got sincere thanks." "Bless you, no!" rejoined Lamb; "why, Mary did nothing but keep bursting into tears every time she looked at me, and when I asked her what she was crying for, when I was doing all I could to please her, she blubbered out: 'You're changed, Charles, you're changed; what have I done, that you should treat me in this cruel manner?' 'Treat you! I thought you did not like my jokes, and therefore tried to please you by strangling them down:' 'Oh, oh,' cried she, sobbing as if her heart would break; 'joke again, Charles—I don't know you in this manner. I am sure I should die, if you behaved as you have done for the last few days.' So you see I joke for her good;" adding, with a most elfish expression, "it saved her life then, anyhow."

This little explanation was happily illustrated the next moment, when Miss Lamb, still in an extreme trepidation, and the blush yet lingering on her cheeks, happened to drop her handkerchief. She did not observe it, but her brother, although volubly describing some pranks of his boyhood to a little knot of listeners, stepped aside and handed it to her, with a look that said as plainly as words could say, "Forgive me, I love you well." That she so interpreted it, her pleased and happy look at once declared, as with glistening eyes she sat eagerly listening to the tale he was then telling; a tale which doubtless she had heard before, ninety and nine times at least.

Charles Lamb seemed a man who, for every minute, had some new idea: bright and broken in conversation—fitful and rambling—but which, in the silence of his study, settling down in beauty and

harmony, made him one of the most charming of writers. When to this was added the recollection of the sterling good qualities and noble points of character which distinguished him from common men, he formed a rare object to admire and study—none more original. The evening he spent with us was but a counterpart of the one we had passed at Mr. Hood's—gaiety and wit being its chief attractions. But who can hope to catch more than the faintest idea of things so fleeting?—not more so the “dew on the fountain, the foam on the river;” or, as Lamb might say, the foam on the champagne—the drop of the mountain dew.

The following letters from Lamb and Hood have never before been published. The contents speak for themselves, and require but little comment, further than to mention that the jelly which Hood so ludicrously describes, was some claret-jelly which Mrs. Hood had accepted from me, in the hope that it might be of service to her husband, who, when he set out for Brighton, was to the last degree feeble and emaciated. Luckily, the Brighton air effected his cure at the time, enabling him soon after to take so lively a part in the little entertainment I have attempted to describe. The letter, addressed to Sir T. Lawrence, Hood kindly permitted us to copy.



## LAMB TO HOOD.

"Tuesday, 18 September, 1827.

"DEAR HOOD:—

"If I have anything in my head, I will send it to Mr. Watts. Strictly speaking, he should have had my Album verses, but a very intimate friend importun'd me for the trifles, and I believe I forgot Mr. Watts, or lost sight at the same time of his similar souvenir. Jamieson conveyed the farce from me to Mrs. C. Kemble;—*he* will not be in town before the 27th. Give our kind loves to all at Highgate, and tell them that we have finally torn ourselves outright away from Colebrook, where I had *no* health, and are about to domiciliate for good at Enfield, where I have experienced *good*.

"'Lord, what good hours do we keep!  
How quietly we sleep!"

See the rest in the Complete Angler.

"We have got our books into our new house. I am a dray horse if I was not ashamed of the indigested dirty lumber, as I toppled 'em out of the cart, and blest Becky that came with 'em, for her having an unstuff'd brain with such rubbish. We shall get in by Michael's mass. 'Twas with some pain we were evuls'd from Colebrook. You may find some of our flesh sticking to the door posts. To change habitations is to die to them; and in my time I have died seven deaths. But I don't know whether every such change does not bring with it a rejuvenescence. 'Tis an enterprise, and shoves back the sense of death's approximating, which, tho' not terrible to me, is at all times particularly distasteful. My house-deaths have generally been periodical, recurring after seven years, but this last is premature by half that time. Cut off is the flower of Colebrook. The Middletonian stream and all its echoes mourn. Even minnows dwindle, *A parvis fiunt Minimi*. I fear to invite Mrs.

Hood to our new mansion, lest she should envy it and hate us. But when we are fairly in, I hope she will come and try it. I heard she and you were made uncomfortable by some unworthy to be cared for attacks, and have tried to set up a feeble counteraction through the Table Book of last Saturday. Has it not reached you, that you are silent about it? Our new domicile is no manor-house, but new, and externally not inviting, but furnished within with every convenience. Capital new locks to every door, capital grates in every room, with nothing to pay for incoming, and the rent £10 less than the Islington one. It was built a few years since for £1100 expense they tell me, and I perfectly believe it, and I get it for £35 exclusive of moderate taxes. It is not our intention to abandon Regent Street and West End perambulations (monastic and terrible thought!), but occasionally to breathe the fresher air of the Metropolis. We shall put up a bed-room or two (all we want) for occasional ex-rustication, where we shall visit, not be visited. Plays, too, *will* we see, perhaps our own, Urbani Sylvani, and Sylvanus Urbanuses in turns. Courtiers for a sport, then philosophers, old homely *tell*-truths, and *learn*-truths in the virtuous shades of Enfield. Liars again, and mocking gibbers in the coffee-houses and resorts of London. And can a mortal desire more for his biparted nature?

“O, the curds and cream you shall eat with us here!

O, the turtle-soup and lobster-salads we shall devour with you there!

O, the old books we shall peruse here!

O, the new nonsense we shall trifle over there’

O, Sir T. Browne! here!

O, Mr. Hood, and Mr. Jerdan there!

“Thine, C (URBANUS) L (SYLVANUS) (ELIA AMBO.)”



Enclosed are verses which Emma sat down to write, her first on the eve after your departure, of course they are only for Mrs. H.'s perusal. They will show at least that one of our party is not willing to cut old friends. What to call 'em I don't know. Blank verse they are not, because of the rhymes. Rhymes they are not, because of the blank verse. Heroics they are not, because they are lyric. Lyric they are not, because of the heroic measure. They must be called Enmaics.

The Hoods,  
2 Robert Street,  
Adelphi,  
London.

The above letter is dated Tuesday, but it bears the post-stamp Sept. 18, 1827.

The following humorous epistle was addressed to us by Hood from Brighton.

25 King's Road, Brighton,  
Mar. 21, 1828.

My dear Friend:

We got down here safe, but heartily tired—I think Jane the most fatigued of the two—and took up our quarters for the night at the Norfolk. The next morning to my own astonishment and my wife's, I got out and walked about a mile on the shingles, partly and against a strong wind which now and then had the best of me. Here we are now settled in a nice lively lodging—the sea fretting about 20 yards in front, and our *side* window looking down the road westward, and along the beach, where, at about 100 yards lies the wreck of a poor sloop that came ashore the night we arrived—nobody lost. She looks somewhat like the “atomies” in Surgeon's Hall, with her bare ribs and back-bone, and the waves come and spit at her, with incurable spite. We have had one warm beautiful day quite like summer with flies (the hack-flies) all about too; but to-day is cold—squally, with rain. The effect of the sea upon me is almost incredible, I have found some strength and much appetite already, though I have

but sniffed the brine a single time. The warm bath has removed all my stiffness—an effect I anticipated from something that occurred in the coach. The approach to the coast, even at half-way had such an effect on the claret-jelly that it took away all *its stiffness*, and let it loose in Mrs. Hood's bag. "The regal purple stream" has caused some odd results. Made my watch a stop-watch by *gum-ming* up the works, glued Jane's pocket-book together; and fuddled a letter to Dr. Yates in such a style that I'm ashamed to deliver it. Pray don't let Mrs. Balmanno take any reproach to herself for the misconduct of her jelly—I suspect it was so glad to set off it didn't know whether it stood on its head or its heels. I rather think it was placed for safety bottom uppermost; I forgot to say that the jelly got into her purse and made all the money stick to it, an effect I shan't object to, if it prove permanent. Jane is delighted with Brighton, and wishes we could live there, regretting almost that I am not a boatman instead of an author. Perhaps when my pen breaks down I may retire here and set up a circulating library like Horace Smith.\* I shall deliver your credentials to that gentleman to-morrow.

So far was written yesterday. I got up to-day ate a monstrous breakfast and took a walk, but could not fetch up Horace Smith's, for I set out along the beach, which being *shingle* the fatigue was *double*. As yet I don't think I have any ankles. I don't bore myself yet with writing (don't tell Yates this) but amuse myself with watching the waves, or a sea-gull, or the progress of a fishing boat, matters trifling enough, but they afford speculation seemingly to a score old smocked, glazed-hatted, blue-breeched boatmen or fishermen before my windows, and why not to me? there is great pleasure in letting a busy restless mind lie fallow a little, and mine takes to its idleness very complacently. Jane murmurs, and wants books (scandal). *Her* mind is so used to be idle it requires a change. She takes to her victuals as well as I do, and has *such* a colour, particularly on her *chin*! Here is a look out of our window,† raging main and

\* This alludes to Mr. Smith's numerous publications.

† Here in the original is a drawing of a large French window opening on a balcony with a view of the sea.—The remainder of the letter is written by Mrs. Hood.

all—Jane made me draw it in my best style for your satisfaction. I leave to her the scraps to write upon, and subscribe myself with best regards to Mrs. Balmanno and yourself, my dear friend, yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

P. S. Mind and put on your hat when reading near the open window !

I must write a few lines my dear Mrs. Balmanno to give it under my hand that we are going on as well as your kind and friendly heart can wish. Hood has gained strength already far beyond my hopes when I set out, for I never saw him look so ill as he did during our journey, though he bore the fatigue of it pretty well ; the weather is not *very* favourable, but we cannot expect it better in March. I am more reconciled to it as we live on the beach, in the very breath of the sea, and the window Hood has drawn, opens upon leads nearly as large as our drawing-room in Robert Street. I wish you were here within sound of these tumbling waves that I am now hearing, and enjoying the refreshing breeze which is now blowing in at our window. I am delighted with Brighton, which is saying much for it, as I had quite a prejudice against it from what I had heard before we came. I feel much stronger and better for the change, and enjoy it the more, I think, from the anxiety and fatigue I had before we came. Tell our kind friend Mr. Balmanno that my worst half is getting as impertinent as he is when he is quite well, and treats me with as much flippancy and scorn as Jenny Wren used to Cock Robin when she got well and "stood upon her feet." My paper warns me to quit. Pray let us hear from you, and soon. Give my kindest regards to Mr. B., and with love to yourself, I am, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

JANE HOOD.

There is such a glorious sunset !

The following is from Hood, a few weeks later.

25 King's Road, Brighton,

24 March, 1828.

Many thanks my dear Balmanno for your very welcome letter—a treat even when letters are numerous, for almost every house has a *bill* on the window. Along with yours came a lot of others like an archangel mail just *thawed*—and they served very much to relish my breakfast. Literary Gazette, too, was a God-send, particularly as we afterwards exchanged it, or the reading of it, for the perusal of the Times, with our fellow-lodger. I had among the rest an epistle from W. Cooke, and one from Ackermann recommending me to try Mahomet's vapour baths here—that damn'd C. Croker certainly put him up to it. But I trust I know better than to trust my carcase to the Infidel. I might get into his hot-well and come out a *Muscleman*. The hot brine of the *Artillery Baths* (so called, I suppose, because they heat water for Perkins and his steam guns) has done more good for me; taken the stiffness out of my limbs, but my ankles still suffer from a very *strong weakness*. Thank God, I have found out that I have a stomach; from the former state of my appetite I seem now to have *three*, like a camel; and when the loaf comes up, I take off a very large *impression*. For example, I have eaten to-day for dinner, a turbot, a tart, and a tough old fowl that nothing but a coast appetite would venture on. But on the beach you may munch any thing, even an old superannuated fisherman. I called on Horace Smith yesterday, but he was out; to-day I have had better luck, though he was out still, for we met at his door, and I gave him your letter on the steps. I was delighted with him and with *her*. He was all that is kind and gentlemanly, and I shall break through my resolution and take a family dinner with them, though I had vowed to accept no such invitations. I hope that he and I are to be quite thick ere I leave—if such a stick as I may be *thick* with any one. Mrs. Smith is an invalid on the sofa, and she and I regard each other I believe, with fellow interest on that account; I was taken with her very much, and with the little girl too, who seems destined to make hearts

ache hereafter. She has all the blossom of a beauty about her. There were some grown-up misses making a call, so that we had not our visit all to ourselves, but Smith and I contrived to gossip; he calls here to-morrow. I should have liked to make one at Green's. Your account of it is very amusing. Your meeting with Reynolds pleases me much, and your liking of him, which I find is reciprocated on his part. I trust you will sometimes meet in Robert Street, if there still be such a place. We are to be up at the Golden Square party, or rather I am to be up to everything on Thursday, and we shall meet in the evening of that day. Don't you think a crowded assembly may have all the effect of a *hot-air bath*? But the real thing is Brighton. C. C. did not give it a fair trial, he was only sham-shampooed and dived not into the bath, but the bathos. The fact is, he mistakes his complaint—he keeps his room and calls it *room-atism*; no man who pretends to such an affliction should lay claim to *Fairy Leg-ends*.

I am much amused with a squad of mer-men before the window—I observe they never walk more than eight paces on end—and then “bock again” all things by *turns* and nothing *long*. They seem like old duellists so accustomed to that measure of ground that they can't help it. To-day has been beautifully fine; sunshine and a fresh breeze; luckily all the winds have been from South and West—great *points* in my favour and quite “equal to bespoke.” I watch over the expanses, and Jane over the expenses, so that I am more careless than cureless, and enjoy myself as though there were no *Tilts*\* in being. I hear the waves constantly like “wood-peckers tapping” the hollow beach. Jane says there is something solemn and religious in its music, and to be sure, the sea is the *Psalter* element. Besides my warm baths, in hobbling along the beach a great surge gave me an extempore *foamentation* of the feet and ankles, so that I have tried the cold bath also. But we have not had any Elizabethan sea, that is in the *ruff* state, though we have violently desired to see a storm, and a wreck, a pleasure admirably described by Lucretius—

\* His publisher.

" 'Tis sweet to stand by good dry land surrounded,  
And see a dozen of poor seamen drowned."

In the meanwhile Jane has picked up three oyster-shells and a drowned nettle as marine curiosities—also a jelly fish, but she fears it will melt in her bag and spoil more watches. She enjoys everything akin to the sea, even our little *moreen* curtains, and swears that Ossian's poems are nothing to *Ocean's*. She is only astonished to find *sheep* in the *Downs* instead of ships. With great labour I have taught her to know a sloop from a frigate, but she still calls masts *masks*. Pray tell Mrs. B. that Mrs. H. will write to her to-morrow if the tide comes in—it is at present low water with her ideas. The fact is she gets fat and *idle*, but she was always *idolized*. The Fairy Legends she has perused (borrowed of Moxon) but don't send her any books here, as it will be more kindness thrown away. I have offered to get Whims and Oddities for her at the Library, but she says she wishes for something lighter and newer. She has over-fed herself like the bull-finch, and I am persuaded can't read. Pray give my kind regards to Mrs. Balmanno with my best thanks for all her good wishes, though she may suffer by the fulfilment, as I am regaining my impertinence, the tide is coming in, and the post going out, so I must shorten sail. It is lucky for you we stay but a week, or you would find our *post* quite an *impost*. Thanks for the *frankness* of yours, we don't hold them *cheaply* notwithstanding. I am, my dear Balmanno, yours very sincerely,

THOMAS HOOD.

The above letter is an excellent specimen of Hood's bantering style towards the wife he so fondly loved and trusted in. Sometimes, perhaps, the jest was pointed a *little* too keenly, but never did the sweet face or gentle voice of Mrs. Hood betray anything like cloud or exasperation, even when put to tests which would have proved eminently trying to the female patience of many modern Griseldas.

## LETTER FROM HOOD TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"31 KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON,

"SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 16, 1828

"MY DEAR SIR,

"There are some sketches of Brighton (in Cooke's copper), and I have undertaken to scribble some notes on the margin of the sea. To this end, I am enjoying the breezes which I inh-*ale* like a sea-*sider*, looking over a prospect that, in its calm, reminds me of a sea-*peace* by Vandervelde, and in its shingles, of *Beechey*. It is now like royal Bessie in its *rough* : and the wind, that great *raiser* of waves, is accompanied by a suitable *lather* on Neptune's face. It is, besides, high-water—or more properly high *waiter*, for the tide *serves at the Bar*, and there is a great influx of the weeds that grow in 'the Garden of the Gull,' i. e., *Sea Gull*. Afar off, a lonely vessel is tumbling about, and observe there the goodness of Providence, that the rougher the storm, the better the vessel is *pitched*, while here and there in the foreground, may be seen what Molière with his French inversion would call a *Tar-tough*. The skeleton of a lost Brig, like the bones of a sea monster, lies at the extreme left. I am told by the Brighton people that ship disasters are not uncommon here, they have often had *Georgius Rex*. You will understand, Sir, from this sample, that my Guide will be unserious chiefly ; but I contemplate a *graver* description of the Pavilou provided I can gain entrance to the interior, which I understand is more difficult than aforetime. In a conversation with Mr. Balmanno, it occurred to me, however, that you could put me in the way, for I do not even know the proper quarter to apply to amongst the *Chain Piers*, but, of course, not Captain Brown's. I have spent some time in making up my mind to trouble you on this *subject* or *head*, considering how many better ones engage you. But pray *frame* some excuse for my freedom, which originates in my reliance on your kindly feeling towards me.

I have no doubt but that you can at any rate direct me how to get access, and even that will *accessively* oblige,

“ My dear Sir,

“ Yours very respectfully,

“ THOMAS HOOD.

“ Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

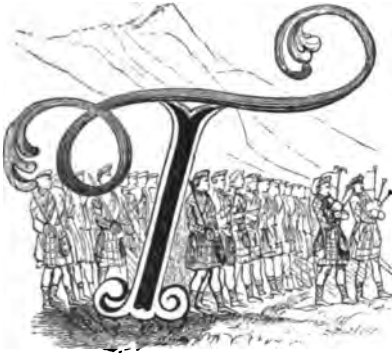
“ &c., &c., &c.”



## THE MARCH OF THE CLANS.

AIR—"The Campbells are Coming."

### I.



THE Clans of the Highlands are up and  
awa' ;

MacDonald, Clan Ronald, MacGregor,  
Macrao !

The tartans are streaming ;

The war-pipes are screaming ;

The claymores are gleaming, hurrah !  
hurrah !

Saint Andrew for Scotland ! the bonnie  
and braw.

The kilt and the plaidie, the bonnet  
and a' ;

Brave sons of the heather, strike well, and together,  
For auld Scottish honour, and glory, and a'.

### II.

There's Gordon the gallant, brave Campbell, and Mar,  
The Douglas, the Maxwell, Lochiel, and Dunbar.

Their pibrochs are pealing  
From castle and shealing ;

Each watch-tower revealing the standard of war.

On, on, o'er the hills where the bold eagle flies,

O'er muirs, where the stag and the ptarmigan rise,

Scott, Farquhar and Menzies ; the stately Mackenzies,

Wi' Scotia's proud standard unfurled to the skies.

### III.

MacPherson, MacDougal, MacLeod, and Dunmore,  
Græme, Athole, and Airly ; MacKay, and Kintore,

Wi' weapons bright glancing ;

Wi' plumes gaily dancing ;

Each clan wi' its pipers proud marching before ;  
Bold Frazers, MacFarlanes, and Grants o' the Spey,  
All gallantly marching in warlike array,  
Through wild torrent plashing, through deep ravine dashing,  
O'er mountains illumed by the beacon's fierce ray.

## IV.

Joy, joy to the hour, when returning once more,  
The march of the Clans shall resound on the shore ;  
Wi' triumph loud swelling,  
In ha' and low dwelling,  
Where groups of gay dancers spring light on the floor ;  
Like roses in sunshine, when summer winds blow,  
So gracefully bending, so brightly they glow ;  
Drink a' wi' fu' tassie, the sweet Highland lassie,  
The sweet Highland lassie wherever you go.





THE BARBERINI OR PORTLAND VASE.



AS the most celebrated of all the sepulchral vases of antiquity, the Portland or Barberini Vase may justly be considered one of the most interesting relics of Grecian art which has descended to our times—a mysterious relic of the past. It was discovered some time between the years 1623 and 1644, during the pontificate of Pope Urban VIII. of the Barberini family ; when some labourers, while tilling a mound

called Monte del Grano, about three miles from Rome, on the Frascati road, accidentally discovered an arch with a large vault beneath, which, on examination, proved to be an ancient tomb, in whose upper chamber stood a magnificent sarcophagus of white marble. On its top, in recumbent positions, were two figures of heroic size (about seven feet in height)—a male and a female—both grandly proportioned. The sides and ends of the sarcophagus were adorned in high relief with sculptured processions of male and female figures, horses, offerings, slaves, &c., designed and executed in the most spirited manner.

Within this elaborate and costly covering was the vase itself, then full of ashes. But whose? No inscription of any kind could be discovered; and though the names of Alexander Severus and of his mother, Julia Mammæa, have become identified with these matchless objects, the assumption has not been fully sustained, and is grounded solely on some fancied resemblance of the heads to those on their coins.

It has been conjectured that at some former period a tower, or other external defence, existed upon the mound wherein the sarcophagus was discovered, on which would probably have been inscribed the names of those for whom it was erected; and whose destruction may reasonably be accounted for by the incursions of barbarians, hordes of whom so often spread devastation and terror over the fertile plains of Italy.

According to Lampridius, Alexander Severus, who from his youth upwards, and throughout the whole period of his reign was guided solely by his mother, transacting all things by her advice, and with whom he was finally assassinated by the machinations of Maximinus, was together with herself both deified, and afterwards universally lamented by the senate and people. A magnificent cenotaph was erected to them in Gaul, and a grand and ample sepulchre in Rome. The one, it has been said, in which the vase was found.

The exquisite workmanship of this antique chef d'œuvre is a convincing proof of the skill of the artists of the time in which it

was fabricated, as are also the coins of the Emperor Alexander Severus, which are very fine. It is certain he was both well educated and accomplished, and being himself a judge of painting, sculpture, and architecture, he was most probably a great encourager of the arts; for this reason it may be conjectured, that the vase is not of higher antiquity than his reign.

It may, too, be probable that as the Monte del Grano is situated not far from the ruins of the aqueduct made by Severus and commanding a view of that stupendous work from its source to its termination, and also, that in that part of the Campagna Romagna, Julia Mammæa had her delightful villa (as appears from the discovery of leaden pipes in the vicinity of Lugnano, with the inscription, Julia Mammæ Aug. :) that the senate might have appropriately chosen that spot, whereon to found the mausoleum of herself and son.

Ancient and modern opinion have received this as true; and it is certain that no one has hitherto demonstrated it to be false, but should the above mentioned ruined fabric of Monte del Grano, be not indeed the remains of the mausoleum, erected by the senate, to Alexander Severus and his mother, not the least knowledge now remains of where it could have been.

Enveloped in mystery, these superb mementoes of a refined and luxurious people have ever presented a favourite theme for antiquarian discussion; every faculty of the learned mind has been racked in their behalf; the meaning of the symbolic figures which surround the vase, no less than the materials of which the vase itself is composed, and also the manner of its construction having given rise to innumerable theories and endless conjectures. The vase is nine and three-quarter inches in height, and twenty-one and three-quarter inches in circumference. It is of the kind called Encaustic work, composed of vitrified paste or glass, semi-transparent, and of a dark violet colour, approaching to black, excepting when viewed opposite the light, when its amethystine purple becomes apparent.

On this dark ground-work are sculptured in low relief, figures of nearly pearly whiteness, partly opaque, and partly transparent, in

strict accordance with the inflections of the figures, and the folds of the draperies, thus superadding to the exquisite beauty of the sculptured forms, the heightening effects of light and shadow, the dark purple of the ground-work underneath them being more or less visible through the semi-transparent white relief; by this means also, affording those imperceptible gradations of shade which give so much delicacy to the figures. Like the body of the vase, they too are encaustic, the whole having evidently been wrought in a lathe after the manner of a cameo.

This vase, although excelled in form by others of the antique, is unapproachable in the beauty of its figures, which to the utmost anatomical correctness of drawing and grace of design, unite the minute finish of the finest gems. So beautiful is this unique funeral urn that it was long considered as fashioned from one entire gem. Bartoli calls it a Sardonyx; De la Chausse, an Agate; and Montfaucon, simply a precious stone. Various explanations have been given of the figures by which it is adorned; and amongst the rest, one, by the philosophic poet Darwin, which, whether it be the true one or not, seems so accordant with the mystic beauty in which the ancients were wont to envelope all that related to the soul, as to warrant if not full belief, yet at least warm admiration for its singularly felicitous combination of thoughts and images.

He supposes the figures not to refer to any particular family or event, but rather to portions of the Eleusinian mysteries. Dividing, therefore, the vase into two compartments, he deems the first to be emblematic of Mortal Life, represented by a dying lady or Libitina, who, seated beneath a tree of deciduous leaf, amidst the ruins of a temple, and holding an inverted torch, is attended by two figures whose countenances reveal the terror and commiseration with which mankind naturally look upon suffering and death. This description applies to the figures on that side of the vase whose perfect form has been given to the reader on a previous page.

The reverse side of the vase as given on the next page, he judges to be symbolic of Immortal Life, where a hero is seen entering the Elysian gate, conducted by Divine Love, and received by Immortality, who is about to present him to Pluto.



Beneath the foot of the vase the head of a Priestess or Sybil, in a Phrygian coif or bonnet, with a fluttering vest, and having her finger pressed firmly upon her lips, is supposed to be the goddess Ange-rona, to indicate that silence which guarded the Eleusinian mysteries. The skill of the Greek artist has strengthened the supposition respecting the meaning of the figures on the vase, by having made the robe of the newly entered spirit seem as if it adhered to the portal, expressive of reluctance to leave its earthly habitation for the regions of the dread unknown.

Pietro Bartoli thought the subject related to the birth of Alexander the Great. Monsieur Von Velthein supposes that it refers to the story of Admetus recovering his wife from Elysium. Mons. d'Hancarville thinks that it represents the descent of Orpheus into Elysium in order to recover his beloved Eurydice. The learned Mons. Ennio Quirino Visconti is of opinion, that it records the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. Dr. King considers it to refer to the birth of Alexander Severus himself, while the late T. Windus, Esq. F.S.A., puts forth an idea from what he calls the "phantasmagoria of his own mind" that the vase was the receptacle of the Ashes of Galen, and the figures commemorative of an extraordinary cure, per-

formed by that vainglorious old physician on a noble lady whose disease he discovered to be love; the object of her passion, "an actor," or "rope dancer," the discovery being made by the same means employed by Erasistratus, who became cognizant of the love of Antiochus for his mother-in-law Stratonice, by the quickening of the pulse of the patient, at the moment when she entered the apartment. Erasistratus, one of the most celebrated physicians and anatomists of ancient Greece, while sojourning at the court of Seleucus Nicator king of Syria, was called upon to prescribe for Antiochus the eldest son of the king, who had been seized with a violent and apparently incurable malady, which defied the efforts of all the physicians. Erasistratus, having by his sagacity detected the source of the disease, replied to the questions of Seleucus, that the disease of his son was incurable, as it proceeded from an attachment for an object he could never obtain. On being asked the name of the lady, Erasistratus replied, "My wife!" The king used every argument in his power to induce him to give her up to his son, but in vain—when on being asked in return whether *he* would yield *his wife* for a similar purpose, he answered readily in the affirmative, and immediately transferred his beautiful queen to his son, together with several fine provinces for her dowry. The fee of the fortunate physician was one hundred talents, or 24,375 pounds sterling. Mr. Windus has entered into the subject of the vase with the most vivid enthusiasm; and though the story of Galen and the lady seems rather extravagant, it is accompanied by an amount of matter in the highest degree interesting and valuable. The Barberini Vase remained in the palace of that name in Rome for more than a century, when a Roman princess, the representative of the family, in consequence, it is said, of debts contracted at the gaming-table, sold it, together with the finest antiquities of her collection. The circumstances becoming known to the Pope, his Holiness forbade the removal of any of them out of Rome; but the vase, nevertheless, was privately carried away. It was afterwards purchased by James Byers, Esq., of Tonely, Aberdeenshire, and subsequently sold by him to Sir William Hamilton, from whom it was purchased by



the Duchess of Portland, hence its present name of the Portland Vase; but so much secrecy was, at the express desire of the Duchess, observed regarding the transaction, that it was not until after her death, that even her own family were aware that she was the possessor of it. At the sale of the Duchess's very valuable and curious museum in 1786, the vase was purchased by her son the Duke of Portland for 1029 guineas. To the zeal of this enlightened and liberal nobleman, for the promotion of the fine arts, the public are indebted for the numerous and successful imitations of the original, which the celebrated Wedgwood was enabled to make, in consequence of having it entrusted to his care, and remaining entirely at his command for twelve months, during which period, copies innumerable of all sizes were produced, by which means the original has become almost universally familiar. Whilst yet in the possession of Mr. Byers, a mould was made from it, under the superintendence of Pichler the celebrated gem-engraver at Rome, and from this perfect mould, Mr. James Tassie, of London, took off a number of casts in plaster carefully prepared with gum. By the noble generosity of the Duke of Portland this unrivalled relique of ancient Greek art has, since the year 1810, adorned the centre of an ante-room in the British Museum, London, where it occupied a place on an octagonal table under a glass-case. Here it remained in safety until 1845, when, after having existed since A. D. 235 without flaw or blemish, it was dashed to pieces by an insane visitor to the museum. It has, however, been so successfully repaired as to leave scarcely any traces of the fractures, and those only visible to the critical eye of the experienced virtuoso. It has been again placed in the museum with a protective barrier, to guard against future accidents.

#### A LEGEND OF AN OLD SCOTTISH CASTLE.

ABOUT a mile and a half from the famous "Bridge of Earn," and about five miles from Perth, stands an ancient castle; a lofty hill rises immediately behind it, and a thick wood of very aged trees encircles its ancient walls. In former days, it possessed strong flanking buttresses and watch-towers, together with a moat, barbican, drawbridge, and other warlike defences peculiar to the feudal strongholds once so numerous in Scotland. Although often modernized, the strength and importance of the original structure are sufficiently evidenced in the massive square tower which still remains, as well as the ponderous fragments scattered around. The drawbridge is now gone, and the moat partially filled up, but several pieces of cannon indicate it to have been formerly fortified, its last warlike demonstration occurring probably in the time of Cromwell. The principal entrance is through the large square tower above mentioned, whose apartments hung with arras, and furnished with a variety of antiquated household articles and ornaments of various kinds, all wear that air of mournfulness and gloom common to ancient dwellings in decay; the windows are all secured by bars of iron; those of the staircase having evidently served for guns. A large picture-gallery, filled with old portraits, tends greatly to enhance the interest attached to this venerable edifice, forming, as such relics ever do, one of the most touching links between the present and the past. The top of the tower, which is furnished with a bartizan and port-holes, commands a widely extended view of Strathearn, the valley of Glen-Dearg, and the long low pastoral range of the Ochil Hills; from this elevated position, while the eye takes in delight from a thousand sources, the ear distinguishes no sound save the incessant cawings of the rooks in the tree-tops, which form as it were, an ocean of dark and heaving foliage, extending far and wide, and ever resounding with this melancholy clamour. From this tower, the remains of orchards, pleached-bowers, ancient gardens, with a

sparkling burnie running through the midst, and other vestiges of former pleasures joined to the features previously described, complete a scene full of interest to those who love to muse on varying fortunes—proud names sunk in oblivion, and great houses fallen to decay; leaving, as in the present instance, but little, save a floating legend, or “grey superstition” to recal their former inhabitants.

Here, in the year of grace, 1396, lived its owner, Sir Alureth, of that ilk, who with a strong arm, a stout heart, and a considerable body of retainers, led a bold baronial life, but little fettered by the restraints of law or gospel; holding in his own hand, as he was wont to boast, the reins of three counties, Perth, Fife, and Kinross; to each, and all of which, he was a most unruly and unquiet neighbour; his old strong fortalice, with its formidable surroundings, being in close proximity, indeed, almost treading as it were, on their very skirts; while his forays, spreaths, spuizies, and harrings, with the reprisals consequent thereon, kept the whole region round about in a continual state of activity and alarm. Luckily, however, for those who suffered by his molestations, Sir Alureth was in the habit of making frequent incursions into foreign lands; taking with him the most turbulent and daring spirits he could muster, leaving behind him a halcyon period of repose, only to be abruptly broken by his ever hasty and unannounced return, which, in its startling effect, might be compared to the pounce of a hawk, on the feathered inhabitants of the barn-yard.

On one of these occasions, he was accompanied by a foreign lady, to whom under circumstances of extraordinary and romantic peril he had been united while abroad, and who only lived long enough to make him the father of a daughter, who, as infancy merged into girl-hood, bloomed wild and beautiful as the name by which she was distinguished: Erica, the Heath-bell of Strathearn. As the shepherd tends and cherishes some motherless cade-lamb; as the gardener watches night and day the unfolding of some choice rose; so did the fond father watch, and almost worship the fair and beaming creature who grew beneath his eye, and with tendril-like tenacity wound herself around his stubborn heart till she had made it all

her own ; till the parent might be said to live but in his child. In truth, she was very lovely ; regular in feature, with large blue eyes, shaded by long lashes, wavering locks of glossy black, lips exquisitely rose-leaved in their enchanting hue and curve, a neck and throat round and white as that of Aphrodite herself, and a form whose graceful and elastic symmetry allured the eye by the unconscious charm which accompanied every movement. Nor was the jewel unworthy of its casket. It was that rare and precious gem—a pure and delicate, yet most warm and generous woman's heart ; full of kindly affections, of gentle charities and sweet humility. Those who remembered her Italian mother, detected not a shade of resemblance in the daughter ; still less, could a likeness be traced to the fierce and stalwart Sir Alureth, as with the air almost of a fair spirit, she hovered around him in all his avocations ; in joy and sorrow, sickness or health, his never failing resource and constant companion. The household of Sir Alureth, with the exception of fighting-men, hunters, herdsmen, and menials, consisted besides himself and daughter, of but four persons : a young protégé, an ancient priest, and still more ancient housekeeper and nurse. Of these, first in rank but youngest in years, was Orthon Munro, a wild and headstrong cadet of the Clan Foulis, placed, according to the fashion of the age, in the household of a superior chief, there to imbibe those soldierly and gentlemanly accomplishments which should hereafter win him honor as a knight, *très hardi, sans peur et sans reproche*. Rumour had long assigned him to the beautiful Erica as her allotted bridegroom ; but, though the youth had been her playmate from infancy, and was in all respects treated by Sir Alureth as his son, yet, in the minds of both father and daughter, there existed a very different degree of regard to that, which would be conceded to one who should be deemed worthy to possess the hand and heart, of the fairest and best dowered heiress in Strathearn. Orthon, however, thought differently. Being inordinately vain, and rather good-looking, in spite of hair of a fiery redness, and an awkward way, when in conversation, of never allowing his eye to meet that of the person he addressed, he conceived it impossible that a young girl of seventeen could be daily and hourly

in his society without loving him; and though he could not call to mind any instance on the part of Erica which particularly evinced decided partiality, yet he satisfied himself by complacently saying to himself, "Poor thing, she is but a girl, a mere child of seventeen, while I am a man, actually twenty, nineteen and a half at least, and that is all the same; so, of course, though she is not loving and all that in outward show, she feels it I have no doubt." Thus reasoned Orthon, well pleased not only to listen to every inuendo which took the colour of his own wishes in this respect, but to convey, as far as in him lay, the same impression to others. In consequence of this, when Sir Alureth publicly announced, that he had chosen for the bridegroom of his daughter, Azzo Visconti, a young Milanese knight, with whom he had become acquainted in one of his foreign expeditions—Rumour, with her thousand tongues, proclaimed Orthon an ill-used man—a victim to family pride and female fickleness. Totally unconscious of the havoc he had already committed on the young man's feelings, Sir Alureth soon afterwards took him into council on the best mode of doing honour to his intended son-in-law, whose arrival he wished not greatly to precede the day of the nuptials, an event he had determined to solemnize with great splendour and solemnity on the ensuing vigil of our Lady, which in that year fell on August 15th. Stunned and bewildered, the unhappy youth was totally at a loss for reply; when he did so, it was in a strain to which Sir Alureth was but little accustomed. A torrent of reproach, supplication, invective: a maddened appeal—and amid a shower of fiery tears, an indignant farewell. Great was the astonishment of Sir Alureth, and it was with some natural fear as to the manner in which Erica would receive the intelligence he had to convey, that he entered her apartment. "Come hither, love," said he, taking a seat in the deep embrasure of one of the windows, at the same time drawing her towards him, still retaining her hand in his own. "What dost thou think should be the conduct of thy father towards one who hath used to him such words as these?" He then narrated the violent tirade which had just fallen from the lips of Orthon. Erica listened with anxiety and agitation. "Those were the words of Orthon," said she. "I know

none else who would have had the hardihood to utter such in thy presence; but why, my father, were they spoken?" "Listen, Erica," said her father; "thou knowest the engagements which subsist between the Visconti and myself; the promise that our children should be united, as the seal of our mutual amity, and lifelong friendship; and it was but in reply to my request that he would help me to receive Azzo, who will be here anon, in a proper manner, that Orthon dared, thus cur-like, to bite the hand that fed him. But thou hast not answered my question, how should such an offender be treated?" Erica hesitated. "Child, child," cried her father hastily, "do not arouse my anger by saying thou lovest the varlet. Oh, I should go mad, mad! to think of such a downfall to my hopes, not only for myself, but for thee." "Be satisfied on that point," replied the maiden, with a slight touch of pride in her look and accent. "Orthon is headstrong, furious and selfish—I may have reasoned with him, even pitied him, when he has at times suffered for his misconduct, but as for loving him—oh no, that is impossible."

"Now by my halidome this is well," rejoined Sir Alureth. "O, Erica, the life thou received from me thou hast returned seventy-fold during the short term thou hast been on earth. Was ever father so blest as I?" He then, while entering on the particulars of Azzo's intended visit, impressively bade her remember that the Italian character, even when possessing the noblest and highest qualities, is yet prone to jealousy and revenge; warning her at the same time, with unwonted solemnity, to beware of giving occasion for either. For a few days all was joyful hurry and preparation, and the evening of the third had deepened into night, when every arrangement being complete, an unwonted tumult in the court announced the arrival of the expected guests. Erica's heart failed her; regardless of what might be thought of her conduct by the assembled company who had been convened to welcome the noble stranger—regardless of everything but the desire to escape from what seemed to her excited fancy an ordeal impossible to endure, she fled to the top of the tower, and for a few moments, with burning cheeks, and heart, beating as if it would burst from its confinement, stood gazing on the moon which

in resplendent fulness shed its dazzling light on all around; then hastily traversing the leaded roofs, from time to time as she approached the battlements, cast furtive glances on the court below. All there was bustle and confusion; figures passed to and fro from the drawbridge to the gates, and one form more proud and stately than the rest, she was at no loss to recognise as that of her betrothed, from whom, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she now accused herself of having ignominiously absconded; determined to atone for her folly, she was about to descend the stairway of the tower, when face to face, almost falling into his arms in the surprise of encountering him so unexpectedly in her descent, she found herself alone with Azzo Visconti. More beautiful in form and face than remembrance or description had ever given her an idea of, but with a wildness of eye, and melancholy expression of countenance which seemed singularly inappropriate and ominous in a betrothed lover at the triumphant moment of claiming his future bride. Fixing his glorious dark eyes with a kind of despairing energy upon the moon, he pressed his hands to his forehead, then wildly throwing his arms upward, he cried: "Forgive me, Heaven; save me from this great sin if it be possible!" Meantime, Erica fearing she knew not what, but resolved if possible to ameliorate the mental agony under which he laboured, calmly and with dignity, at once, simple and self-possessed, approached the parapet against which he leaned, and gently as she would have addressed the dying, said: "Tell me your grief, if it be such as a sister may share, and sharing, pity and console—then I will be your sister, and you shall be my brother—my only brother, for none I ever had—will you?" continued she pleadingly. A moment's painful pause succeeded; Erica trembled, fearing she had said more than maiden modesty would excuse, when Azzo, turning towards her, displayed a countenance no longer wild and agonized, but full of tenderness and admiration, while in his eyes, tears, in spite of evident efforts to repress them, gathered full and fast; bending his knee before her, he saluted her hand as in the act of homage to a sovereign. The young girl felt reassured, and with no witness save the moon and stars, gave him that pure and consecrated offering, the first

kiss of love, reciprocated by mutual lips that vowed unto each other fidelity unto death.

On arriving at the foot of the stone-steps of the tower, it excited no surprise in the mind of Erica to behold seated there in a crouching attitude, her old nurse, Elsie, whose doleful and questioning countenance afforded convincing proof, had any doubt been entertained on the subject, that she had been a concealed witness of the preceding interview, and had heard every word of their short, but most agitated conversation : giving her a bright look of happiness, Erica passed on, leaving the old woman sorely perplexed, muttering to herself, "Weel, weel, may be it's a' richt, but I sairly jalouse he's a bee in his bonnet for a' that."

It was a proud moment for Sir Alureth, as amidst the blaze of lights, the sound of minstrelsy, and the congratulations of his assembled friends, the young betrothed couple, hand in hand, entered the banquet-room. Magnificently attired, with conscious happiness beaming in their faces, and meeting on every side compliments and good wishes, they gained the side of Sir Alureth, who placing one on either hand proceeded to do the honours of his house right well and courteously ; his old steel morion and buff jerkin, bullet-proof—exchanged for ample garments of great price and costly workmanship ; and his speech neatly filed of its blunt soldier-phrases to suit the bevy of fair dames around him—not perhaps wholly unconscious that many a long-necked spinster remarked in a manner that *might perhaps accidentally* reach his ears, "Hech, sirs ! Sir Alureth's no that auld ; he's a fine man yet !" Happiness is a great beautifier, and the old knight was happy. It also is one of the most sovereign philtres for rejuvenescence, and therefore, there might possibly be as much truth as flattery in the remark. Be it as it may, that night was to Sir Alureth the golden fulfilment of the ambitious hopes of long preceding years, and he revelled with a sense of triumph he had never experienced before. After the removal of the tresselled boards on which the feast had been served, the evening wore away in all those changes of pleasure and pastime for which the festivals of the olden time were especially famous ; but to the



heart of Erica the crowning joy of that entertainment was not the splendour of the festival, the praises she had heard lavished on her beauty, nor even the adoring love of her betrothed—it was comprised in one short sentence from the lips of her father, who when she was retiring for the night, followed her to the door of her chamber, and folding her in his arms, said tenderly, “God bless my good and dutiful daughter!”

On entering her usually peaceful apartment, she was surprised to find, instead of its customary aspect of modest stillness and exact order, a wilderness of silks and satins, velvets and laces, all shining under the blaze of many lamps and cressets, while the bed, couches, chairs, and other articles of furniture were covered with magnificent dresses and ornaments, the gifts and offerings of her father, lover, and friends. As she examined the rich and delicate textures of various costly fabrics, and noted how carefully to each was appended some playful or affectionate reminder of the giver, her heart swelled with delight, and casting a glance on the mirror she smiled; gazing a moment, and smiling still, at the blooming image—so much more bright and buoyant than she usually saw reflected there. While thus occupied, a flower, thrown by some hand from without, fell fluttering beside her; deeply blushing, raising the flower to her lips, “It is one of Azzo’s graceful Italian gallantries,” thought she; “he told me a folded rose should ever be the lover’s good-night token.” On surveying the flower more attentively a slip of paper was observable amid its petals; she unfolded it with eager haste and heightened colour, that suddenly faded, leaving lip, cheek, and brow pale as the milk-white rose she held in her hand; hurriedly glancing around the apartment, to assure herself that she was alone, she plucked apart the petals of the rose, and tearing the paper into minute atoms cast them from her with scorn and disgust; as she did so, a rustling of the ivy which wreathed the lattice attracted her attention towards it, and in the next moment, Orthon stood before her.

Too shocked to speak, Erica could only look at him with terror-starting eyes, and a resolute and imperious motion of the hand as if to command him out of her sight. “I understand you,” said he

insolently; "but at present you command in vain;" so saying he approached the lattice, carefully closed it, and drew over it the crimson curtains, which, on account of the heat of the weather, had not yet been drawn. Indignation succeeded to terror in the mind of Erica; she beheld in Orthon no longer the playmate of her youth, but the ruffian intruder on the sanctity of her chamber, and in a voice almost shrill in its proud haughtiness, she commanded him to be gone. "How dare you intrude into this apartment? at such an hour as this, too," continued she, her tone becoming more vehement as the lateness of the hour impressed upon her mind the impropriety of the present interview. Folding his arms, and standing with his shoulders leaning against the wall, he looked fixedly on her face, with a malignant scowl, and then with a sweeping scornful glance at the articles of luxury and elegance profusely scattered around. "Erica," said he passionately, "I wished to see you once more; there was no other way than this; I have perilled my life, and this is my reward." "What reward did you dare to expect?" cried the trembling Erica. "You say you have perilled life by coming here; have you not perilled more than life of mine, my honor and good name, by thus presuming unbidden to enter my chamber at midnight? Heavens!" said she, shuddering, "suppose any one saw you enter by that window; close it too—and thus remain!" "Make yourself easy," replied he, carelessly; "in a castle so filled with gay ladies and brave gallants, it would have seemed no such uncommon thing for a lover to scale his lady-love's windows." "Lover!" cried Erica; "well do you know that your own vanity alone could ever make you imagine you ever were, or ever could be lover of mine." "You are very lofty and proud, Erica; but I shall coolly finish my sentence, notwithstanding. I was going to say, that even as I did enter I saw, if I mistake not, a muffled cavalier bent on a similar errand to my own. Some window near this, I presume, contained his treasure." Erica grew faint with terror. "Leave me," cried she, "I feel, I know not what of horror and presentiment. Leave me, I conjure you! my good name, my happiness is gone for ever, should this idle curiosity of yours have had any witnesses." "Curiosity!" said the youth, indignantly; "curiosity

call you it? It is love! Erica," cried he, casting himself at her feet, "it is distracted, devouring love! O Erica, forgive me, angel; I would not willingly injure you for all this world."

The unfeigned anguish which spoke in every working feature touched the heart of Erica, while a remembrance of his impetuous, thoughtless character, pleaded strongly in extenuation of his fault. "No, no!" said she, more kindly, "I forgive you, Orthon; I do not think you would wound me intentionally." "Now I recognise Erica once more. Ah! Erica, you were a real Pythoness just now. Come," said he, tenderly, "be mine, instead of giving yourself to a vile foreigner; those Viscontis are bad fellows all—real cut-throats, and besides," added he with seriousness—"they do say Azzo at times is not quite right here (touching his forehead); moon-struck, you know. (Erica shuddered.) Cast him off, dear, good, sweet Erica, and take an honest, hardy Highlander, instead. I have men, money, and horses at command, and in some of those distant lands that your father loves to gallop about in so, never fear but I will soon win you a station far more honourable than this Milanese bravo, or any of his kith or kin can ever aspire to." The passion of his looks, no less than the audacity of his words during the latter part of this tirade, displeased and disgusted her to whom it was addressed. "You have mistaken me, as much as I have misunderstood you," said she coldly. "I must beg of you instantly to retire, or I shall summon my father." "Do!" said he, fiercely; "finish your work by all means; it would be as well to fall by his hand as by that of another." At this moment steps in the adjoining corridor arrested his attention; Erica wrung her hands in agony, while Orthon, after a moment's uncertainty, retreated to the lattice, and casting himself headlong from it, flew along the garden. As soon as he was gone, Erica flung herself on her couch, overcome by a tide of emotions; among which a sense of wounded delicacy, a fear of evil report, were predominant; should any one have seen the entrance or exit of the intruder, what horror might be the result—and then, the steps in the corridor—perhaps a listener, who, after having heard all, was then departing to spread his baleful report. "Surely, surely not," cried

she ; “ perhaps it was my father—yet no ! he would have slain him on the spot. O, for a counsellor in this hour of need ! ” Suddenly, a ray of consolation beamed over the chaos of her thoughts ; and with a whispered expression of—“ Yes, it must and could have been only Father Uvias, the good priest, on his return from the convent ; to him I will fly, and entrust the whole to his averting hand.” She then endeavoured to compose her agitated thoughts, and gliding along the gallery, soon reached the little room on the leads which formed his cell ; when, having fully detailed the event which had given her so much pain, and received his consoling assurances that he would effectually ward off any evil that might accrue, she regained her apartment, and throwing herself on her bed was soon wrapt in the deep sleep of youth and innocence. Her father was less fortunate ; for more than an hour after the last guest had departed, he continued to pace the long picture-gallery, at whose farthest extremity was a central archway, with a flight of steps descending to his bed-chamber. Lighted by four long and extremely narrow lancet windows, deeply set in the thickness of the wall, the gallery was gloomy in the extreme, redeemed from darkness only by the trembling lines of moonlight that piercing transversely through them, rested in flickering rays upon the old portraits that gazed coldly down from the walls ; save these, and the form of Sir Alureth himself, casting huge shadow as he paced backwards and forwards, no other object was visible, the gallery presenting the appearance of a dim and lengthened platform, whose extremities were lost in darkness. From time to time, Sir Alureth paused in his meditative walk before one or other of the windows, and looked upon the silent gardens below, bright and tranquil beneath the light of a full harvest moon. All nature slept ; apparently, not a leaf stirred : the sobbing sigh of the night wind, as it swept over the pine-forest which surrounded the castle, and the murmuring flow of distant streams, were the only sounds that rose and fell on the silence, their continuous monotony only deepening the impression of profound repose. Although the most unimaginative of men, Sir Alureth was nevertheless struck with the solemnity and unearthly appearance of a scene, all of whose features

by day were so pleasant and familiar ; the white balustrades, surmounted by balls and spires, contrasting with sepulchral effect the numerous trees of juniper, pine, holly, yew, and other hardy evergreens, which it had been the pleasure of the gardener to transform into monstrous shapes of men, animals, birds, and fishes which, grotesque and whimsical by day, amidst verdant slopes and quaint parterres of many-coloured flowers, had, when surrounding objects were reduced to the sombre hues and rigid outlines of night, an effect at once uncouth, startling, and melancholy. "Detestable!" muttered Sir Alureth, as he turned away and resumed his walk through the gallery ; "'tis like a Turkish burial ground." His brain worked busily, schemes of future aggrandizement presented themselves in quick succession to his imagination, and a bright future, of which the wealthy marriage of his daughter was but the stepping-stone, displayed itself before him in the most tempting colours. "Perseverando," thought he ; "my old motto may be nobly worked out yet. I am but in the prime of life ; another bride, perchance, than the one who will shine here to-morrow, may again grace these old walls." The bell of a neighbouring convent tolling the second hour after midnight, roused him from his abstraction. "So late!" said he, in a dreamy undertone ; "what shadows we pursue!" As he uttered these words, he descended the steps at the end of the gallery ; and passing through the short vaulted passage which formed the entrance to his bedchamber, betook himself to repose. But the perturbed spirit revolted. It ran riot midst hair-breadth escapes, and wild adventures which he had experienced in other years ; through flood and fire, amid ruined towns and blazing castles, whose wretched inhabitants in every variety of horror and suffering were mingled with himself and his martial companions. Throwing back the curtain, he gave a rapid glance around ; the moonlight stole fitfully through the apartment, gleaming and glittering on cuirasses and helmets, partizans and broadswords ; bringing out in bold relief the grotesque sculptures of the corbelled ceiling, and flinging long sweeps of wavy light on the tapestried walls and shining floor of polished oak, cold and glassy, dimly reflecting the several objects which it supported.

"Am I never to sleep?" cried Sir Alureth, as he threw himself again on his pillows, and tossed uneasily from side to side, striking angrily as he did so the sides of his bed, a cumbrous structure, whose elaborate carving now gilded by the glimmering moonlight, made it seem like some old monument, from which its ghastly tenant was endeavouring to escape. Dragging over him for the thousandth time, the disordered coverings, and clutching a falling pillow, he buried his face upon it, as if, by excluding external objects, to conquer the strife within. With a muttered anathema, he cast it from him; and assuming his usual position, gazed steadfastly at the richly-painted window opposite the foot of his bed, where, amid scriptural figures whose draperies exhibited those gorgeous tints for which the ancient artists were so famous, was blazoned amidst a circle of oak leaves, his black, counter-embattled cross, with its dagger-crest, and indomitable motto.



The contemplation of this object, so dear to his proud heart, served to restore him to composure ; continuing fixedly to regard it, his features became placid, his weary eyelids closed, and at length he slept ; how long, he knew not ; when he awoke it was with a start. A low, moaning sound seemed to issue from the tapestry, and, to his surprise and alarm, a female figure slowly emerged from beneath it, and remained crouching upon the ground in one corner of the apartment : her head bowed upon her knees, her long white arms bare, nerveless and drooping, the hands folded and prostrate in desolate abandonment ; her face entirely concealed by the falling forward of the long dark hair, which covering her like a veil, rested in dishevelled masses on the floor, where it lay mingled with the folds of her dress, which was white and shroud-like. As Sir Alureth gazed at the prone and motionless form, it was with indescribable horror that he perceived a motion, as of life, beneath its loose and floating garments impelling it, though still in a grovelling attitude, with a slow and undulating movement, nearer and nearer, till almost close to his bedside. Powerless to move or speak, with eyes dilated to the utmost, he watched it approach ; when, while in the act of hovering above him as if to enclose him in its long white arms, he perceived beneath the dark shadowy arch formed by its wavy hair, a dull, watery-looking likeness of his Erica : Uttering her name with a cry of anguish, he sank back, shrinking and shuddering ; his eyes riveted on the phantom, which slowly melted from his gaze. The moon, which had long been wading through clouds, suddenly withdrew its light, and he was left in total darkness ; large drops stood upon his brow ; his heart beat loud and irregularly. All at once, there rose upon the air the softened chaunt of the nuns of the neighbouring convent, singing the Hymn to the Virgin : sweet and clear as angels' voices it penetrated his inmost soul, and a prayer, the first since a child at his mother's knee, was tremblingly uttered for the welfare of his daughter. The first ray of dawn was now apparent in the sky, he could hear afar the sounds of rustic labour ; and half ashamed both of his terrors and of his piety, he composed himself to rest, and slept soundly. When he awoke, the remembrance of what he considered a fantasy or

waking dream had completely lost its power over him. "It was all owing to those villainous new-fangled French wines," said he to himself; "a quaigh of honest Glenlivat would never have stuffed me with such horrible vapours." Attiring his still handsome person in the most becoming manner, he went forth, a smiling host, to do the honours of his house on what he called the proudest day of his life.

The morning rose bright and beautiful: all nature smiled, as if in honour of the nuptials. At an early hour there was not a closed eye in the castle—all was life and movement, bustle and activity; the precincts, too, exhibited an unwonted degree of animation: bands of villagers in their gayest apparel, with armed retainers, stout varlets, idlers, and loungers of every class, sex, and age, assembled on the most convenient spots for obtaining a view of the marriage procession, which was expected to issue from the castle gates about an hour before noon-tide. The hearts of the young were especially buoyant, all their best feelings and sympathies being enlisted on the occasion, in consequence of the false rumours which had gone abroad, concerning the compulsion which had been used to induce the gentle Erica to accept the hand of the young Italian nobleman, even while, as the said rumour loudly declared, her affections were given solely to Orthon. Dark inuendoes were mysteriously circulated concerning the means employed by Sir Alureth to extort her consent, some averring that a drawn dagger had actually been the argument aimed at her by that fierce and intractable personage; others, that the victim had actually been chained for a whole night in the dungeon of the castle. These, and other figments equally ridiculous had invested the ceremony with no little interest, and all were anxious to catch a view of the bride, in order to judge for themselves how she looked after such an extraordinary mode of wooing. Meanwhile, the sun was shining on her closed eyelids, over which her superstitious old nurse, Elsie, was making an airy sign of the cross, mumbling at the same time some intricate rhyme, the burden of which was, "unto our Lady and sweet Saint John"—the names of other saints being also plentifully invoked. While thus occupied, Erica awoke, sighing heavily; experiencing that terrible depression which those who lie down after great sorrow so often feel on awakening:



nevertheless, she smiled, and passing her hand caressingly over the furrowed brow and wrinkled cheeks of the old nurse whose whole life had been a slavery of love to herself and family, "I feel ill," said she to the attached old creature. "I cannot arise yet, Elsie." "Get up, dearie; it's the nasty saft pillow. My auld pow wad ache for a month an' mair, if I cushioned it e'en o' ane feather—muckle waur I trow, smoor'd up wi' thousands." Erica laughed. "It's a' true, lam-mie; an ye'd ne'er sifficate yoursel wi' em ony mair gif ye ance pried a bunch o' green bracken, or a shook o' bonnie heather wi' the blooms on't." Erica sighed. "What for gie ye sic a pech, dearie? it's ainly an auld dodder'd fule like mysel suld pech an grane; a lassie at yere agesuld be a' smiles an' squeels." "Help me to rise, you talkative old darling," said Erica; "the sound of your bonnie kind voice always cheers me." "Ay, ay, lovey, gif your auld nourrice disna ken how to gabble for her child's gude, mair's the pity!" While thus prattling to her nurse, a band of maidens, attired in the trimmest Scottish fashion, with short tartan skirts and boddices, their shining hair confined by snoods of the most showy colours, and carrying baskets of flowers in their hands, assembled on the terrace immediately beneath her window, singing a simple and joyous strain in honour of her whom they called the Heath-bell of Strathearn. The air, in parts, was soft and plaintive, murmuring away until nearly lost; then suddenly bounding back again with that delicious wildness which, like fairy footsteps, flits in and out amid the melodies of Scotland. "Oh, that I were dressed," said Erica; "I would go down and thank them." "Ne'er fash yoursel, my *dauht*, about the likes o' thae hissies," said Elsie. "Ye'll see 'em a' sune enouch mopping and mowing afore the hufes of the naigs as ye gang to the kirk the day; I heerd 'em say sae mysel." In spite of this disparaging remark on the "hissies," as Elsie irreverently termed them, Erica sprang to the window and looked into the garden; it presented a gay and lively scene: the younger portion of the guests being dispersed throughout its whole extent, congregated in large or small groups, sauntering in pairs or apart, wandering whithersoever they listed, amid a scene rendered thrice beautiful by their presence, as blithely carolling or gaily bounding they indulg-

ed in all the light-hearted effervescence of youthful happiness. While Erica gazed with sparkling eyes on this charming scene, a figure, tall, graceful, and richly habited, enchained her whole attention. It was Azzo Visconti:—alone, and apparently in deep thought, he followed the course of a little streamlet which flowed through the lower part of the garden, almost encircling in its winding arms, an ancient yew tree bower so thickly woven with roses and climbing plants as to be impervious to sun or rain—a dim retreat even at noon-day. It was evident that he shunned the many-coloured garments and waving plumes that fluttered amid the shady bosquets and flowery margined lawns, by finally entering the secluded bower, from which, although Erica waited a considerable time, and with an anxiety for which she could not account, in the hope of seeing him re-appear, he did not again emerge. Stifling a sigh of disappointment, she bade Elsie summon the well-pleased and busy handmaids of the toilette, and aided by their skilful and willing hands, was soon arrayed in the spotless attire destined for the occasion. Over her rich white silken robe and tunic hung a mantle of silvery white gauze, thin and transparent as a moon-beam, to which were attached long drooping sleeves of green velvet fringed with gold, giving inexpressible richness and relief to the other parts of her dress, which were all of snowy whiteness, while on her long dark locks a wreath of mingled heather-bells and white lilies, completed a costume as singular as it was elegant. “Come, come! Erica,” cried the impatient voice of Sir Alureth, as he lifted the tapestry from the doorway, and led her over the threshold to the head of the great stairs. Here he paused, and surveyed her from head to foot. “Thou art very beautiful, my good and dutiful child,” said he; “may God bless thee, as I do.” She would have embraced him, but resuming his usual stern and stately bearing, he led her by the hand into the hall crowded with guests, whose admiration of the beautiful vision presented to them was expressed in audible murmurs. While the servants and villagers, who had forced themselves into the hall and gallery by which it was surrounded, broke forth into cries of, “God bless the young Laddie; she’s as good as she is handsome”—with a thousand other homely, but affection-

ate marks of the esteem and love with which she was regarded. The eyes of her Italian lover were fixed upon her with a dark and suspicious gaze ; she returned the glance with one of so much innocent alarm and wounded feeling, that in a moment he was at her side, her hand fondly pressed in his, while rapidly, in an undertone, he exclaimed :—

“ Oh, Erica ! since I last saw thee I have been mad ! mad with love and jealousy ! Tell me truly, art thou the innocent and pure Erica I have thought thee ? or am I of all men most accursed ? Speak ! ” said he, drawing her aside behind a column. She placed her hand upon her bosom, and looking upward softly and devoutly, sighed,

“ I am most innocent. Never have I done aught against thee, that could be construed into wrong. If thou thinkest otherwise, proclaim it before these witnesses ; God, and they shall be my judges. ” The solemnity of her manner and words deeply affected Azzo, he was greatly agitated. Erica, on the contrary, was calm. An idea had flashed through her mind that he had seen, or been informed of the intrusion of Orthon into her chamber on the preceding evening, and she determined that at the first opportunity she would disclose to him the full particulars of that most rash and untimely visit. At the present moment it was impossible ; but in the asseveration she had made, she trusted her lover would find sufficient ground for hope and confidence.

“ I live again, ” said he. “ Oh, Erica, my heart is bound up in thy love ; without it I wish not to live. ” Clasp ing her hand, and looking into her eyes, that sparkled through glad tears, he added, “ You forgive me, Erica ? ”

“ Oh yes ! more than forgive you, ” replied she.

“ I know, ” rejoined he, with a melancholy gaze, “ you would say you pity me. Is it not so ? ”

Erica blushed while she replied, “ If you think I ought to have said so, it would not become me to contradict you. ” “ If, instead of pity, I might read a dearer, tenderer word, should I be wrong ? ” said he. She blushed—trembled—and though her lips uttered not the coveted word, yet while gazing on her glowing countenance the

heart of her lover returned to its rest, and his jealous and exacting spirit was for the moment satisfied.

At this moment, with loud and joyful swell, the family march resounded from the gallery overhead, filling the hall with its martial and inspiring strains, and two pipers, fine old Highlanders, with white hair streaming from beneath their bonnets upon their broad shoulders, their pipes decorated with streamers of the gayest hues, and their erect and powerful frames clothed in that most magnificent of all costumes, the national garb of Scotland, their bonnets adorned with the badge of their lord, made with proud and stately step the circuit of the assemblage, who formed themselves into lines, while Sir Alureth, advancing to Erica, led her to the entrance, the whole of the company closing upon their steps in processional order, through the court and over the drawbridge to the open space beyond, where, attended by lackeys, pages, and serving men, a noble train of chargers, light-pacing jennets, and ambling palfreys, splendidly caparisoned, awaited their approach. After mounting these, the whole splendid cavalcade, through flower-strewn paths and with music sounding, rode beneath the forest boughs to the ancient church crowning the hill behind the castle; which, richly decorated with tapestries and flowers, sent forth the solemn swell of holy chaunt and priestly voices.

On entering the sacred edifice, the festive strains became instantly stilled, and supported by her father, the bride stood before the altar, the bridegroom on her left, and the gorgeously-attired assemblage, comprising some of the noblest and loveliest of Fife-shire and the adjacent counties, ranged around; while ever and anon, the solemn sound of sacred music mingled with the deep chaunt that accompanied it, re-echoed through the aisles. Suddenly it ceased, the voice of Father Uvias alone was heard, followed by the subdued responses of the youthful pair who knelt before him, and the rite was concluded in the most auspicious manner. Returning to the castle in the same imposing array in which it had set forth, the gay bridal march was only dissolved at the entrance of the great hall, where a banquet, such as would be termed in these days truly royal, awaited their presence, enlivened with

minstrelsy, whose strains, vehemently renewed at the entrance of every fresh course, were mingled at the close by the clatter of stoups and flagons, the clinking of cups, and vociferous drinking of healths to the bride and bridegroom. To this succeeded the merry dance, the masque, the interlude, with a variety of other amusements, sports, and pastimes, kept up with so much zeal and spirit, that when the evening sun was flaunting his crimson banner on the battlements of the castle, leaving the golden shadow of his sandals on the tops of the ancient pine-trees, and making the garden and its adjoining pleasure a perfect fairy-land of illusions, there were none who came forth to gaze upon it, save two, the young Visconti and his beautiful bride.

Hand in hand they came smiling upon the terrace, struck silent with delighted awe at the sublime magnificence of the scene before them. Far as the eye could reach, mountain and valley, tower and town, hamlet and river, in endless combinations of beauty and grandeur, were clothed in hues of fire and purple gold, melting and fading, even while they gazed, into spaceless masses, indistinct and shadowy, with spectral hosts of rising vapours, that, curling and winding through the straths and glens, heralded the mellow march of twilight. They spoke not, but their hands were clasped more closely, they looked at each other with such looks as lovers only give, and descending the steps of the terrace, wandered amidst the fragrant flowers and shining herbage of the esplanade below.

"Gather me some of your favourite flowers, Erica," said her bridegroom, "and I will keep them in remembrance of our wedding-day." Erica's eyes swam in happiness, as she eagerly began her delightful task, while he, throwing himself on the grassy slope beside her, watched her graceful movements. "How still everything is," said she; "the ripple of the brook, and the singing of birds we cannot see, are the only sounds excepting those of our own voices." "Ho!" cried he, suddenly springing up, and looking towards the sky, "who can have released my peregrine falcon? There she goes! I would not lose her for a thousand crowns. Stay here, dearest, for one moment; I am sure she will come back to my signal; she is so perfectly trained." "Fly! fly!" cried Erica gaily. "A trophy shall await

your return ; a wreath for the victor, and chains, flowery chains, for the captive." Bounding forward, he soon gained the extremity of the garden, whence he had the satisfaction to behold his favourite bird, who perversely, however, refused to settle on his wrist, decoying him by gentle flights from tree to tree to the entrance of the forest. As Erica watched his pursuit of the capricious falcon, a low laugh from some one close at hand, made her start, and emerging from behind a clump of hollies, Orthon stood before her. "Don't be alarmed, pray," said he, mortified at her evident annoyance ; "I merely wished to say good-bye, and to ask your pardon for last night's intrusion." "O, I forgive you entirely, but pray do not remain," said she hurriedly, at the same time looking anxiously around ; "I beg you will not ; you do not know—indeed—pray, Orthon—consider—" "Don't look so dreadfully frightened, Erica," said he ; "your beloved and noble lord is entirely out of sight and hearing, if that can give you any satisfaction. I let his falcon loose on purpose. I was determined to see you once more before I left Scotland for ever." "You are going then, are you ?" said Erica. "Have I not said so ?" replied he pettishly. "You are very glad to hear it, I perceive, and I am sorry that I told you ; however, I came in good faith, as I have just said, to beg your forgiveness, for last night, you know," said he, provokingly pointing to the window he had entered. "Never mind," said Erica ; "don't point ; somebody may see you, and wonder what we are talking about." "Great treason, certainly," exclaimed he, recklessly switching off the heads of some beautiful carnations Erica was stooping to gather. "By the way, Erica, you may give me that nice posy for a keepsake ; I have nothing in the world of yours, and it seems a little hard that you have no old glove, or tippet, or any trifle to give me for a remembrance ; for though you have bow-stringed me in a cruel manner, I shall always love you, Erica, far better than that fine-scented popinjay ever will, he who has just left you to chase a carrion hawk." "Your tongue takes its liberty as usual, Orthon ; but as we are now about to say farewell, I will not complain." "You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," said he. "Well, be it so, but have you no souvenance for my helmet ?" Erica shook her

head. "Ah!" said he sighing, though his manner was mocking and bitter,—“shake hands; I believe it is time to go. I see a black head with its frightful curls at no great distance!” “Where? where?” gasped Erica breathlessly. “Oh, a good way off yet; don’t be alarmed. Come, shake hands and good-bye; I will really go now.” “Do! do!” said Erica, holding out her left hand, the right being filled with flowers. “Not worthy even of common courtesy!” said he; “the left hand!” “Take the right, then,” said Erica; “I meant no offence.” “No, no, Erica; I prefer your wishes to my own; the left will do for me.” So saying, he grasped it with more than friendly earnestness, retaining it even when Erica would have withdrawn it, with a lingering forcefulness that alarmed her. “See!” said she; “oh heavens! Azzo is passing the sun-dial; I see him, close by the garden wall;” and drawing her hand away, she ran from her tormentor in a direction opposite to the one in which she had seen Azzo, anxious if possible to gain a few moments to compose her spirits, whose agitation she felt assured would attract his immediate notice. The yew-tree bower was nigh at hand; she ran forward and threw herself on one of its rustie benches almost breathless. “I feel like a hunted hare, coward that I am,” thought she; “but I am glad I came here; it is so quiet. I feel better already, and what roses! oh if I could but reach that beauty; but I am afraid it grows too high.” As she made the attempt, a thorn entered her hand, and she perceived for the first time that it was gloveless, and without the wedding ring! Shocked beyond the power of control, she burst into tears. “What shall I do? what shall I do?” cried she, wringing her hands, heedless of the flowers she had so carefully gathered, which now were scattered at her feet. “What will Azzo think?” Completely overcome, she shrank into the deepest shade of the bower, pressing her hand to her eyes, and endeavouring to form some plan to obviate his displeasure. The ring was antique and peculiar, a valued heir-loom, which she knew he regarded with almost superstitious reverence. The loss was irreparable. A faint hope that she had dropped it in the garden was bitterly chased away, by the remembrance of the strong pressure and forcible retention of her hand by

Orthon, who she felt assured had drawn off her glove when she made her escape from him, together with the ring, which being much too large for her, had doubtless accompanied it. "Oh, if it may but have fallen on the flower-bed," was her last hope. She flew to the spot. Alas! there was no trace of it, and truly miserable, she regained the bower, now sombre in the deepening shades of twilight, where Azzo a moment afterwards rejoined her.

"Tears! Confusion! what is this?" said he, in a voice so changed that she could hardly believe it the same which so lately had been melody itself. "Why do you weep?" "Do not ask me," cried she; "I am overwhelmed, and know not what to reply." "May I not know the cause?" said he. "You grieve as if you had lost some great treasure—some dear friend, perhaps! Methought I had a distant glimpse of such an one hastily leaving the terrace where I last saw you. Am I right? was it so? Speak!" said he, imperiously. "I saw and spoke to some one," said Erica, trembling; "but not to a dear friend." "What was the motive of such a meeting? at such a time, too, and, if I err not greatly, with the same person who last night—ay, tremble! 'tis fitting thou shouldst—entered thy chamber, drew the curtain close, and in thy company poured forth his baleful tale of treacherous love. Lost, guilty Erica!" continued he; "I thought thee purer than the snow of thine own Scottish mountains—yea, thought so, even until this hour; believing too credulously thy angel voice and looks, when in the hall thou charmed away my doubts and promised explanation. Give it now. Oh, clear thyself, and make me happy. If thou canst," said he, passionately, "I will wash thy feet with tears. Speak to me, Erica." She took his hands between her own, she kissed them, she pressed them fervently, and with a holy, sweet simplicity told him word for word all that had passed between herself and Orthon in his two last interviews, appealing to the testimony of Father Uvias, which would amply corroborate her statement. Azzo appeared to muse, with closed eyes, from which every now and then tears struggled and fell. Erica wiped them away with her handkerchief; she parted the dark curls from his agitated brow, and gently encircled him with



her arms, as, falling on her knees before him, she said, "Oh, Azzo, you do not think me capable of wishing to deceive you?" "No, no!" said he, faintly; "but it seems so strange that if your feelings were so uninterested in this youth, the sorrow for his departure should be strong." "I sorrowed not for him, believe me, Azzo; it was for a loss totally unconnected with him; it was something far more precious to my thought. I dare not—dare not tell it you," said she, weeping. "After so many painful emotions, and now that, perchance, the dark cloud which threatened us is passing, I cannot, would not bring it back again." "Foolish child," said Azzo, drawing her close to him, and placing her head on his bosom, "you shall tell me the remainder another time. I think I believe all you have said; let us be happy again. So," said he, kissing her tenderly, "let us seal our mutual forgiveness; and again I press, with a bridegroom's fondness, this dear and trembling dove—this wedded hand."

As he raised it to his lips a dreadful pang shot through his heart—a thousand jealous barbs concentrated in one, rent it in twain. "No ring! No bride! No wife!" exclaimed he. "I see it all—clear, clear as day! This, then, is the secret cause of tears; of prayers and agonized confusion! The sacred pledge of love, of holy faith, of marriage, truth, and trust, you bartered as a toy, to please your paramour! Go! I ask no more—all, all is proved. The fruit is turned to ashes on my lips, and thus I spurn it!" Casting her from him, he remained leaning his head against the trunk of a tree, in a desolation of heart terrible to witness. "Oh, Azzo, hear me! I am innocent. You deceive yourself in doubting me. Indeed, indeed, I am innocent. I was about to tell you, when you interrupted me, how rudely my hand had been snatched by Orthon; and how, in forcing it away from him, I lost the glove. Doubtless the ring remained in it. Do you not remember how much too large it was, and how you said I must have a little golden chain to wear with it, and clasp it round my wrist? Azzo, dear Azzo! cast away these fearful doubts. Your poor Erica would die sooner than wrong you by loving another; and do but think one moment. Is it likely I would have given away that ancient, curious ring, even if it had not been your gift at the altar?

Oh," continued she, weeping piteously, "I know you cannot think me guilty of such a sin." Her touching tones seemed to reach his heart. He looked tenderly in her eyes. "You do look innocent," said he; "God has made you very fair, Erica; you should not be wicked."

"Nor am I, dear Azzo; oh, believe me," said she, weeping, and clasping his hand to her lips, her forehead, and her heart, in the agony of her entreaty. There was a little silence, broken only by the sobs of Erica. The manner of Azzo was now full of affection and pity. "Come here, my bird, my love, here, here, close to my breast. Ah, Erica, how I love you; put your hand upon my heart, for do you know," said he, with a strange, wild look, that terrified her more than his previous reproaches, "it was quite dead a little while ago, and now it is alive, is it not, Erica? Does it burn your hand?" "No, no, but it beats so fast." "So it should; it loves to beat for you. Dost thou love me, sweet Erica?" "I would fain do so," said she, trembling as she saw his eyes becoming fixed and glaring. "That is no reply," said he. "Say yes, or no; I like an honest answer." "You know I do, but I am afraid," said Erica, shuddering with terror as she saw the vein on his forehead swelling, and his eyes dilating and sparkling with sudden fury. "Afraid? true; guilt is always fearful—and see! behold a sign from heaven!" cried he, falling on one knee, and dragging her down with his left hand, while with his right he pointed to the sky where a meteor, increasing in brightness as they gazed, shed a strange and awful light on the earth, enveloping themselves, and every object around them, in an unnatural and lurid glare, intense, and dazzling. "Behold," cried he, "the glorious, the dreadful spectacle! Even at the moment when the word *guilt* passed my lips, there came this sign from heaven, and thus," said he, drawing his dagger, "take the reward of guilt!" "Of innocence! true, and holy," murmured the dying Erica. Gazing on her prostrate form, the wretched Azzo, now a raving maniac, rushed through the garden past the affrighted nurse, who was hurrying towards the harbour, and without entering the castle, gained the stables, and mounting a fleet horse, galloped wildly towards the mountains; his flying figure, seen by the startled

guests, produced an immediate alarm ; they spread themselves over the garden and adjoining chace, where, amidst a pool of blood, lay the pure, the beautiful Erica. For many years after this event, Sir Alureth was a wanderer in foreign lands, whither the wretched Azzo had also retired to linger through a long life, imprisoned in his own castle, a moody maniac. The story of the lovely Erica is still a legend amidst the straths of Fife ; the brook still flows through the old gardens ; the remains of the castle still survive, all linked with her remembrance, the castle being even to this day devoutly believed to be visited by her wraith, on all occasions of importance to the interests or happiness of those who dwell within its haunted domain ; gliding through the ancient picture gallery, or flitting from chamber to chamber, a fair and delicate apparition, in robes of purest white with long green sleeves ; its dark hair floating as it glides, its countenance ever sweet and sad, inspiring emotions only of pity and of love.

Balmanno Castle is that referred to ; it is in the county of Fife, and is now the property of Major Belches of Invermay. The hill behind the castle commands one of the most beautiful views in Scotland ; it was while seated upon it that Sir Walter Scott wrote that magnificent description of Scottish scenery, which forms the introduction to the Fair Maid of Perth.



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